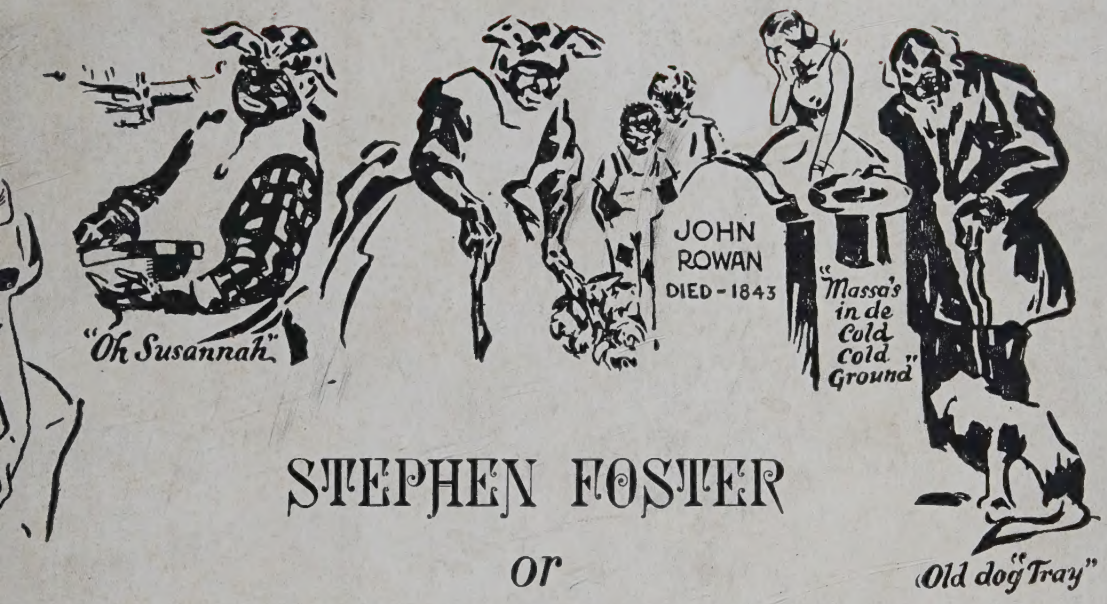
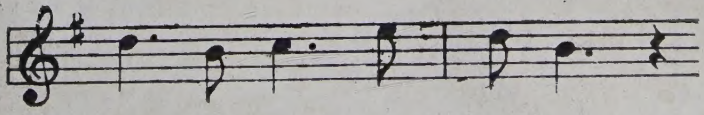


STEPHEN FOSTER

or

WEEP NO MORE MY LADY

By Earl Hobson Smith



LATEST PLAYS

Stephen Foster *Romantic Play in 4 acts, with music, by* EARL HOBSON SMITH.

This appealing play unfolds the beautiful romance between Stephen Foster, the great composer, and Susan Pentland and Jane Denny McDowell, once Pittsburgh's most celebrated young ladies. Stephen and Susan have always been in love with each other, and are engaged to be married. But Jane, too, has always loved Stephen. Stephen's family force him to leave for Cincinnati, there to work in his brother's shipping yards: to forget his desire to go on writing songs, and to prove that he can support a wife. While Stephen is away his rival, Andrew Robinson, wins and marries Susan. Meantime Stephen has determined to live his own life in the face of all opposition. He returns to Pittsburgh, learns what Susan has done, and marries Jane. The marriages do not alter Stephen's love for Susan, nor Susan's for Stephen. But Jane's charm and understanding save the situation. Time draws Susan to Andrew's standards; thus helping Stephen to fall out of love with Susan, and in love with Jane. The text includes the most famous Foster songs.

Romantic play in 4 acts. 7 men; 5 women; (extras, choruses). 1 interior setting; costumes, mid-19th century. Books, with full text of play, and piano and vocal score of 21 songs. Production fee $10.00 a performance.

Dramatists Play Service, Inc.

6 EAST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

STEPHEN FOSTER

or

WEEP NO MORE MY LADY

By Earl Hobson Smith

A Biographical Play on
Stephen Collins Foster, Father of American
Folk Songs

The Music published herein is reproduced from the famous first editions of Foster's songs, now in the Foster Hall Collection.

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Fifth Edition

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

To

Josiah Kirby Lilly

Dear Mr. Lilly:-

I am dedicating STEPHEN FOSTER or WEEP NO MORE MY LADY to you in gratitude for your generous advice and for the limitless assistance accepted from your Foster Hall Staff.

Courtesy of the University of Pittsburgh

STEPHEN FOSTER

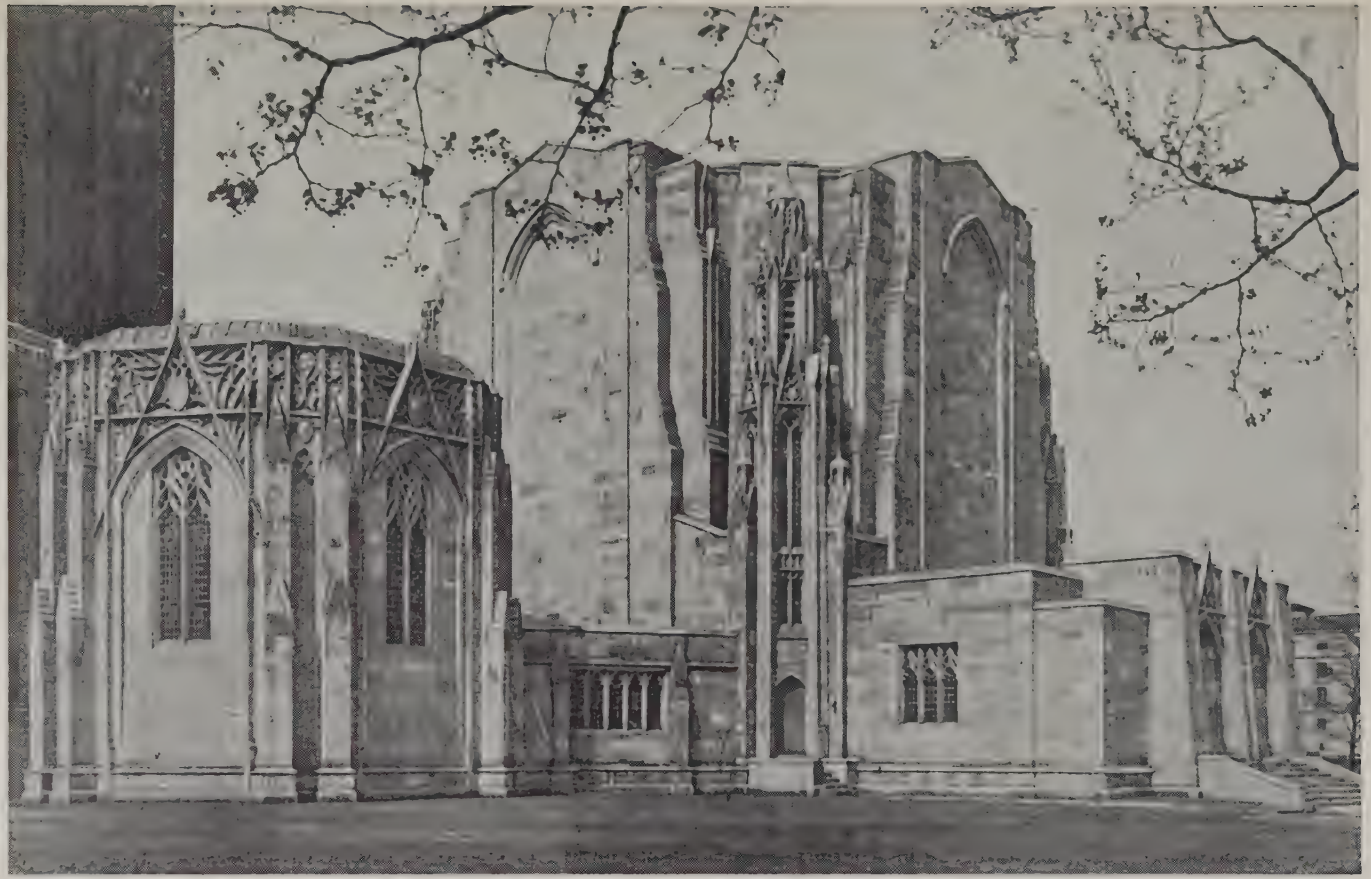
STEPHEN FOSTER MEMORIAL, PITTSBURGH

Of the several memorials to Stephen Foster throughout this country, the finest is the one on the campus of the University of Pittsburgh.

Stephen Foster was born in Pittsburgh on July 4, 1826, lived most of his life in that city, and wrote many of his best works there. This memorial is the culmination of the desire of the citizens of Pittsburgh to honor the man who they feel has brought the city as much fame as have its great industrialists.

Born of the efforts of the Tuesday Musicial Club of Pittsburgh under the leadership of Mrs. Will Earhart, the Stephen Foster Memorial Association was successful in raising a half million dollars for a building which is a suitable tribute. The Memorial contains an auditorium capable of seating a thousand persons for concerts and recitals. There are also social rooms and executive offices.

Separate from the main building, but connected with it, is a shrine known as Foster Hall, the name now borne by the Indianapolis Collection. (*See accompanying illustration. Foster Hall is the wing to the left of the larger section of the building.*) Now that Pittsburgh's memorial to her famed composer is completed, Mr. Lilly has transferred his Foster Hall Collection from Indianapolis and placed it in its permanent home in this shrine. This will be its final resting place, in the native city of the man whose simple, sincere melodies have touched the hearts of all of us.



STEPHEN C. FOSTER MEMORIAL BUILDING
UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

IMMORTALIZATION OF A SONG AND A HOME

By Grace S. Arnold, Curator of

"MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME"

Since the days before the Civil War the estate of "Federal Hill," near Bardstown, has been known as "My Old Kentucky Home." This distinguished dwelling became the property of the State in 1922, to be preserved as a shrine of home and in memory of America's noted composer, Stephen Collins Foster.

Stephen Foster's fame will always be hallowed by his immortal song, *My Old Kentucky Home,* which was written during a visit to his cousins, the Rowans, at Federal Hill, the summer of 1852.

The source of Foster's inspiration for *My Old Kentucky Home,* whose musical strains have found their way into every part of the civilized world, may be understood more fully after a visit to this stately old home, erected in 1795 by Judge John Rowan, one of Kentucky's most prominent lawyers of that period. Only three generations of the Rowan family have lived and died at Federal Hill, leaving the original furniture in a wonderful state of preservation.

Last year approximately 150,000 persons visited this park, enjoying its spacious lawn, grand avenues, golf course and picnic grounds.

More than 73,000 registered as guests passing through the home. A monthly tabulation of registered guests proves a world-wide interest in this shrine. Each month every state of the Union and many foreign countries are represented.

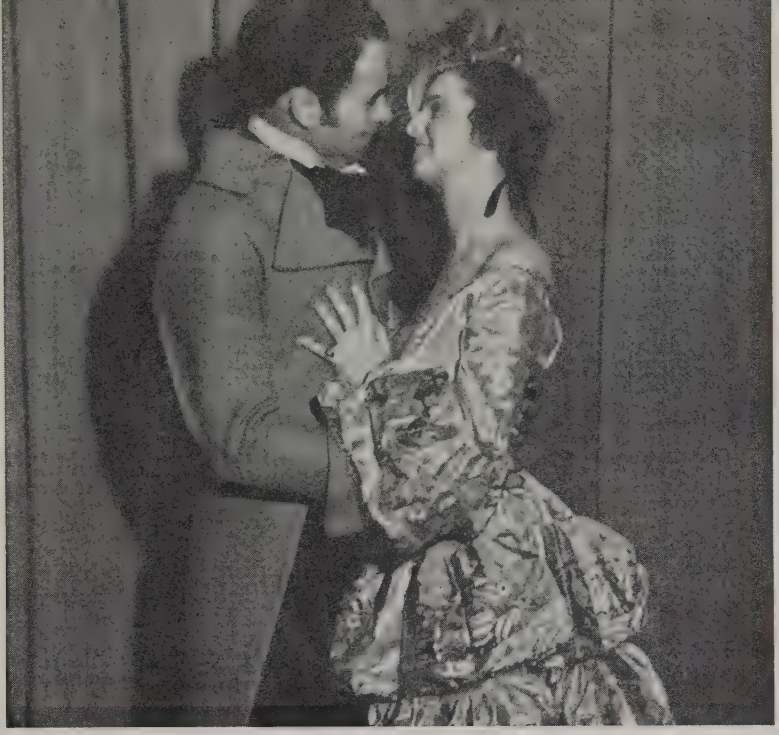
My Old Kentucky Home is the official song of Kentucky and is easily the masterpiece of the composer.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, Bardstown, Kentucky

SUGGESTED STAGE SETTING

"Parlor" of My Old Kentucky Home, Bardstown, Kentucky, where Stephen Foster wrote *My Old Kentucky Home,* and the piano upon which he composed his masterpiece.

Amateurs at play in *Stephen Foster* or *Weep No More My Lady.*
WILLIAM, JR. Our dear mother said before we drove Stephen from home——
See Page 83



BOB FAULKNER AND FRANCES ELMORE
AS STEPHEN AND SUSAN

STEPHEN. As I stand before you I stand at heaven's gate. See Page 24

SUSAN PENTLAND
As Played by Betty Cooper, Miss America of 1937

ROSE MARTIN AS JANE

JANE. I doubt if any girl ever worked so hard for a kiss. See Page 49.

FARLEY ADDRESS

Address of the Honorable James A. Farley, Postmaster General of the United States, at the ceremony of the first day sale of the STEPHEN C. FOSTER stamp in "The Old Kentucky Home," Bardstown, Kentucky, Friday, May 3, 1940, 11:00 a.m. to 12 Noon, broadcast over a nation-wide network by the Mutual Broadcasting Company.

Also in this broadcast were heard Governor Keen Johnson, Bing Crosby, Senator "Happy" Chandler, Leopold Stokowski and his orchestra, Irene Dunne, Walter Connolly, Mayor J. F. Conway, Mrs. Samuel Conner.

Among the ten thousand guests at this open-air broadcast we saw these distinguished people: Governor Prentice Cooper, of Tennessee; Governor Lloyd Stark, of Missouri; Senator Robert Reynolds, of North Carolina; General Allen W. Gullion, Judge Advocate General of the United States Army; Colonel Philip Fleming, Administrator of the Wage and Hour Division, Washington; Mr. Thomas H. McInnerney, President, National Dairy Products; Mr. Colby Chester, Chairman of the Board, General Foods Corporation; Mr. Martin W. Clement, President, Pennsylvania Railroad; Mr. Eugene Stetson, Vice President, Guaranty Trust Company, New York; Mr. George Schaeffer, President, Radio-Keith-Orpheum; Dr. Andres Postoriza, Minister from the Dominican Republic; the Hon. Joaquin Elizalde, Resident Commissioner of the Philippine Islands; the Honorable Rhodes K. Myers, Lieutenant Governor of Kentucky; Mr. Walter S. Franklin, Vice President, Pennsylvania Railroad; Mr. James Bruce, Vice President, National Dairy Products; Mr. William Quigley, Vice President, Del Mar Turf Club; Mr. Harry Goetz, noted producer of stage and movies; Mr. Jack Dempsey, sportsman and business man.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

It is appropriate that the first sale of the Stephen Foster commemorative stamp be made in the great State of Kentucky, where love of home and home life, the two abiding themes of this composer, have meant so much in the lives of your citizens, many of whom have played a prominent part in the history of our country. Few places are more cherished than this "Old Kentucky Home". And I am happy, indeed, that the appointments of my office bring me to Bardstown today.

Of all the poets and minstrels, none has done more than Stephen Foster to make us more simply, more universally aware of our deeper national emotions. His voice was the voice of the people. His spirit was of the stars - to which we look for light. The name of Stephen Collins Foster is eminently suited to inaugurate and endow with approval this musicians group in the series of stamps for Famous Americans.

When a portion of mankind obviously hates and lies, it is well that we think more than ever of those who have loved and sought truth. Our musicians, perhaps more than any other class of men, have made us inwardly happy. "Let me make the songs of a people," said an eminent philosopher, "I care not who makes the laws." On the wings of song we range through the lexicon of life; birth, love, sorrow, happiness, hunger, death.

May I congratulate your city with its distinguished Federal Hill of Judge Rowan, and its many memories devoted to Stephen Foster. May I extend my congratulations, also, to the City of Washington, the nation's capital with its distinguished Federal Hill of another sort - which is today commemorating in a similar manner the distinguished composer and director, known to all the world, John Philip Sousa.

Words and testimonials sometimes fail us where one verse of a song will definitely carry the message. Perhaps that is what's needed to give us the picture today of the tragedy of Foster's altogether too brief existence. I speak as one with a sense of reality of the magic which this "beautiful dreamer" wrought.

Stephen Foster is commemorated and loved, generations after his death, because he wrote of the elemental values of life: of "folks," of good will to men, of home - which makes a brotherhood of all men. Everywhere he roamed, the "homesickness of living" affected him. And he translated it into music. For all of us, his thoughts, his hopes, his dreams about the *Old Folks at Home, My Old Kentucky Home, Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair* have become our thoughts, our hopes, and our dreams.

But - philosopher and poet - Stephen Foster was eminently a composer of music, a melody-maker. At a time when Philadelphia was twenty-six days by stage from the Ohio Valley, he devised a melody that fell with welcome delight on the ears of both the Westerner and the Easterner. In a world of onrushing factories and a retreating frontier, he preserved the touch of the good earth, of the fields and rivers, and of man laboring with his hands. While music was still considered only a fit occupation for women and foreigners, Foster gave the Forty-niners their theme song. *Oh, Susanna* will be forever associated with that dramatic westward migration, which came from Alabama as well as from every other state of the Union.

Foster's talent came from within. When he was seven years old, Stevie once picked up a flute in a music shop. In a few minutes

he was playing *Hail Columbia.* From then on, music was his passion, his life-blood. Fifteen minutes of improvising at a piano, or spent strolling in the park whistling meant the beginning of a great new song. In less than twenty years as an active composer, Foster wrote almost two hundred heart-gripping melodies.

His subjects were similar. His music was primitive, plain. But his power lay in a few carefully-chosen words, in a sentiment born of the melody itself. His tunes are charming. The best of them, the ones we whistle and hum and hear played, are endowed with an expression that is incomparable. They are the folklore of American music.

What Stephen Foster might have been in Robert Burns' bonnie hills! Or in Franz Schubert's graceful halls! But he was of the busy Ohio, of plaintive darkey voices in the moonlight, and of the joyous minstrel frolic. He was the son of a Pittsburgh merchant, born in a pleasant white cottage on July 4th, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

Stephen carried the hereditary marks of that eventful date; he was impatient under the discipline of school. Although his teacher called him "the most perfect gentleman" the boy preferred the solitude of the forests and streams to the study of books and multiplication tables. He would rather whistle a few new bars, or warble his newest song to his companions. "Idle dreaming ways," his family concluded.

But the young dreamer at least, was not idle. Even while still at school, his many songs pleased his audiences - if not the judges. He discovered his total inability to do bookkeeping. He got married. Fairly suddenly. The young lady of his choice, Jane McDowell, one evening accidentally invited both Stephen and another admirer to her home. When Stephen saw his rival, Richard Cowan, he turned his back upon the two and proceeded - strangely enough - to read a book. After Richard finally left, Jane didn't know with which of her young men she sympathized most. But Stephen, stern and pale, settled the issue. "And now, Miss Jane," he said, "I want your answer. Is it yes? or is it no?" Nineteen-year old Jeanie, then and there, made up her mind.

Sensitive, dreamy, young Stephen Foster reveled in the Southern river atmosphere. He delighted in the sketches of the E. P. Christy's widely-known minstrels. And he decided to write "Ethiopian melodies" for these shows himself, freeing the minstrels from their crudities and lack of novelty. *Louisiana Belle, Massa's in de Cold Ground, De Camptown Races,* were among song after song which led him to fame.

The story of his discovery of the immortal Swanee River is well-known but bears repetition. For *Old Folks at Home,* Foster needed a two-syllable name of a Southern river. "Yazoo" had been used before. "Pedee" didn't sound right. But there was a little river down in Florida that might do: the Swanee. That's how "Way down upon de Swanee river" was born.

That song sold hundreds of thousands of copies and made his publishers rich. Others - *Old Dog Tray,* and *Old Black Joe* were almost as popular. But Stephen Foster was naturally not a good business man; his song-writing was not financially profitable. For *Oh Susanna,* he was glad to take two fifty dollar bills. Later, the successes became farther and farther apart. From July 1860, when he went to New York, the composer wrote without resting. But, somehow, the old spark was almost extinguished. The years seemed to be invading his talent, leaving him only a remnant that grew smaller and more barren.

Much has been said about those last years of Foster's life. Perhaps too much has been said. We do not know - even now - all of the facts. Certainly, his life had never been a contented one. He was too much the brooding artist to be a happy individual. Stephen Foster paid a high price for his emotional temperament. But the whole world is enriched because of that same temperament.

Let us rather remember, the earlier Foster, the remarkable genius known and loved the world over. Kind, polished, with a sympathetic low baritone voice, he was a popular figure in his wide circle of friends. And his large dark eyes and pensive countenance - which this stamp shows so well - his graceful features and well-proportioned slenderness made up for his lack of height.

Nor was he wanting in courage. He was always ready to give a hand to another. Out walking once with his niece, he overheard two hangers-on make an insulting remark. Leaving her in a nearby drug store, Stephen proceeded to beat up the two men. Then he walked to the nearest police station, paid his fine for disorderly conduct, returned for his niece - and, perhaps, a strong lemonade.

Foster's tastes and wants were simple. He loved nature, liking nothing better than to go picking wild strawberries in the fields. He loved his fellow-beings, especially the company of cultured people. Above all, he loved the universe of music, listening to as much of it as he could, and composing anywhere and everywhere. The legend of his writing many songs on a piece of brown wrapping paper - if not true - is symbolic.

We have not forgotten the man who brings the happiness of a child to so many of us. His native city of Pittsburgh honors him with numerous monuments. Fargo, Georgia, the source of the S(u)wanee river, also commemorates him. Along the picturesque banks of the famed Swanee, near Lake City, Florida, there is an interesting shrine to Foster. And the beautiful, unique, and nearly complete collection of Foster's songs, letters, manuscripts and other data in Foster Hall, Indianapolis, was recently presented to the University of Pittsburgh by its founder, Josiah Kirby Lilly. Here, in Bardstown, old Judge Rowan's mansion is a museum known far and wide.

All the world over, the songs of Stephen Foster - more eloquent testimony even than these memorials - are on the lips of millions. A graphic motion picture and, recently, a national radio

program were devoted to the story of his life. From neighboring Tennessee, a group of Lincoln Memorial University players has been touring the South over a period of years with a play called *Stephen Foster* or *Weep No More My Lady*. I am sure that this commemorative stamp issue will contribute its part to the universal admiration in which he is held.

Stephen Foster touched life, and it burst into song. He sang what he felt in his heart, and it has become immortal. He felt the inner humor, the charm, the tragedy of human life as have few others. To the last, his fellow men were "Dear friends and gentle hearts."

Perhaps his was not a great life - as we measure great lives - but his accomplishment was distinctively harmonious and great. No thought of ours can efface the memory, the beauty of a man:

"Whose heart sang the simple joys of a world
and broke in sorrow upon his last note."

In closing, I have the honor to dedicate this stamp to the refreshing memory of that unexcelled and distinguished composer of folk melodies, one of America's greatest - the troubadour of the Ohio Valley - Stephen Collins Foster.

STEPHEN FOSTER
or
WEEP NO MORE MY LADY

Cast

Stephen Collins Foster ---------- Father of American Music
Jane McDowell ---------- Stephen's sweetheart
Susan Pentland ---------- Stephen's sweetheart
Andrew Robinson ---------- Stephen's rival
William Foster ---------- Stephen's father
Eliza Clayland Foster ---------- Stephen's mother
William Foster, Jr. ---------- Stephen's brother
Ann Eliza Buchanan ---------- Stephen's sister
Reverend Edward Y. Buchanan ---------- Ann Eliza's husband
E. P. Christy ---------- Greatest of Negro Minstrel Showmen
Olivia Pise ---------- a negro servant of the Foster household
Dr. Andrew N. McDowell ---------- Jane's father
Singing Club ---------- Stephen's friends
Christy's Minstrel Men

SCENE

Act I

The parlor of William Barclay Foster's home on a summer evening of 1850.

The play unfolds in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in the aristocratic William Barclay Foster's parlor with its staid, substantial and conventional furnishings: sofa, easy chairs, bookcase with imposing books, piano, Stephen's writing desk, library table, flowers, elaborate rug, etc. Withal the room is equipped for living purposes. It has seen much practical use, as exemplified by the many personal effects scattered here and there.

Act II

Same as Act I, six months later.

Act III

Same as Act I, six months later than Act II.

Act IV

Same as Act I, six months later than Act III; and it is Christmas Eve with its Christmas decorations and many Christmas packages.

LIST OF CHARACTERS

Stephen Foster. 20-30, must sing well, kind and gentle.

Jane McDowell. 25-30, intense, beguiling.

Susan Pentland. 20-25, eager, radiant, should sing.

Andrew Robinson. 20-25, self-assured, bantering.

William Foster. 55-65, sentimental, fretful.

Eliza Foster. 55-65, kindly, gentle.

William, Jr. 30-35, contemptuous, ambitious.

Ann Eliza. 20-30, attractive, young.

Rev. Buchanan. 30-40, dignified.

E. P. Christy. 40-45, animated, sings well.

Olivia. 40-50, negro servant, should sing.

Dr. McDowell. 40-50, professional air.

The Story—In that golden drama of STEPHEN FOSTER or WEEP NO MORE MY LADY, based upon the tragedies, the triumphs, the love affairs, the follies of the romantic Stephen Collins Foster, America's greatest composer, we find that Stephen and Susan have always loved each other, and are engaged to be married. But Jane, too, has always loved Stephen. Stephen's unsympathetic family, however, force him to leave for Cincinnati, there to take a job in his brother's shipping yards, to forget his desire to go on writing songs, and finally to prove that he can support a wife. While he is away his rival, Andrew Robinson, woos, wins, and marries Susan. Meantime Stephen has determined to live his own life in the face of all opposition. He returns to Pittsburgh, learns what Susan has done, and marries Jane. This does not alter Stephen's love for Susan, nor Susan's for Stephen. But Jane's charm and understanding save the situation. Time also draws Susan to Andrew's standards, thus helping Stephen to fall out of love with Susan and in love with Jane. This romatic story of the most interesting part of Foster's life, dramatic in itself, is made doubly attractive by the inclusion of all the most famous Foster songs.

— — — — —

"*My Old Kentucky Home* and *Swanee River* are, like the Bible and Magna Carta, so much a part of culture in English that we live by them." - - - - *Brooks Atkinson, New York Times.*

— — — — —

"STEPHEN FOSTER offers an exceptional opportunity for bringing to the theatre that welcome combination of drama and music which many of us believe to be one of the highest functions of which the theatre is capable." - - - - *Barrett H. Clark, Executive Secretary of the Dramatists Play Service, New York.*

— — — — —

"The sparkling, lilting, the sweet and melancholy tunes of Stephen Foster live again, as does America's most beloved composer himself, in the four-act play, STEPHEN FOSTER or WEEP NO MORE MY LADY." - - - - *Knoxville News Sentinel.*

— — — — —

"Your play is a splendid, clever combination of music and dialogue, and it surely pleased me to find you had introduced a number of my uncle Stephen's songs that are not so well known to the public, but have always been favorites of our family." - - - - *Evelyn Foster Morneweck, Detroit.*

STEPHEN FOSTER

or

WEEP NO MORE MY LADY

ACT I

STEPHEN FOSTER or WEEP NO MORE MY LADY unfolds in the fashionable parlor of the aristocratic William Barclay Foster's home in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. It is on a summer evening of 1850, and the warm stillness of the evening pervades the Foster home. Mother and Daddy Foster are discovered. Mr. Foster is reading the newspaper, and Mrs. Foster is knitting.

Stephen and Susan, returning from putting on their Singing Club show at the Town Hall, enter from the Right.

SUSAN. We're engaged. We're engaged, Mother Foster. Daddy Foster, we're going to marry tonight.

MRS. FOSTER. O! Our darlings, tell us all about it.

SUSAN. You see it was like this: while our Singing Club was putting on our amateur show down at the Town Hall Stevie darling says, [*Dramatizes.*] "Sue, I'm leaving Pittsburgh for Cincinnati tonight. William, Jr., commands me to accept a beastly bookkeeping job in brother Dunning's beastly Cincinnati shipping yards. I must accept. We can't marry on the poverty of song-writing. Like my rich brothers in business I must turn money-grabber." Then I cried, "You can't, Stephen Foster, you can't! Don't leave me, Stevie, darling." Then I wept and I cried, and then I cried some more on Stephen's shoulder. And [*Victoriously.*] then we became engaged.

MRS. FOSTER. Our blessings upon you, my children. Now, Stephen, for you to accept a job in Dunning's Cincinnati Shipping Yards would be to sacrifice your approaching career as America's first true, and possibly America's greatest composer of young America in song.

STEPHEN. No more song-writing for me, Mama.

MR. FOSTER. Now you listen to me Stephen: you two get married; you start your family right here and now. Fortune is with you and Susan, my son and my "daughter." Colonel Pentland and I have watched you and Susan ripen like twin cherries on a single stem. Removing one of you would destroy the other. Stephen, you are fast becoming America's favored son of song, and only

after your fame will come your riches. Besides it is not the possession of wealth but the use of wealth that makes one rich; but in wealth or in poverty you and Susan marry, for men are miserable or happy by their deeds, not by their riches.

STEPHEN. But the riches I use are William, Jr's., Papa; I have decided to be independent; rich like my illustrious brothers and my rich sisters. Oh, Papa, life is life. When we are dead we have a long and silent sleep. What is the good of our fame and our fortune then? It is Susan right now for me with marriage, business, a family. But before our marriage, Susan, darling, I must leave with Dunning on Dunning's boat tonight for Dunning's beastly shipping yards in Cincinnati, without you for six months. Odorous shipping yards, bottom of ladder. "Big business must know bottom same as top," says our big mighty William Foster, Jr., Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad. William, Jr., commands; I must obey. We men must search for fortunes. [*Lifts her face.*] You women must stay at home. Tears. Tears. Why all these tears in those April eyes?

SUSAN. I can't smile without you, Stevie; I won't stay here in Pittsburgh, Stevie, without you. I can't live without you, Stevie. We've been inseparable all our lives. It's just like Daddy Foster says: if you and I are torn apart something dreadful will then happen to the both of us.

MRS. FOSTER. Time and distance, my darlings, decay all things beautiful.

SUSAN. I shall perish if you leave me; I so adore you, I so love you, I so worship you, my angel.

MRS. FOSTER. Remember that old proverb, Stephen; for crimes committed by delay we all must pay, and pay, and pay.

MR. FOSTER. Fame and fortune are happy bed fellows. Mama and I want you two children to live right here with us to gladden our household.

MRS. FOSTER. My darlings, your marriage is the one thing Papa and I think of day and night.

SUSAN. O Mother Foster! O Daddy Foster! You angels!

STEPHEN. But William, Jr., pays the bills; William, Jr., is now insulting.

MR. FOSTER. I've spent more money on William, Jr's., education

than it's cost to rear you, Stephen. And now that I am old and poor, William, Jr., our wealthy Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is obligated, morally and financially, to pay the bills of my distinguished household.

STEPHEN. Oh, Papa, then let William, Jr., rant; let William, Jr., rave; let our Pennsylvania Limited blast his naughty whistle: no beastly job for me in brother Dunning's nasty shipping yards of Cincinnati. And now I bolster my decision with my brilliant news: the famous E. P. Christy was at our Town Hall show tonight.

MR. FOSTER. Oh, not your famous E. P. Christy, not America's celebrated King of Negro Minstrel Showmen, E. P. Christy!

STEPHEN. That is the very E. P. Christy, my angels! And this same America's celebrated E. P. Christy in person, after his dress rehearsal, is bringing some of his show boys right here to our home tonight to buy my songs.

SUSAN. O my darling! We'll be married tonight. I'm just so happy my heart's just simply about to jump right out of my body. I tremble. I feel as if I would die. Oh, I shall love you as long as the waters run and the trees grow tall.

STEPHEN. Angel, love does come but once; and he who will not accept love - - - - - (*Takes Susan in his arms.*)

MRS. FOSTER. (*Taking the hint.*) Papa and I have our wedding surprises ready for you.

SUSAN. O you darlings! [*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Foster upstairs.*] Tonight, oh, my darling, we shall climb together the golden stairway of marriage. Tonight, Stephen, Reverend Buchanan shall weld you to me with hoops of steel. Angel, love does come but once, and he who will not take love is a fool. You and I shall become one flesh within the hour. (*Sings.*) But don't cha tell William.

STEPHEN. "Don't tell William." O! That's it. That's it exactly! A chorus for *Lou'siana Belle*. Hurry! Write it down.

SUSAN. (*Dashes over to Stephen's desk, seats herself, grabs score pad and pencil.*) Fire when ready, Admiral.

STEPHEN. [*Sings.*] Oh, Belle, don't you tell ———

SUSAN. Not so fast, Stevie, dear.

STEPHEN. [*Sings.*] Don't tell Massa ———

SUSAN. Don't cha tell William ———

STEPHEN. [*Sings.*] Don't tell Massa ———

STEPHEN AND SUSAN. [*Singing. Susan anticipating.*] Don't tell Massa, don't you, Belle!

STEPHEN. [*Sings.*] Oh, Belle, de Lou'siana Belle ———

STEPHEN AND SUSAN. [*Singing.*] I'se gwine to marry you, Lou'siana Belle.

STEPHEN. Have you got it?

SUSAN. [*Dashing to him.*] Lou'siana Belle am captured forever!

STEPHEN. Oh, my angel, as I stand before you, I stand at heaven's gate, and tonight I shall knock with the marriage vow. How sensible my mother and my father, for love is a luscious fruit when left unplucked soon ripens and decays.

SUSAN. But you can never make up your mind.

STEPHEN. Ah, your idea is good for another song.

SUSAN. Oh, we don't have time for that. Let's you and I go out on the terrace. I think the silver of the moon and the dew on the roses never looked so beautiful.

[*Exeunt Susan and Stephen onto the terrace. Enter Andrew and Jane from Right.*]

ANDREW. Why didn't you hurry! Now where are they! [*Dashes across to look into the dining room. Turning on Jane.*] I'll show Stephen. [*On the steps.*] I'll show you and Stephen and everybody else Stephen will not marry Susan!

JANE. Andrew! Andrew Robinson, stop! It's a shame -- the deed you plan. Stevie's your best friend. If you marry Susan, Stephen will then take revenge on you, Pittsburgh's naughty Andrew Robinson!

ANDREW. [*Convinced of his own power.*] Oh, yeah? Now listen, "Babe," I fear no revenge from Stephen. Stephen is a kind, noble, gentle person. Such do not take revenge. Besides when I possess Susan I will also possess on my side nine-tenths of the law.

JANE. O you stupid fool! You clown! I hate you! No man-made law can make Susan love you.

ANDREW. Now you listen to me, my Cherub: all Pittsburgh knows

I am only your chaperon that you might worship the ground that Stephen Foster walks upon. I'm mad, I'm mad with infatuation over Susan, do you hear? Jeanie, I'm mad because you've made me lose Susan. Jane Denny McDowell, I'm through with you. I shall marry Susan Pentland if man with such amorous passions as mine ever married woman. [*Goes to terrace doors.*] On the terrace! See them! Stevie's kissing Sue. Curses! Now my Susan's kissing Stephen. But wise men say that all deliberate acts are good. Then, if deliberate acts are good, my deliberate marriage to Susan must be good. Women in Stephen Foster's life are jewels in the hands of a child. Genius knows not the wicked ways of men and women. As sure as Stevie goes to Cincy I'm marrying Sue. Don't you forget it. Let's go to the kitchen and feast on William, Jr's., bar-be-cued lamb, roast turkey, roast duck, fried chicken, and fried ham.

[*Exeunt Andrew and Jane at Left.*]

[*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Foster from upstairs. Mrs. Foster has Susan's wedding dress.*]

MRS. FOSTER. [*Calling.*] O Stevie! O Susie!

MR. FOSTER. I know right where our love birds are hiding. [*Mr. and Mrs. Foster go to the terrace.*] Ah, ha! Mama, I feel the urge for a kiss stealing upon me, too. How about giving me a kiss? Huh?

MRS. FOSTER. Aw, now, Papa, you and I are too old for that nonsense.

MR. FOSTER. No, no, Mama, nobody ever gets too old for that nonsense. [*Kisses her as Susan and Stephen enter from the terrace. Mr. and Mrs. Foster lead the way to Right Center.*]

MRS. FOSTER. [*Displays Susan's wedding dress.*] Your wedding dress.

SUSAN. How did you know?

MRS. FOSTER. Your mother and I have a gift for prophecy.

SUSAN. Oh! Mother Foster! How divine of you and my mother. How perfectly gorgeous! Help me try it on! [*She flicks Stephen with a kiss as she and Mrs. Foster go upstairs, but not until Mrs. Foster returns and flicks Mr. Foster with one.*]

STEPHEN. Just listen to my incompleted song, Papa. [*Sings and plays.*]

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Way down upon the Swanee River,
Far, far away ———

MR. FOSTER. Go on, I like that song very much, Stephen.

STEPHEN. But this is all I can write of my great masterpiece. My own life has not been tragic enough, Papa.

MR. FOSTER. Oh, stuff and rubbish! Now, listen, son, with one of my feet in the grave I want you to heed my advice on life which is love and love which is marriage. In the beginning, a rib was all that Adam gave to Eve; yet, by Adam and Eve's mutual love, God soon gave to them His Garden of Eden. Love was all that I could give your mother; but pretty soon by our love God gave to me and your mother the steamboat lines plying the rivers between Pittsburgh and New Orleans. Hurry up, girls. Don't be all night.

MRS. FOSTER AND SUSAN. We're hurrying, Daddy Foster. We're hurrying, Papa.

STEPHEN. By mine and Susan's love and your help it is my purpose to establish myself as the best writer of Ethiopian songs. Just listen— [*Plays and Sings.*]
Way down upon the Swanee River,
Far, far away———

MR. FOSTER. [*Filling his pipe.*] I was then Pittsburgh's first citizen, first business man. Now in my frosty old age I say God bless you, my son; for men are miserable or happy by what they do, not what they have. [*Calling.*] Hurry, girls! [*He lights his pipe.*]

MRS. FOSTER AND SUSAN. [*Together.*] We're hurrying, Papa. We're hurrying, Daddy Foster.

STEPHEN. [*Plays and sings.*] Way down upon the Swanee River—

MR. FOSTER. You show the wisdom of Foster genius by protecting love by marriage. For most precious metals do corrode by neglect; moth and rust do corrupt the beautiful; thieves do break through and steal the lovely. If you wish to ship to London but you ship back and forth to Shanghai — that is marriage to the wrong woman, and you fail to get your Garden of Eden. Hurry, girls, hurry!

MRS. FOSTER AND SUSAN. We're hurrying.

MR. FOSTER. Depend on a woman to be slow. Hurry up. Stevie's getting impatient.

MRS. FOSTER AND SUSAN. We're hurrying, Daddy Foster. We're hurrying, Papa.

STEPHEN. [*Plays and sings.*]
Far, far away———

Hear the vast echoes of the soul, Papa?

MR. FOSTER. You crystallize America in song later, for now your marriage to Susan is mine and your mother's curtain to a life well spent, and to our happy old age. Hurry, girls. Hurry up.

MRS. FOSTER AND SUSAN. We're hurrying, Papa. We're hurrying, Daddy Foster.

STEPHEN. [*Plays and sings.*]
Way down upon the Swanee River,
Far, far away———

[*Susan and Mrs. Foster come in upon the stairway from above.*]

SUSAN. Stephen!

STEPHEN. Angel!

MR. FOSTER. The image of your mother in her Philadelphia home fifty years ago. [*The two couples meet at Center.*] Children, here is *my* present, your wedding ring. [*Gives ring to Stephen. Stephen kisses the wedding ring, and then gives it to Susan who looks inside.*]

SUSAN. Inscribed herein is "Stephen to Susan." Oh, Daddy Foster, you —— oh, how sweet of you to give to us this universal symbol of love! [*Kisses him.*] See how our diamonds hand in hand dance around our wedding ring! Oh! May our children be as happy and as many as our diamonds! Stephen, place the ring on my finger, call me wife; then, when the Singing Club arrives, Reverend Buchanan— he will pronounce our marriage ceremony before our Singing Club.

MR. FOSTER. We old folks are made young again by your marriage.

[*Laughter and voices of approaching people are heard.*]

STEPHEN. The Singing Club is here-------

SUSAN. Oh! Dear me! Oh, dear me!

[*Enter from Right Ann Eliza and Reverend Buchanan. They are followed by the Singing Club. Enter Andrew and Jane from Left.*]

ANN ELIZA AND REV. BUCHANAN. Hello, Mama. Hello, Papa.

SINGING CLUB. [*Ad lib.*] Stephen Foster! You've done it, Steve. Congratulations! Sue, we'll miss you. Steve, old boy! Sue, you got him, didn't you, Sue! Good work, Steve. Get out your broomstick. Fix their bridal bed!

SUSAN. [*Swinging onto the arm of the Reverend Buchanan and bringing him Down Left.*] Reverend Buchanan, you are just in time to marry us.

REV. BUCHANAN. A Bible, a Bible, where is your Holy Bible?

[*Mr. Foster rushes over to table at Right Upper for the family Bible.*]

SUSAN. Ann Eliza, darling; I need advice on marriage. Ann Eliza, how do you feel married, as you are, to our distinguished Reverend Edward Y. Buchanan, brother of our James Buchanan, the future President of our United States?

ANN ELIZA. Susie, darling, I would say we tribes of wives are like the Democrats in power: we have such taking ways.

STEPHEN. Brother Edward, I need advice on marriage, too. Now, brother Edward, as a Minister of the Gospel, how do you feel married, as you are, to my devilishly divine sister?

REV. BUCHANAN. Well, Stephen, in our connubial relations ———

ANDREW. Whoa, Reverend, in your what?

REV. BUCHANAN. Stephen Foster, as brother to James Buchanan, the future President of our United States, and as your Ministerial brother-in-law, let me confidentially warn you, Stephen, that we married men, one and all, are under Petticoat Government.

MRS. FOSTER. Oh, Edward, please hurry! William, Jr., will be here at 9:45 commanding Stephen to slave away at Dunning's monstrous shipping yards in Cincinnati.

MR. FOSTER. Here. Here. Proceed, proceed with our marriage before William, Jr., arrives. [*Arriving with the Bible.*] Here's our Holy Bible. [*He gives the Bible to Rev. Buchanan. Mrs. Foster plays the wedding march, "Here comes the bride." Susan and Stephen chase across to Upper Right and march diagonally across to Rev. Buchanan who is at Down Left.*]

REV. BUCHANAN. [*Solemnly.*] Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and this assembly to join in holy bonds of matrimony this man and this woman. Do you, Stephen

Collins Foster, accept this woman, Susan Pentland, to be your lawful and wedded wife? [*A knock is heard at the door. It is in the rhythm of ta, te, te, te, ta, boom, boom: or better known as "shave and a haircut, two bits."*]

STEPHEN. Wait. I hear Mr. Christy knocking at the door. My darling, let us wait till I first sell to the Christy Minstrels my songs tonight for a handsome price; then tomorrow we shall stand on our own feet and not on William, Jr's., when I marry you, my angel. [*Stephen admits Mr. Christy and his Ministrel Men. Andrew feels quite a relief. Jane can't believe her eyes. Susan is bewildered, but brightens at the approach of Mr. Christy. Rev. Buchanan is left standing at the altar. The old folks are not disturbed especially.*] Mr. E. P. Christy, celebrated King of Negro Minstrels: Mr. Christy, my mother and my father.

MR. CHRISTY. Tanka you! Tanka you! Tanka you! Meestier Fostier, you all honor me. Ahhh! We are so proud to meet ze mother and ze father of zis golden genius, Stephen Fostier.

MR. FOSTER. You honor us, Mr. Christy.

MR. CHRISTY. Ah, your Stephen Foster honors us all. Singing his golden songs will be ze young and ze old, ze rich and ze poor, ze grave and ze gay of all sexes, tongues, colors, and conditions, unceasingly to ze end of America. Hearing his songs at his Town Hall show tonight, I could not refrain from meeting you, his dear mother and his dear father. Oh, you Master of Melody! Oh, you Stephen Foster! O you Father of American Music!

STEPHEN. Mr. Christy, I want you to meet some of our Singing Club specials. This is Rev. Edward Y. Buchanan, brother to James Buchanan, the future President.

MR. CHRISTY. Charmed, I'm sure.

STEPHEN. And this is Rev. Buchanan's angel wife, my divine sister.

MR. CHRISTY. Charmed, I'm sure.

STEPHEN. And this, Mr. Christy, is brother Morrison, a Pittsburgh coal and steel magnet, and his magnetic wife.

MR. CHRISTY. Charmed, I'm sure.

[*Olivia, carrying a tray with drinks, comes in from Left.*]

OLIVIA. Cocktails, evahbody. Cocktails comin' up! In de kitchen, we got Mr. William, Jr's., roast beef, bah-be-cued lamb, roast tuky, fried ham, fried chicken, roast poak, roast duck, wid all de fixin's

a-waitin' in his dinin' cah on de reah, honies. Hurry up, honies, to dinner. Oh, excuse me, you gentlemens. I really thought you wuz some of Massa Stevie's Singing Club, dey all de time puttin' on wid so much foolishness.

STEPHEN. Olivia, the celebrated E. P. Christy himself and some of his Minstrel Men.

OLIVIA. No foolin'! Mr. Christy, I kiss de floah befo' you.

MR. FOSTER. Let us all first be refreshed and later to dinner, Olivia, for our *dear* William, Jr., will be along to see us in ten minutes. Then we'll all go into dinner. William, Jr., will only linger for a moment and say, as usual, "Good evening, Mo*tha.*"

MRS. FOSTER. [*Carrying out the fun*] Good evening, William Jun*yah*!

MR. FOSTER. [*Making fun of pompous William, Jr.*] Good evening, Fa*tha.* "*Puff*! *Puff*! *Puff*! *Chug-a-chug-chug*!!!" *Good* evening, William, Jun*yah*!

ANDREW. Olivia, fair daughter of the Nile, your lightning makes my ittie bittie mustache viggle about under me proboschus. Ypeee!

OLIVIA. Ah, now, you go on away from heah, Mista Andrew. Ain't y'all got youah colors mixed up?

STEPHEN. Listen everybody: I propose that we entertain mama and papa with my new songs which we used in our Town Hall show tonight. We'll entertain mama and papa until William, Jr., arrives at 9:45 on the dot. My Brother, Pennsylvania Limited, is never late. But first, a song, *Lou'siana Belle,* just composed by Sue and me.

ANDREW. Let me do it, Steve. [*Takes song.*] Ypee! Yehoo! Yep! Yep! Yep! Steve, your song and Olivia's lightning make me want to thunder; Susan, do it with me. [*Sings.*] Oh! Lou'siana's de same old state, ———

SUSAN. Whar Massa used to dwell;

ANDREW. He had a lubly cullud gal,

SUSAN. Twas de Lou'siana Belle.

ANDREW AND SUSAN. Oh! Belle, don't you tell,

SUSAN. Don't tell Massa, don't you, Belle,

ANDREW. Oh! Belle, de Pittsburgh Belle,

SUSAN AND ANDREW. I'se gwine to marry you, Lou'siana Belle.

ENSEMBLE. Oh! Belle, don't you tell,
Don't tell Massa, don't you, Belle.
Oh! Belle, de Lou'siana Belle,
I'se gwine to marry you, Lou'siana Belle.

[*Andrew kisses Susan in closing.*]

STEPHEN. I'm sure I wrote no kisses into my song.

ANDREW. Oh, that was my new invention known as my Lightning Bridal Kissing Game.

STEPHEN. Oh, so you're in the mood for riddles, are you?

ANDREW. Sure. Pop me one. Go.

STEPHEN. [*Imitating a negro.*] You eats hay, you eats corn, you sleeps in a barn, and you sees as well from one end as you do from the other. What are you?

ANDREW. [*Imitating a negro.*] Wait a minute! Now, what am I! Let me see. I eats hay, I eats corn, I sleeps in a barn, I sees as well from one end as I does from the other. What am I! Whooo! weee! I gives up, I sho' does!

STEPHEN. A blind mule!

ANDREW. Now, Steve, you've hurt my feelings. Besides my kissing Sue was only buying a bankrupt stock.

STEPHEN. What do you mean, your kissing my Sue was buying a bankrupt stock?

ANDREW. Why, any girl whose face is her fortune is bound to go into the hands of her receiver! Oh, Stevie, speaking of riddles, I bet a kiss from Jane to you against a kiss from Sue to me that William, Jr., will not arrive on the dot at 9:45 as *you* say.

STEPHEN. You bet a kiss from Sue to you against a kiss from Jane to me that William, Jr., will not arrive at 9:45? Whoa! Back up; nothing doing.

JANE. It's all in the family, you know.

ANDREW. But you said, "My Brother, Pennsylvania Limited, is never late." And you are a man of your word, aren't you?

SINGING CLUB. Bet with him.

STEPHEN. The bet is on, Andy. And, folks, William, Jr., will arrive on the dot at 9:45 sharp.

ANDREW. [*He goes to town. There is no doubt about is.*] Ypee! Yehoo! Yep! Yep! Yep!
De camptown ladies sing dis song—

ENSEMBLE. Doo-dah! Doo-dah!

ANDREW. De camptown race-track five miles long—

ENSEMBLE. Oh! doo-dah day!

ANDREW. I come down dah wid my hat caved in—

ENSEMBLE. Doo-dah! Doo-dah!

ANDREW. I go back home wid a pocket full of tin—

ENSEMBLE. Oh! doo-dah day!
Gwine to run all night!
Gwine to run all day!
I'll bet my money on de bob-tail nag;
Somebody bet on de bay.
[*Repeat chorus.*]

ANDREW. See dem flyin' on a ten mile heat;

ENSEMBLE. Doo-dah! Doo-dah!

ANDREW. Round de race-track, den repeat—

ENSEMBLE. Oh! doo-dah day!

ANDREW. I win my money on de bob-tail nag—

ENSEMBLE. Doo-dah! Doo-dah!

ANDREW. I keep my money in an old tow-bag—

ENSEMBLE. Oh! doo-dah day!
Gwine to run all night!
Gwine to run all day!
I'll bet my money on de bob-tail nag;
Somebody bet on de bay.
[*Repeat chorus.*]

STEPHEN. And now, everybody, I'm dying to read to you good news from *Oh! Susanna's* publishers, the Peters' House of Music: [*Reads.*] "According to our written agreement we are sending to

you, Mr. Foster, twelve copies of *Oh! Susanna!* in full payment for all your rights to your *Oh! Susanna!*" Look at these *Oh! Susannas!* Autographed surprises for you!

MR. CHRISTY. Meestier Fostier, please permit somebody to sample your apple of your eye, your *Oh! Susanna!*

SUSAN AND JANE. [*They swing it.*]
I came from Alabama
Wid my banjo on my knee,
I'm gwine to Lou'-siana
My true love for to see.
It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry;
The sun so hot I froze to death;
Susanna, don't you cry.

ENSEMBLE. Oh! Susanna! Oh! don't you cry for me;
I've come from Alabama,
Wid my banjo on my knee.

SUSAN AND JANE. [*They swing it.*]
I had a dream de odder night
When ebry ting was still;
I thought I saw Susanna,
A comin' down de hill;
The buck-wheat cake war in her mouth,
The tear was in her eye,
Says I, I'm coming from de South;
Susanna, don't you cry.

ENSEMBLE. Oh! Susanna! Oh! don't you cry for me;
I've come from Alabama
Wid my banjo on my knee.

JANE. [*To Andrew.*] Oh! Lemuel my lark,
Oh! Lemuel, my beau,
I'se gwine to gib a ball tonight,
I'd hab you for to know;
But if you want to dance;
Just dance outside de door;
Becayse your feet so berry large
Dey'll cover all de floor.
Oh! Lem! Lem! Lem! Lemuel, I say!
Go down to de cotton field,
And bring de boys away.

ANDREW. Go down to de cotton field!
Go down, I say!

ENSEMBLE. Go down and call de Nigga boys all:
We'll work no more today.

MR. FOSTER. Now, girls, sing for us *Open Thy Lattice, Love,* Stephen's first composition and, folks, he dedicated it to Susan.

JANE, OLIVIA, SUSAN. Open thy lattice, love, listen to me!
The cool balmy breeze is abroad on the sea!
The moon, like a queen, roams her realms of blue,
And the stars keep their vigils in heaven for you.
Ere morn's gushing light tips the hills with its ray,
Away o'er the waters, away and away.
Then open thy lattice, love, listen to me!
While the moon's in the sky and the breeze on the sea!

ANDREW. Whoops! Folks, it's 9:41. Four minutes till William, Jr., arrives. My kissing bet is won. Come, Pretty Susie; thy kiss is mine. Let me take my wager, my kiss, my cup, my Holy Grail!

SUSAN. [*Sings.*] Wilt thou be gone, wilt thou be gone, love, gone, love, from me?
Stay! 'tis the Nightingale that sings in yonder tree.
Deem not 'tis the Lark, love; day is not yet near—
Believe me, 'tis the Nightingale whose song hath pierced thine ear.

DUET

SUSAN. Wilt thou be gone, wilt thou be gone, love, wilt thou be gone from me?
Stay! 'tis the Nightingale that sings in yonder tree.
Love, 'tis the Nightingale, love, 'tis the Nightingale, love, 'tis the Nightingale that sings in yonder tree.
Wilt thou be gone, wilt thou be gone, love, gone, love, from me --- gone, love, from me?

STEPHEN. I must be gone, love, I must be gone from thee.
'Tis not the Nightingale that sings in yonder tree.
'Tis the Lark, 'tis the Lark, 'tis the Lark, 'tis the Lark, love, that sings in yonder tree.
I must be gone, I must be gone, love, gone, love, from thee --- gone, love, from thee.

STEPHEN. It is the Lark, the herald of the morn, love; no Nightingale.
See! the clouds are bright'ning, the stars are growing pale—
Day is on yon mountain top that veils the eastern sky—
I must be gone and live, love, or stay with thee and die.

DUET

STEPHEN. I must be gone, I must be gone, love, I must be gone from thee.
'Tis not the Nightingale that sings in yonder tree.
'Tis the Lark, 'tis the Lark, 'tis the Lark, 'tis the Lark, love, that sings in yonder tree.
I must be gone, I must be gone, love, I must be gone, love, from thee.

SUSAN. Wilt thou be gone, love, wilt thou be gone from me?
Stay! 'tis the Nightingale that sings in yonder tree.
Love, 'tis the Nightingale, love, 'tis the Nightingale, love, 'tis the Nightingale that sings in yonder tree.
Wilt thou be gone, wilt thou be gone, love, wilt thou be gone, love, from me?

ANDREW. Folks, my bet is won. Sue's kiss is mine. William, Jr., the big bad wolf, has not arrived, and it is now 9:4-4-4-4.

STEPHEN. Watch the door for William, Jr., my Brother Pennsylvania Limited. It is now 9:4-4-5.

[*Enter William, Jr., with his frigid composure.*]

SINGING CLUB. [*Shouting.*] Hurray for Stephen!

[*William, Jr., walks to Left, views with contempt the Singing Club and Mr. Christy, Mr. Christy's men, and then he walks down to Right Center.*]

WILLIAM, JR. Good evening, Mo*tha.*

MRS. FOSTER. Good evening, William, Jun*yah*!

WILLIAM, JR. Good evening, Fa*tha.*

MR. FOSTER. Good evening, William Jun*yah*!

WILLIAM, JR. [*Decidedly jolted.*] I trust that both of you are in the best of health this evening?

MRS. FOSTER. As well as could be expected, son.

MR. FOSTER. We are feeling unusually well, William Jun*yah*!

STEPHEN. William, Jr., I want you to meet my impresario, Mr. E. P. Christy, King of Negro Minstrels. William, Jr., Mr. Christy and these men of his have come over to see us after their dress rehearsal of their Negro Minstrels which they are giving, as you know, in Pittsburgh tomorrow night.

[*William, Jr., walks to Left Center, refuses to meet Mr. Christy and party.*]

WILLIAM, JR. Stephen, I don't care to meet your friends. Stephen, I am indeed glad your Singing Club is here. What I have to say to you will be tonic for your kind of people, also. First, I come to confirm your departure tonight for Dunning's Cincinnati shipping yards.

MR. CHRISTY. Good evening, Meestier Fostier. I came to your home with a gay heart. I leave your house with my head bowed in sadness for you. [*Exeunt Mr. Christy and his Minstrel Men.*]

STEPHEN. [*Coming to Center.*] William, Jr., you've ruined me with the greatest business friend I ever made; and, furthermore, I'm not going to Dunning's monstrous Cincinnati shipping yards. I failed with you as a most unhappy bookkeeper! Likewise, would I fail with Dunning.

WILLIAM, JR. Then, Stephen, you will carry the line and rod for me into the wilderness.

ANDREW. Ha!!

STEPHEN. No, I won't survey for you, William, Jr. I failed as one of your bookkeepers; I would also fail carrying the line and rod for you or anybody else into the wilderness.

WILLIAM, JR. Well, Stephen, I am about to direct our Pennsylvania Railroad to accommodate the commuting population of New York City. How about surveying New York City for us? New York City is not a wilderness, you know.

STEPHEN. I have decided that I'll stay right here in Pittsburgh.

WILLIAM, JR. Like myself all who succeed in business must begin at the bottom. Stephen, I want you to follow me as our Vice-President of our Pennsylvania Railroad, a worthy calling.

STEPHEN. [*Sitting.*] I am simply just not interested, William.

WILLIAM, JR. At this juncture patience ceases to be a virtue.

STEPHEN. [*Rising.*] Mama, take our friends into dinner. William and I are going to have another family row.

WILLIAM, JR. William, *Jr. please*! Your friends will not go out of this room! for, Stephen, it is my purpose to shame you here before your friends, and to shame your friends here before you! First: you, like your friends, are a flowering plant that yields no

fruit, or bad fruit. 'Twere shame to work long and still be empty handed. Your negro jingles, your sensational friends bring the very shadow of disgrace over the noble house of Foster. [*Susan moves to William, Jr's., right, and Jane to his left.*]

SUSAN. [*With fire.*] Gladstone, who was always fond of music, is now enthusiastic about negro jingles, as you call them. Gladstone, according to the London Times, sings Foster's immortal melodies with the greatest spirit and enjoyment, and never leaving out a verse, and evidently preferring *De Camptown Races.*

JANE. [*With persuasion.*] The magazines are saying, like Schubert, Foster sings like a rustic angel. Nor is it presumption to speak of Foster in the same breath with Verdi.

WILLIAM, JR. [*With contempt.*] I suppose Gladstone, the son of a shoe cobbler, or Schubert, the German sissy, pay Stephen's bills?

ANDREW. Ha!!

WILLIAM, JR. Am I being ha'd? If I catch that culprit! [*To the wrong fellow.*] Was that you, young man?

ANDREW. Ha!! [*Moves to Left.*]

WILLIAM, JR. Or am I being ha'd?

STEPHEN. This is final, William, Jr., I'm staying right here in Pittsburgh.

WILLIAM, JR. No, Stephen. You'll follow my final command: you'll temper your wisdom with your industry in brother Dunnnig's Cincinnati shipping yards!

MR. FOSTER. William, Jr., William, Jr., this is my house, what's left of it; besides, Stephen is my son, not yours.

WILLIAM, JR. Fatha, I must now tell you that your last out of date ship was battered to pieces on the treacherous rock shoals at Louisville. You are now a hopeless and helpless dependent on me. Now, as the Vice-President of my Pennsylvania Railroad, I suppose that I deserve your censure, this ingratitude from you, *my fatha*!

MR. AND MRS. FOSTER. Good night, children.

STEPHEN. Good night, Mama. Good night, Papa.

SUSAN. Good night, Mother Foster. Good night, Daddy Foster.

[*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Ann Eliza and Rev. Buchanan upstairs. Olivia goes into the kitchen.*]

WILLIAM, JR. You and your friends, Stephen, are worse than nothing; you are a smart set of wine-bibbing sensationalists inflaming this unkind agitation over our negro question with your negro jingles, your jingles of the streets, your jingles of the vulgar, your jingles of the trashy.

ANDREW. Ha!!

WILLIAM, JR. Your sensational negro jingles are mountains of explosives. You must remember my hand which feeds you stands for slavery. If you will create you will enter my engineering departments; you will create my structures of brick, my structures of steel, my structures of stone - not sensational negro ballads for these who raise the cry for freedom. As your brother, I am disgusted with you. As the Vice-President of my Pennsylvania Railroad, I am determined to hammer you into a captain of industry.

STEPHEN. My songs are love letters to the weary, the lonely, the oppressed. Why should you, a brother, cherish immortal anger? Your tumult, William, Jr., your rage or your outrage, your grace or your disgrace is only through ignorance.

WILLIAM, JR. Oh, I am now ignorant, am I! In the fiscal year just passed I have paid out for you and for your entertainment of *your* friends - $2,789.45. You have contributed in your jingle earnings $17.78. Your friends contribute only disgrace to us. Peters' House of Music received $12,000 from your *Oh! Susanna!* Music Publishers wax fat by your genius plus *your business ignorance.* I suppose I should be ignorant of this, too?

ANDREW. Ha!!

WILLIAM, JR. I now command that you shall learn the value of my property and my dollars at beastly labor in our brother Dunning's Cincinnati shipping yards - away from Pittsburgh. Now according to the love I have demonstrated for you, may I have your proper answer, Stephen?

STEPHEN. Yes, William, I'm staying right here in Pittsburgh, William. I'm not going to Cincinnati, William.

WILLIAM, JR. William, *Jr., please*!!! Have you forgotten your humble position here in the noble house of Foster, Stephen? I control my Pennsylvania Railroad, our brother Dunning has taken over Fatha's modern steamboat lines plying the mighty rivers be-

tween Pittsburgh and New Orleans; our brothers Henry and Morrison control Pennsylvania steel; our sister Henrietta married a worthy gentleman; our sister Ann Eliza accepted the Rev. Edward Y. Buchanan, brother of James Buchanan, our future President of our United States. But you beg alms from me. You cherish no honor! You dispense no justice! It is expedient that you go to Cincinnati on one of brother Dunning's ships tonight! I will listen to no appeals.

STEPHEN. But Susan and I are engaged to marry tonight.

WILLIAM, JR. Your game is now obvious, Stephen. You will bring Susan here, I presume, to gladden this, my household?

STEPHEN. All right, William - I will go to Cincinnati.

WILLIAM, JR. Call me William, *Jr., once*! *Please*!

STEPHEN. All right, William ———

WILLIAM, JR. *William, Jr. Please*!!!

STEPHEN. I'll go to Cincinnati, I'll work for brother Dunning in papa's rightful shipping yards.

WILLIAM, JR. I am, indeed, glad, Stephen, that your conscience has brought you to this correct and proper understanding.

ANDREW. Ha!!

WILLIAM, JR. Good evening. And ha! to your sensational friends!

[*Exit William, Jr. Enter Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Ann Eliza and Rev. Buchanan. Olivia comes out of the kitchen.*]

MR. FOSTER. Storm's over. Olivia, where am ouah dinin' cah?

OLIVIA. De dinin' cah, honies, am on de reah, filled up wid Mista William Juniah's bah-be-cued lamb, roast tuky, fried ham, fried chicken, roast poak, roast beef, and de bah-be-cued ducks. Come on, honies, to dat dinin' cah on de reah.

[*Olivia leads the Singing Club into the dining room at Left as they sing.*]

ENSEMBLE. Oh, Belle, don't you tell,
Don't tell Massa, don't you, Belle,
Oh, Belle, de Lou'siana Belle,
I'se gwine to marry you, Lou'siana Belle.

[*Exit last of Singing Club still repeating Lou'siana Belle.*]

MR. FOSTER. Son, you pay no attention to our smart alec William.

MRS. FOSTER. You are not going to Cincinnati.

STEPHEN. But I have promised William I would go to Cincinnati. I must go to Cincinnati. My honor is involved.

MRS. FOSTER. Honor? Nonsense. When should your honor be humbled by William's dishonor to his father and his mother?

MR. FOSTER. You and William, Jr., are both our children. Come on to dinner, children. Come on to dinner.

[*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Ann Eliza and Rev. Buchanan. They join the Singing Club in the dining room. Stephen sits on the sofa. Susan stands to right of Stephen, Andrew to left of Stephen, and Jane stands aside.*]

ANDREW. Now, now, you go to Cincy; return, find your Sue my wife. Come, pretty Susie; let's you and I go into dinner while Stephen contemplates his miserable failure to defend himself against mighty William, the Conqueror. Yeah! He got run over by the Pennsylvania Limited!

SUSAN. You think I'm worse than stupid. You think I'm a bean, a nut, an acorn to be placed upon the shelf till you get back from Cincinnati six months from now, then take me. You are a coward to be bluffed by William, Jr.

ANDREW. Now, now, you go to Cincy; return, find this little piece of perfumed pulchritude tucked under my strong arms for keeps when you get back. Behold! Stevie is a genius, and genius knows not the wicked ways of men and women. You should hang yourself in Susan's garter, Stephen, for such is the true beginning of wisdom. [*Goes over and takes Susan.*] Susan's eyes are the toasts of poets. Susan laughs at the wrong time, ignorant of the meaning of men's words. But we men overlook such trifles in you perfumed ladies while we feast our eyes upon your mouths filled with pearls and coral. 'Tis true, Sue's head is empty, but, oh, Cupid! what a complexion. Radiant Queen of my lonely life, your eyes are the rogues that are breaking and stealing my aching heart. Ho, hum! Let us depart into the kitchen of life's reality, and feast ourselves upon William, Jr's., bar-be-cued lamb, roast poak, fried ham, bah-be-cued ducks, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, and season our feast with another bridal kiss. [*Andrew and Susan go out. They return.*] Ta, ta. Ho, hum. Now, now. Naughty, naughty, naughty. Sue's eyes are the rogues that have stolen my heart. Ho, hum! [*Andrew and Susan exeunt, Susan taking his arm.*]

JANE. Love is a snowflake o'er the river; poised a moment, gone forever. Don't leave Pittsburgh, Stevie. You'll regret leaving Pittsburgh. Distance murders love. Andrew, by the genius of your golden songs, woos - may win - this apple of your eye, this April image of your soul. I love you; by my life, I do, Stevie.

STEPHEN. [*Getting up.*] Jeanie McDowell, I am amazed at you.

JANE. What I mean is — well, I don't want to see *you* hurt.

STEPHEN. I promised William, Jr., I would go to Cincinnati; I must ship to Cincinnati on one of brother Dunning's boats tonight.

CURTAIN

ACT II

The time is six months later. The scene is the same as Act I.

Mr. Foster is sitting in a chair, Down Stage, a sick man. Olivia, Dr. McDowell, Mrs. Foster, and a nurse administer treatment. Dr. McDowell lays aside his stethoscope after his examination of Mr. Foster's heart. Dr. McDowell takes Mr. Foster's pulse. There he sits in his red woolen longies, clad in bath robe, his feet in a bowl of hot water, his head in a stocking cap.

MR. FOSTER. [*Very sickly, very fretted.*] Ah! Ah! Mmm! But, Dr. McDowell! Susan's married that Andrew Robinson. What a tragedy for Stephen and Susan! What a tragedy! And Stephen has come back home after six months, to marry Susan. Doc, he's back from Cincinnati to marry Susan, I tell you. Susan's marriage to Andrew Robinson will kill Stephen. Oh, what will Stephen do? What will Stephen do! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!!! Ammonia! Digitalis! Digitalis! Hurry! Hurry!

MRS. FOSTER. Quiet, Papa. Quiet, Papa. Dr. McDowell knows best.

DR. MCDOWELL. William, smother again today, and we will sorrowfully conduct your funeral services on Saturday at 2 P.M. You smother again tomorrow and those Robinsons will gleefully celebrate your burial on Sunday at 2 P.M. [*Firmly and with assurance.*] God himself cannot annul the facts of Susan's marriage to Andrew Robinson. [*Going to medicine kit on Stephen's desk at right.*] But I am not dying over Andrew's marriage to Susan although Andrew Robinson, as you all know too well, jilted my daughter, Jeanie, for your Stephen's Susan Pentland.

MR. FOSTER. O Doc! Doc! Why *didn't* Susan marry Stephen! Ammonia! Ammonia! Ammonia! Ammonia! [*Mrs. Foster, Olivia, Nurse, and Dr. McDowell dash about frantically to save him.*] A dose of aromatic spirits of ammonia!!! Quick! Hurry! Hurry! Ammonia! [*Dr. McDowell gives him a dose of ammonia.*] Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!! Just in time. Just in time. Just in time.

[*Enter William, Jr., from Right.*]

WILLIAM, JR. Good evening, Mo*tha.* [*Mechanically, as usual.*]

MRS. FOSTER. Good evening, William, Jr.

WILLIAM, JR. Good evening, Fa*tha.*

MR. FOSTER. Good evening, William, Jr.

WILLIAM, JR. Good evening, Doct*ah* McDah*wall.*

DR. MCDOWELL. [*Ignoring William, Jr.*] Eliza, you and William keep this ammonia and digitalis close by.

WILLIAM, JR. Are you wilfully ignoring me, Doctor McDah*wall*!

DR. MCDOWELL. Good evening, William Jun*yaah.*

WILLIAM, JR. [*To Mr. and Mrs. Foster.*] I presume, Fa*tha, that* you have told Stephen?

MR. FOSTER. You preeesuuuuuume a lot!

DR. MCDOWELL. Careful, Eliza, with this digitalis. Good evening, my friends. Good evening, William, [*Bleating.*] Jun*ya-a-a-a-a-a.*–

[*Exit Dr. McDowell.*]

WILLIAM, JR. I believe that old goat was making fun of me.

MR. FOSTER. [*Bleating.*] No. Really? Thaaaat's baaaaad!

WILLIAM, JR. Stephen Foster! Ran away from Cincinnati! Stephen Foster! Slunk to Bardstown! Stephen should have stayed in Bardstown, Kentucky! Negro Jingles again! Obviously, I must deal more drastically with your transgressing Stephen.

MR. FOSTER. Now you look here! Youuuuu!

WILLIAM, JR. No longer will I need you to help me *manhandle* Stephen.

MR. FOSTER. Confound you, I won't have this.

MRS. FOSTER. Ammonia, Papa, ammonia.

WILLIAM, JR. May I ask who pays the bills of your *distinguished* household?

MR. FOSTER. [*Takes ammonia, gets renewed vigor, storms at William, Jr.*] When I was your age, confound you, Congress made me United States Colonel because I gave $50,000 in war munitions to the United States Army so that General Jackson might defeat the British at New Orleans. [*Shouting in William, Jr's., face.*] FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! A mere trifling pittance from my many warehouses! The city made me mayor. A mighty man

was I: with servants, fortunes, love in this home, prestige abroad. Mama - you were the belle, Mama; I—I was the beau. Now look at you and me: old and helpless. Digitalis, digitalis! Mama, Olivia, digitalis! Ammonia! Hurry!!! Hurry!!! Hurry!!! Ah, ah, just in time, just in time. Ah - ah!

WILLIAM, JR. [*Bleating.*] Thaaat's baaaaad! Perhaps your Dunning, perhaps Morrison pays a fraction of our expenses in *your* distinguished household?

MR. FOSTER. No, son. No. [*Subdued.*]

WILLIAM, JR. I suppose your Henry, your Ann Eliza, or Henrietta pay one iota of your expenses in *your* distinguished household?

MR. FOSTER. No, son.

[*Mr. Foster sits up.*]

WILLIAM, JR. Oh, yes, transgressing Stephen pays your bills and gives *his tender* care!

MRS. FOSTER. No, son.

WILLIAM, JR. I consider my love and my responsibility to my mother and to my father of momentous importance.

[*Enter Susan and Andrew from the terrace.*]

ANDREW. I brought Susan over. Susan will tell Stephen she's my wife now. Get back home in ten minutes. You get me? You get back home in ten minutes.

[*Exit Andrew by way of terrace.*]

SUSAN. Is Stevie awake, yet?

MRS. FOSTER. No. It's a long and tiresome journey from Bardstown, Susan.

SUSAN. I'll come back later, Mother Foster.

MR. FOSTER. Must you be in such a hurry? Stay with us a moment, Susan.

SUSAN. Oh, Daddy Foster, Andrew—Andrew—you heard Andrew give me only ten minutes to get back home.

MR. FOSTER. You have plenty of time, Susan.

STEPHEN. [*Singing upstairs.*] The sun shines bright in the Old Kentucky Home,

'Tis summer the darkies are gay———

[*William, Jr., moves to Right.*]

SUSAN. I'm going upstairs - to Stephen.

STEPHEN. [*Sings.*] The sun shines bright———

SUSAN. But I've got to fix it up with Stevie or Andrew'll kill me.

[*Susan moves reluctantly across the room and up the steps as Stephen starts down from upstairs.*]

STEPHEN. [*Sings.*] in the Old Kentucky Home—— Susan! Angel!

SUSAN. Stevie! oh, my darling! [*Rushing into his arms, he into hers. Picking Susan up in his arms, he kisses her; he then carries her down the steps. He discovers William, Jr., who moves to Left.*]

STEPHEN. Oh, hello, William. [*Stephen is at Center now, and he places Susan on her feet.*]

WILLIAM, JR. I presume that I deserve the usual respect?

STEPHEN. Good evening, William, Jr. Jenny Lind sang *Open Thy Lattice, Love* so beautifully in Boston last week that now for our holidays of marriage, I'm back from Bardstown with my pockets filled with joyous songs. Fame, Name, Fortune at last attend me and Susan and the old folks at home. Here. Here. What's wrong with everybody?

[*Mr. Foster moves to near Upper Left.*]

SUSAN. Daddy Foster, you tell Stephen our sad news.

[*Stephen goes to Mr. Foster.*]

MR. FOSTER. [*With back to Stephen.*] I'm in no condition. [*Mrs. Foster moves to Left.*] Digitalis, Olivia, digitalis. You tell Stephen, Mama.

MRS. FOSTER. I believe William, Jr., considers bad news his duty.

[*With back to Stephen.*]

STEPHEN. Well, what is it? Is somebody dead?

WILLIAM, JR. This is a very sad and solemn subject, Stephen. Now, to begin with! Well - ah - well, now, to begin with! Ah - well - ah————

STEPHEN. Yes? To begin with -- yes - go on.

WILLIAM, JR. To begin with - well, now, briefly speaking, Ste-

phen, I had— [*With profound agitation.*] Ah, um - wella, Stephen - ah - um - I had considered speaking with you about your fleeing from Cincinnati - about your running away to Bardstown.

STEPHEN. Gosh! Is that all!

WILLIAM, JR. I presume that nothing but the experiences of life's misfortunes will teach you the way of the transgressor. I have a board meeting at 7 o'clock - at 7 o'clock sharp. Good evening.

[*Exit William, Jr., at Right.*]

MR. FOSTER. Let's you and I go to bed, Mama. I feel another smothering spell coming on in spite of digitalis. Good night, children. Good night.

SUSAN. Good night, Daddy Foster.

MRS. FOSTER. Good night, children.

SUSAN. Good night, Mother Foster.

STEPHEN. Good night, Mama. Good night, Papa. I'll tell the Singing Club not to come in.

MR. FOSTER. Sing. I'll enjoy every note of it. All of us need much loud music right now. Good night, children.

[*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Nurse, and Olivia upstairs.*]

SUSAN. Now, Stephen, you tell me truthfully: do I look the same to you?

STEPHEN. You have one extra curl, Sue.

SUSAN. Has my face changed?

STEPHEN. You look tired: as if you need sleep. You are more beautiful, my angel.

SUSAN. You're only being kind. I'm terribly, terribly ugly to you. My eyes are hollow, and my features are haggard.

STEPHEN. As I stand before you I stand at heaven's gate.

SUSAN. I shall always love you, too, darling.

STEPHEN. You frighten me. Don't jerk the world from under me like that.

SUSAN. But you ran away from Cincinnati. Then you ran away to Bardstown.

STEPHEN. But, financially speaking, [*Singing the name.*] *Oh! Susana!* became America's prancing gold rush song to California—hauling our fame, our name, our fortunes back to Pittsburgh!

SUSAN. Just as you and I dreamed.

STEPHEN. And now from his home in Buffalo, America's own great E. P. Christy is coming back here to our house tonight to bring us more fame and more fortune.

SUSAN. Not our famous E. P. Christy, not our E. P. Christy that William, Jr., insulted in this very room on that dreadful, awful, night six months ago. [*Sobbing.*] Oh, I can't - I can't stand it, Stevie, darling.

STEPHEN. Tears, tears. Weep no more, my lady——— That's it! That's it exactly! Listen! [*Sings.*] "Weep no more, my lady." I will revise *My Old Kentucky Home.* Instead of reading "Weep no more, poor old Uncle Tom" it shall read, [*Sings.*] "Weep no more my lady, oh! weep no more today."

SUSAN. I don't understand you.

STEPHEN. Oh, but you will. It's *My Old Kentucky Home* which I composed for you in Bardstown, while living in my cousin Judge Rowan's Bardstown Mansion, made lonely by your absence. Yes, suh, down in My Old Kentucky Home with its mint juleps, 'n th' birds a singin', 'n th' bees a hummin', 'n th' slaves a bendin' - yes, suh! [*Sings.*] "The sun shines bright in the Old Kentucky Home, 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay." And now, it's "Weep no more, my lady———" to make the whole world gay.

SUSAN. I'm happy, too, now, Stevie. I'm so mixed up. My ten minutes have passed. I've got to go home. I've got to get ready before our Singing Club arrives. I look awfully torn up. I'll run home the back way. Somebody might see I've been crying. I'm sick, Stevie. I'm sick all over. I'm just so miserably unhappy, I'm— I'm— Oh! I've got to hurry. My ten minutes are up. [*Goes to door. Rushes back. Kisses him. Exit by way of terrace.*]

STEPHEN. Funny girl. [*Shrugs his shoulders. Then he sings and dances with joy as Jane enters.*] "De way she walks she lifts her foot, and den she brings it down."

JANE. [*Mimicking and singing.*] "And when it lights dere's music dah—"

STEPHEN. [*Discovering Jeanie. He embraces her.*] Jeanie!

JANE. Stevie! Stevie! [*She would be kissed. He kisses her.*]

How did you find Bardstown? Have you seen Susan? What did Susan say?

STEPHEN. Bardstown was a paradise, and between Susan and me everything is perfect.

JANE. Then OPENLY, Stephen Foster, and without modesty—— I make love to you.

STEPHEN. You make love to me?

JANE. Uh huh. Look, Stevie! I even bring you presents for your home-coming. But you've got to pay me for them, though.

STEPHEN. Little Scotch girl, eh?

JANE. Right now I'm thoroughly Scotch. What do *you* pay?

STEPHEN. You are the merchant. What is *your* price?

JANE. A kiss.

STEPHEN. Then, they're mine. I just kissed you.

JANE. Oh! That was my hello kiss!

STEPHEN. [*Teasing.*] Then close your precious eyes. Oh! Dear me! Saint Paul himself could not resist you. [*Kisses her lightly. She continues to hold her position.*] Wake up, Jeanie.

JANE. Hurreee!! Pay me my kiss.

STEPHEN. I've paid you your kiss.

JANE. Ah, that kiss was counterfeit. I won't accept a Scotchman's kisslet. What I want is— ah— can you *define* a kiss?

STEPHEN. [*Play acting.*] My dear lady, five parts hath every kiss: Firstly, I take your cheeklets between my hands; secondly, I tilt your cherub facelet upward; thirdly, I close your precious eyelets gently; fourthly, I purse your cherry liplets; fifthly — [*Kisses her.*]

JANE. Wowooooooooooohhhhhhhhhhh! A jungle kiss! Your presents, my *dear*! I wish I had a million ki—ah— presents to give *you*!

STEPHEN. [*Accepting music and box of candy.*] Beethoven! Your Beethoven's *too* expensive! *Crystal honey drops*! I *am* suspicious of you, Jeanie.

JANE. I doubt if any girl ever worked so hard for a kiss.

STEPHEN. [*Sings.*] I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,

Borne, like a vapor, on the summer air———

JANE. Oh, sing all of *Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair.*

STEPHEN. Sing all of *Jeanie?* You are the *Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair.* Those two lines I thought of right then; and I sang them to you as payment for these—your home-coming presents to me.

JANE. You pay everybody twice, don't you, Stephen Foster!

STEPHEN. Jeanie, have a double wedding with Sue and me.

JANE. A double wedding with Sue and you! Oh! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Dear me!!

STEPHEN. Certainly! Sue and I - Andrew and you. Arouse Pittsburgh: marry tomorrow: double wedding. See?

JANE. Hasn't Sue told you?

STEPHEN. Here! What's wrong with everybody? Sue told me what? Don't tell me I've been kissing Andrew's wife!

JANE. Then Andrew hasn't told you?

STEPHEN. I haven't seen Andrew. You confess to me! When did you and Andrew marry?

JANE. Then Andrew didn't tell you! Oh, my goodness me! O dear!! Dear, dear me! What have I done! What have I done!!

[*Exit Jane at Right.*]

STEPHEN. Wait a minute. Women are the funniest creatures.

[*As Jane goes out we hear the merry voices of the Singing Club approaching. The Singing Club and Andrew enter from the Right, and Jane has joined it. Both Stephen and the Singing Club ad lib. their greetings.*]

SINGING CLUB. Helloo, Stephen Foster! Helloo, Stevie! Welcome Stevie, back to Pittsburgh! Stephen Foster! Stevie! We have missed you. Welcome! welcome home! Hello, Stevie, dear! Steve! We have missed you! Stephen Foster, you are now famous!

STEPHEN. [*Ad lib. with them.*] Jimmie! Louise! Frances! Vivi! Morrison! Well, well, Margarita! Merry Andrew. Good old merry Andrew! Listen! Before we leave to present our show at the Town Hall let us first rush through my new medley - the songs I wrote in Cincinnati - also, the songs I sent you from Bardstown. Our E. P. Christy promised to come down from Buffalo, and meet

us here in my home at this hour; [*Play acting.*] however, great men - as you know - even as we, can't do everything they wish.

ANDREW. [*Wickedly.*] Cut out the gab! Tell me where's Sue!

[*The Singing Club moves to various background positions at Upper, leaving the stage proper to Stephen and Andrew.*]

STEPHEN. Susan broke away and rushed home. Now our big show at the Town Hall opens in nineteen minutes. Let's hurriedly rush through my new medley.

ANDREW. I told Sue to get back home in *ten* minutes; but she didn't. Where the devil is she?

STEPHEN. What?

ANDREW. You can never depend on *some* people.

[*Enter Susan by way of the terrace. She is out of breath.*]

SUSAN. I went by the terrace is why I missed you, Andrew, darling. I tried so very hard to get back home to you in those ten minutes you gave me.

ANDREW. You're not to say one thing, then do another.

SUSAN. But, darling, angel, I———

STEPHEN. Darling! Angel! Say, what's going on here?

ANDREW. Well, tell me: Did you? No, I can see you didn't.

SUSAN. No precious, darling one, I couldn't.

STEPHEN. What is this? A burlesque for our show tonight?

ANDREW. Well, why didn't you? Some of these days I'll teach you to do what you promise me you'll do.

STEPHEN. [*Taking Andrew by the shoulder.*] See here, old man. Whatever she's done, you can't talk to her like this.

ANDREW. Keep your trap shut. What did you do! You stayed away *too* long!

STEPHEN. I hope, Andy, you haven't forgotten Sue and I will be married tomorrow.

ANDREW. Sue's my wife now, Steve, since you cowardly ran away from Pittsburgh, then slunk from Cincinnati off to Bardstown.

STEPHEN. Andy, I love to entertain our public, but even our friend-

ship will not permit this killer-diller burlesque.

ANDREW. Burlesque! *You are the burlesque.* Get this straight. Sue's my wife, since you so cowardly slunk away from Cincinnati.

SUSAN. It's true, Stevie. That is the sad news all of us have tried to tell you.

STEPHEN. Preposterous. [*He sees the meaning in the faces of the Singing Club.*]

ANDREW. I cautioned you, didn't I, that I would marry Susan if you went to Cincinnati?

STEPHEN. But you are my best friend, Andrew. Susan's mine. That makes your marriage to Susan incredible.

ANDREW. [*Insolently.*] Ah, yes! Prospects of purple nights of marriage are incredible to you, but purple nights of marriage are the real things to Sue and me. You can't blame me because I warned you I would marry Susan if you let William, Jr., run you away from Pittsburgh. You can't blame Sue because Sue wouldn't marry me for one whole week after you so cowardly slunk away from Cincinnati.

STEPHEN. [*With anguish.*] Any pretext will serve a knave!

ANDREW. What was that slur?

STEPHEN. [*With contempt.*] You heard me? Any pretext serves a knave!

SUSAN. But, Stevie, darling, you couldn't expect me to wait always; especially, when, like a coward, you ran away from Cincinnati to Bardstown.

STEPHEN. I did not run away. Dunning advised me to get out of Cincinnati. Like a gentleman I went to Bardstown. In the Rowan Mansion at Bardstown, like a Prince, I was treated.

SUSAN. Andrew, you told me Stevie cowardly ran away from Cincinnati to the shelter of the Rowan's home at Bardstown!

ANDREW. What I said was———

SUSAN. You lied, Andrew! You lied! You said Stevie cowardly ran away from Cincinnati.

ANDREW. Now listen, Susan———

SUSAN. Don't you speak to me, Andrew Robinson; you lied. You

lied. You persuaded me that Stevie cowardly ran away to Bardstown.

STEPHEN. Why did you marry him? Your marriage has taken the spring out of the year.

SUSAN. But your songs are making you popular with the common people.

STEPHEN. You love my songs, don't you, Susan?

SUSAN. Of course, I do, Stevie.

STEPHEN. I would not call you common, Susan.

SUSAN. But papa lectured that a girl simply could not live on songs, and poetry, and lovemaking. [*Hesitatingly, betraying fabrication.*]

STEPHEN. Papa Pentland lectured that his daughter could not live on my songs, my poetry, my lovemaking?

SUSAN. Of course, I suggested all this to papa.

STEPHEN. You told your own father you could not live on my songs, my poetry, my lovemaking?

SUSAN. [*Through her tears.*] What papa really said was — Stephen Foster would have to make his own living — yours and mine — that is, if you and I lived decently.

STEPHEN. Papa Pentland — my father's life long friend — told you this?

SUSAN. Oh, darling, heaven as my witness, here is the truth: Andrew and I, with Mr. and Mrs. Farthing, went on a week's camping trip to Lake Erie. Andrew fascinated me - Andrew mesmerized me - Andrew got me in his power.

[*Mr. Christy's knock is heard on the door at the Right. It is Christy's trademark knock of Act One.*]

[*Enter Olivia.*]

OLIVIA. I'll ansuh de doah, Massa, Honey: [*Aside.*] Eben if it am dat low down, good fuh nothin' E. P. Christy white trash.

[*Olivia opens the door. Enter Mr. Christy.*]

STEPHEN. You come right in here, Mr. Christy.

MR. CHRISTY. Ah, Meestier Fostier, ze world's most marrthvelous Master of Melody! Meestier Fostier, I yam most sorthry tou beh

leht to hear your goulden immortal melodies from Bardstown, from Louisville, and from Cincinnati, butta ze late Buffalo Pennsy'vania Limited she was vun hour unavaudably toah tardey.

STEPHEN. Mr. Christy, by your tardiness you are timely; but by my timeliness I am tardy. I believe all of you have met America's celebrated E. P. Christy, King of Negro Minstrels?

MR. CHRISTY. Tanka yoou, Meestier Fostier, tanka you. As the world's greatest master showman, I yam ravished to hear your goulden melodies from Bardstown, from Louisville, and from Cincinnati. Ahh, Meestier Fostier.

STEPHEN. Mr. Christy has come all the way from Buffalo to hear my new Southern and Ethiopian melodies. So you please will now sing for Mr. Christy my Bardstown medley, then *you* go down do *our* show for *our* Town Hall's waiting audience.

SINGING CLUB. Come where my love lies dreaming,
Dreaming the happy hours away,
In visions bright redeeming
The fleeting joys of day;
Dreaming the happy hours,
Dreaming the happy hours away;
Come where my love lies dreaming,
Is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away.

Come with a lute, come with a lay,
My own love is sweetly dreaming,
Her beauty beaming;
Come where my love lies dreaming,
Is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away.

MALE QUARTET. Oh! carry me 'long,
There's no more trouble for me,
I'm bound to roam in a happy home
Where all the darkies are free.
I've worked long in the fields,
I've handled many a hoe,
I'll turn my eye, before I die,
And see the sugar cane grow.

ENSEMBLE. Oh! boys, carry me long,
Carry me till I die,
Carry me down to the burying ground:
Massa, don't you cry.

[*Repeat.*]

SOLO. Dere was an old nigga,
Dey call'd him Uncle Ned,
He's dead long ago, long ago;
He had no wool on de top ob de head,
De place wha de wool ought to grow.

ENSEMBLE. Den lay down de shubble and de hoe-o-o-
And hang up de fiddle and de bow.
No more hard work for poor old Ned,
He's gone wha de good niggas go.
No more hard work for poor old Ned,
He's gone wha de good niggas go.

STEPHEN. [*Comes down Stage.*] Some folks fear to smile,

JANE. [*Flits to him.*] Some folks do, some folks do;

STEPHEN. Others laugh through guile,

JANE. But that's not me nor you.

ENSEMBLE. Long live the merry, merry heart
That laughs by night and day,
Like the Queen of Mirth,
No matter what some folks say.

STEPHEN. Some folks like to sigh,

JANE. Some folks do, some folks do;

STEPHEN. Some folks long to die,

JANE. But that's not me nor you.

ENSEMBLE. Long live the merry, merry heart
That laughs by night and day,
Like the Queen of Mirth,
No matter what some folks say.

JANE. De Glendy Burke is a mighty fast boat,
Wid a mighty fast captain, too;
He sits up dah on de hurricane roof,
And he keeps his eye on de crew.

I can't stay here for dey work too hard;
I'm bound to leave dis town;
I'll take my duds and tote 'em on my back
When de Glendy Burke comes down.

ENSEMBLE. Ho! for Lou'siana!
I'm bound to leave dis down;
I'll take my duds and tote 'em on my back
When de Glendy Burke comes down.

[*Repeat.*]

Nelly Bly shuts her eye when she goes to sleep,
When she wakens up again her eye balls 'gin to peep.
De way she walks she lifts her foot, and den she brings it down,
And when it lights der's music dah in dat part ob de town.

Heigh! Nelly, Ho! Nelly, listen, lub to me,
I'll sing for you, play for you, a dulcem melody.

SUSAN. The village bells are ringing,
And merrily they chime;
The village choir is singing;
For 'tis a happy time;
The chapel walls are laden
With garlands rich and gay
To greet the village maiden
Upon her wedding day.

But summer joys have faded
And summer hopes have flown;
Her brow with grief is shaded,
Her happy smiles are gone;
Yet why her heart is laden,
Not one, alas! can say,
Who saw the village maiden
Upon her wedding day.

[*Recitative.*] The village bells are ringing;
But hark, how sad and slow,
The village choir is singing
A requiem soft and low;
And all with sorrow laden
Their tearful tribute pay;
Who saw the village maiden
Upon her wedding day.

MR. CHRISTY. Congratoulations! Congratoulations! Meestier Fostier! Oh, Congratoulations, Meestier Fostier. You come tou my hoohtel tounight and I will negotiate great prices with you.

STEPHEN. You believe my songs are catchy enough for your Minstrel Show?

MR. CHRISTY. Deese goulden songs of yours —— your songs —— zey bring to us ze gould and ze honor of ze earth.

STEPHEN. Then, Mr. Christy, again to you I give my golden melodies.

MR. CHRISTY. [*With taking ways.*] Vot! You gife to me your goulden songs again? Vot? Vy! Meestier Fostier! how could I! how could I. Oh, my dear Meestier Fostier! Vy yoou gife to me ze beega goulden fortune again? Ahhhhhh! Tanka you, taaanka yoou, taaaanka you! *Oh, Meestier Fostier, tanka you.*

STEPHEN. Mr. Christy, after my long and tiresome trek from Bardstown, I'm indisposed to appear at our Town Hall Show tonight; so Jane, here — this noble, but dangerous creature — Miss Jane Denny McDowell, daughter of the famous Dr. Andrew N. McDowell, distinguished physician to Charles Dickens, Jenny Lind and P. T. Barnum — Miss Jane Denny McDowell — Jane will take care of you. [*Jane almost kisses the floor with kindness as she gives Mr. Christy a curtsy.*]

MR. CHRISTY. Ahh, haaa! So deese ess right here before my naked eyes ze most celebrated Madwaselle McDowell of Peetsburgh?

STEPHEN. This she is — Jane Denny McDowell, believe it or not.

MR. CHRISTY. Ahhhh! Meestier Fostier, yoou overvellum me with such unexpected generosity! Ahhh! Taanka yoou! Taanka yoou! [*Mr. Christy places Jane's hand through his left arm, walks to Right Center, stops, turns to her, looks from her head to her feet, then back to her head, then at her form generally.*] Ummmmmmmm! [*Turns to Shephen and bows.*] Tanka yoou! Taanka yoou!! Tanka *yoou,* Meestier Fostier!! You are *soooo* kind to me.

[*Exeunt Jane and Mr. Christy at Right.*]

SINGING CLUB. [*Ad lib.*] Good-bye, Stephen Foster. Good-bye, Stevie. So sorry, Stevie. Good-bye. Good-bye, Stephen Foster. Good-bye, Stevie. Good-bye. Good-bye. Good-bye, Stephen Foster. Good-bye, Stevie, good-bye.

[*Singing Club goes out at Right.*]

STEPHEN. [*To the open door — after the Singing Club.*] Good-bye, forever, dear friends and gentle hearts.

ANDREW. Well? Are we still friends, Stephen?

STEPHEN. [*Offers hand which Andrew shakes.*] Congratulations, Andrew.

ANDREW. [*As if he had made a good bargain.*] I knew you'd take it like a man, Stephen.

STEPHEN. I congratulate you, too, Susan.

ANDREW. Will you go along to the Town Hall with us?

STEPHEN. You know the old story, Andrew: three's a crowd.

ANDREW. Good-bye.

STEPHEN. Good-bye.

SUSAN. Good-bye, Stevie. [*But you know it isn't good-bye.*]

STEPHEN. Good-bye, Susie.

[*Exeunt Andrew and Susan at Right. Stephen walks in a stupor about the room. He goes to the door, and looks after Susan and Andrew. He goes to the piano. He scatters his music on the floor. He bangs the piano, then rests his head and shoulders above the key board. Enter Jane from Right. She watches Stephen quietly for a moment.*]

JANE. I've come back for you, Stevie.

STEPHEN. Jeanie, I'm not going to the Town Hall. My fate is Dunning's Cincinnati shipping yards. Do you hear? I'm shipping for Cincinnati on one of Dunning's boats in a few minutes. Now you be a good girl, Jeanie, and go. I must be with mama and with papa for these remaining few minutes, Jeanie.

JANE. I'm hurt to see your music scattered on the floor, Stephen. I'll leave you as soon as I redeem your jewels——— [*Jane gets down on her knees. She finds "Beautiful Dreamer" as she picks up his music.*] Here is your *Beautiful Dreamer.* How does it go, Stevie? I have forgotten.

[*Stephen looks at it thoughtfully. Stephen sings, Jane sitting at his feet.*]

STEPHEN. Beautiful Dreamer, wake unto me,
Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee;
Sounds of a rude world heard in the day,
Lull'd by the moon light have all passed away!
Beautiful Dreamer, queen of my song,
List while I woo thee with soft melody;
Gone are the cares of life's busy throng,
Beautiful Dreamer, awake unto me!
Beautiful Dreamer, awake unto me!

STEPHEN. Jeanie, I have something most important to ask you.

JANE. I'll try, Stevie, to answer you.

STEPHEN. You can, Jeanie.

JANE. I'm listening to you. [*Pulls her gently to her feet.*]

STEPHEN. Will you marry me?

JANE. This is too sudden, Stevie. I should think about our marriage for a while: say a day or two: perhaps a month: maybe a year or two years perhaps?

STEPHEN. And now I want your answer: "Yes" or "No": now or never.

JANE. Yes. I will. [*They kiss.*] What is your trouble, Stevie?

STEPHEN. Are you ready, Jeanie, to face our audience with me at our Town Hall Show?

JANE. Yes, I am ready, *Mr. Stephen Collins Foster.*

[*Exeunt Jane and Stephen at Right.*]

CURTAIN

ACT III

The time is six months later. The scene is the same.

Stephen labors at the piano. Jane, with a quill in her hand at Stephen's desk, is patiently waiting to write when Stephen gives his final word of approval on the melody he is composing.

STEPHEN. [*Singing.*]
Way down upon the Swanee River
Far, far away.
That's it. That's it exactly. I can do no better.

JANE. You don't need to do any better for *Swanee River* or *Old Folks at Home* is the melody and sorrow of the Universe.

STEPHEN. Then I hope this masterpiece drives the wolf from our door.

JANE. You and I were joined in wedlock in Time's beginning, not six months ago; but all these troubles that we cause our creditors and our families compel me to confess I feel we aren't even married. But if we keep on kicking, darling, our debts will be paid, you will love me, and our marriage will then be a great success.

STEPHEN. How strange: "Far, far away" places me at heaven's gate. [*Sings.*]
I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair
Borne, like a vapor, on the summer air———

JANE. Oh, darling, please do complete *Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair.*

STEPHEN. I'm back to earth again.

JANE. When you stop loving Susan Pentland and fall in love with me, then heaven's gate will really open for you, and you will complete *Jeanie.*

STEPHEN. Loving me, Jeanie, as you did and do, suppose you were married to Andrew Robinson, would not I still be the object of your affections?

JANE. Oh, yes; had I married Andrew Robinson you would still be the image in my heart, the cross in my mind, you would still be the idol of my soul.

STEPHEN. So you, if you were married to Andrew Robinson you

would yet love me would not I, now married to you, still love Susan? Now you understand why Susan is the woman I love.

JANE. Yes, I understand.

[*Enter Mrs. Foster from the terrace. She carries a large bouquet of red roses.*]

MRS. FOSTER. Red roses for you this morning, my darling.

JANE. O thank you, Mother Foster! How sweet of you! Lovely! Lovely roses!

MRS. FOSTER. Roses right from Mr. Foster's garden. Jeanie, dear, you must stop bending over copying Stephen's music month after month — day after day — or we will bring you sprays of red roses for your white casket.

JANE. Mr. Christy is coming here again this morning, Mother Foster, to buy Stephen's new songs; then it is sunshine and happiness for all of us forever.

MRS. FOSTER. Stephen's unborn child is more important to us than the wishes of this Negro Minstrel Showman. Walk in the garden; lie in the sun; don't murder both yourself and Stephen's child by your foolishness.

[*Enter Mr. Foster from Left.*]

JANE. Thank you, Mr. Foster, for your beautiful red roses.

MR. FOSTER. [*With profound dislike.*] You have mama to thank for my roses. When we are young men of vigor we take what we want; but when we grow old as I am, we grow roses and take what is given to us.

JANE. [*With cutting anger.*] You still think Stevie married beneath him, don't you?

MR. FOSTER. [*With a sting.*] Young men have done such things, you know.

JANE. Tell me, you think I am beneath your Stephen. You think that your choice of Susan Pentland for him alone is perfect enough for your Stephen. Say it——Oh, why don't you say it!

MR. FOSTER. The fact that you are to become the mother of Stephen's child makes me the most miserable of fathers. I tremble with rage. I shout with dispair. Mama, in the garden——William, Jr., and Jane's father wish another financial consultation

with us over Stephen and Jane.

[*Mr. and Mrs. Foster go out.*]

JANE. Darling, even with all this trouble, yet you and I have cause to be the happiest people in the world. If it is a little boy———

STEPHEN. We shall call him William for my father. And if it is a little girl? [*Olivia comes in.*]

JANE. We shall call her Marion for my mother.

OLIVIA. Begs yo' pahdon, Massa n' Milady; but de grocery boy am at de back doah wid de groceries. Grocery boy whispah, "Mista William, Juniah, sho nuff done cut off Mr. Stephen's watah down to de grocery stoah." Trouble evahwheah dis maunin'. Grocery boy, he den shout, "You dahn tootin' Mr. Stephen got to pay me fust now 'fo I leab de groceries heah any moah." De bill am $4.96.

STEPHEN. I have no money, no credit, no friends, so let the grocery boy take his groceries back to his master.

OLIVIA. Yes, Massa, honey, I'll let dat grocery boy take dem groceries back to de stoah on next Junevember. My bankin' establishment hab got some money in it. [*Taking money out of her stocking and revealing a red and green garter. Keeps money to pay boy.*]

STEPHEN. We can't take a cent of your money, Olivia. Christy Minstrels are paying us a thousand dollars this morning for my songs, and then we will buy out Pittsburgh. Humorously speaking, my dear, before we married I had no buttons on my shirt, but since we've married I've had no shirt to sew the buttons on.

JANE. Well, Stephen, the course of true love never did run smooth.

STEPHEN. Well, Jane, don't think the detours run any smoother.

OLIVIA. Um, ummm! My nose sniffs fresh trouble at de front gate, Massa and Milady. [*Goes to window.*] Um, um! My nigga instink sho' sniffs right. Heah struts dem Robinsons in at yo' front gate. Dem two filthy rich Robinson fools ought to move dey beds ovah heah. Especially miss Susan. [*Opens Door. Enter Andrew and Susan from Right.*]

SUSAN. Hello, Olivia.

OLIVIA. Come in, my pretty peacocks.

STEPHEN. Greetings!

ANDREW. Greetings, Olivia, fair daughter of the Nile. [*Tickles Olivia under the chin.*]

OLIVIA. Ow! Miss Susan, Mistah Andrew tickled me.

SUSAN. You'll just have to slap my dear sweet husband's ears *down,* Olivia.

OLIVIA. Ummmmmmmmmm! Ummmmmmmmmm! My goodness sakes alive! If my two beautiful peacocks ain't got New York City smeared all ovah yo' grand se'fs dis fine maunin' my name sho' ain't Olivia.

STEPHEN. Evidently, Andrew, your trip to New York City was a colossal success.

[*Exit Olivia at Left counting her money.*]

OLIVIA. Come heah, grocery boy.

ANDREW. Quite successful, old man. I taught those New York City swindlers how to swindle.

JANE. Oh, that exquisite Parisian ensemble, Sue!

SUSAN. The very latest from Paris. But you don't keep up with the styles now-a-days, do you, Jane?

JANE. No. Stephen's work won't permit that.

ANDREW. Work, Jane, never accomplished miracles. Shrewdness, Stephen, only shrewdness pays. You are an old fogy, Stephen, to grind out your days in labor. Shrewdness alone pays: that is, shrewdness plus personality, of course. For me to wish with my left hand places the gift in my right hand. Not meaning to brag on myself, of course.

JANE. Oh, no.

SUSAN. Pittsburgh is now calling my Andrew her young Midas. Everything my Andrew touches turns to gold.

JANE. Even you in those lovely Parisian styles.

SUSAN. Positively my Andrew's hammered me into a piece of jewelry.

STEPHEN. I've never seen you quite so lovely, Susan. [*Sits on sofa, at Susan's left.*]

SUSAN. Andrew doesn't mind showering his gold upon me, do you, Andrew, dear?

ANDREW. Oh, no, my lovie dovie.

STEPHEN. How do you like New York City, Andrew?

ANDREW. [*Lights a cigar. He struts.*] Briefly speaking, Stephen, New York City is an island that is surrounded on all sides by water. New York City is an island that is inhabited by farmers from Brooklyn. New York City, also, is an island that is filled with pick-pockets, beggars, streetwalkers, parsons, Russian Nobility, chorus girls, and Irish policemen. New York City is an island of cab drivers. Of course, New York City has its New Englanders, its crystal gazers, its Barnums and Baileys, its Greeleys, bewhiskered ourang-outangs, and various other nationalities. But speaking as a capitalist, give me the brawn of dear old smoky Pittsburgh. Not bragging on myself, of course, but when you stop to consider the prices I paid for Susan's Parisian outfit, you can see how we shrewd westerners manhandle those nationalities of New York City.

STEPHEN. Oh, I see. Evidently, Andrew, shrewdness pays!

SUSAN. My Parisian parasol. From Paris. A real bargain: staves six inches, ruffles two inches. [*Holds it up.*]

ANDREW. [*Reading from pocket account book.*] $37.50, my lovie dovie. Psssssst! Staves tipped with gold, my lovie, dovie.

SUSAN. Venetian gloves. From Venice. [*Lovingly to Stephen.*] My silly boy. [*Shows them.*]

ANDREW. $9.98, my lovie dovie.

SUSAN. Bonnet. [*Business. Lovingly to Stephen.*] You're simply too divine.

ANDREW. $25.78, my lovie dovie.

SUSAN. Gown. From Paris. [*Lovingly to Stephen.*] Louis XVI's Marie Antoinette. My neck is also on the guillotine.

ANDREW. What was that remark?

SUSAN. I said Marie Antoinette's neck was on the guillotine, dear.

ANDREW. $99.98.

SUSAN. Bag. From Sicily. [*To Stephen.*] You're my isle of dreams.

ANDREW. $29.48.

SUSAN. Golden sandals. From Athens, Greece. [*Lovingly to Stephen.*] You're my city of sacred memories.

ANDREW. What did you say to him?

SUSAN. I said Athens was Greece's city of sacred memories, dear.

ANDREW. $19.98. Now consider these styles. Consider the prices I paid. See how I, a shrewd westerner, with personality - of course - and not meaning to brag on myself, but you can see how I manhandle those New Yorkers.

JANE. The magnitude of your shrewdness, Andrew, positively confuses me.

STEPHEN. Stupid people!!

ANDREW. Oh, yes, yes, quite stupid people, old thing. Now for Susan's petticoats: [*Susan proudly displays her petticoats one at a time.*] Number one, Princess Eugenie Crinoline. Ahmm! Lovely, lovely, lovie dovie. Number two, a queen Victoria, lovely, lovely, my love. Number three, designed by Godey's; lovely, lovely, my pet. Number four, from Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives; lovely, lovely, my dove. Number five, a flagrant folly from Vienna, de Empress Elizabeth; lovely, lovely, my queen of love. All these mount up to a very pretty figure. Ahmmm! $89.98.

SUSAN. Oh! There's something else! I wish I dared show you!

[*Stephen dashes to his desk.*]

JANE. Why not? I'm sure Stephen would enjoy them, too.

SUSAN. Oh, but I shouldn't, Jane. [*Stephen hunts nervously through his music.*] But I will. Marie Antoinette panties. The very latest in undies! Why, they come a whole inch above my ankles. See? I feel positively naked. [*Stephen hunts nervously through his sheet music.*] Stevie, what you looking for in your music?

STEPHEN. [*Out of the corner of his eye.*] I'm embarrassed.

JANE. It's all right to look at them. They're Parisian.

ANDREW. Sure. Look. It won't be the first time.

SUSAN. Shut your mouth, Andrew. You don't have to be vulgar.

ANDREW. You don't have to pull your dress up over your head every time you're around Stephen either, do you? You make love

to him at the slightest excuse, on every occasion. Some of these days I'm going to ———

SUSAN. Just slap me again. Just slap me. I just want you to slap me again: you pig, you crook, you nasty beast, you chimpanze.

ANDREW. Oh, I'm a nasty beast, I'm a chimpanze, am I? Don't you call me a chimpanze, you little female monkey, you. [*Susan strikes at Andrew; he dodges. Sits on the sofa and pouts.*] Now: [*Sniffs.*] you've hurt my feelings. [*Bawls and blubbers.*] If I hadn't uh dodged, you woulda hurt mor'n mah feelings. [*Bawls.*]

SUSAN. I'll show my panties if I want to. They're beautiful. Besides I'm not showing my ankles over an inch.

ANDREW. You certainly are. I can see at least two inches of your legs.

SUSAN. My panties aren't up over an inch, are they, Jane?

ANDREW. Naw. Stevie, you decide. You're the only decent person around here.

STEPHEN. [*From his writing table he casually sights with his writing quill as an artist would with the handle of his brush.*] Ruffles to right of me one inch above ankle. Ruffles to left of me two inches above ankle. Both of you are right.

SUSAN. You're so smart, Andrew. [*To Stephen and Jane.*] The silk was woven in Japan.

ANDREW. [*Agitated and storming about the room.*] No, no! The silk was woven in India.

SUSAN. All right, India. The lace was made in France, and these buttons right here were carved in Ireland.

ANDREW. [*Exasperated.*] Can't you keep anything straight? These buttons were carved in France and the lace was hand-made on the southern coast of Ireland.

SUSAN. Well, suppose you tell it.

ANDREW. Go ahead.

SUSAN. The panties were dyed in Germany.

ANDREW. [*This is the limit of Andrew's endurance.*] No, no! The panties were not dyed in Germany. The *various* parts were dyed in Germany. The panties themselves were assembled in Belgium.

SUSAN. [*Triumphing in spite of Andrew.*] Imported through London, and sold in New York.

ANDREW. [*Topping Susan.*] Yet, I bargained the bewhiskered little ourang-outangs down to the unheard of price of $17.48.

STEPHEN. Andrew, your shrewdness is stupendous. Congratulations for teaching me so much. I am a wiser and a better man.

ANDREW. You're quite welcome, old thing.

SUSAN. Jane, you just simply can't imagine; I feel I'm going abroad every time I put them on.

JANE. I'd feel the same way if I had England, France, Ireland, Germany, Belgium, and India in my pants.

[*Enter William, Jr., Dr. McDowell, and Mr. Foster from the terrace. Andrew seats himself smugly on the sofa by Susan. Stephen moves to Down Left. Jane moves to Stephen's desk as William, Jr., Dr. McDowell, and Mr. Foster form a phalanx from Down Right to near Up Center.*]

WILLIAM, JR. The noble house of Foster will not again be disgraced by Christy and his swinish minstrels.

STEPHEN. Mr. Christy and his men are to me what your Pennsylvania Railroad is to you. You will not insult these men, William, Jr.

WILLIAM, JR. Warning me, are you? Well, only by telling the truth can we shame the devil. And here is the truth. Stephen, Susan married Andrew because of your stubborn indolence. Andrew's talents were and are inferior to yours; but look what a showing Andrew gives the world. [*Goes behind sofa and rests a hand on Andrew and Susan.*] I want you and Jane to cast an eye at these model young Americans sitting here; [*Andrew and Susan preen themselves and bask in William, Jr's., glowing judgments.*] the height of business, the essence of young, smart society; the pinnacle of style. [*Facing Stephen as man to man.*] You are a married man with obligations. But all your life you have reaped abundantly where you have not sown a seed. You have taken from those who are near and dear to you; yet without conscience you have given your all to strangers. You will stop donating your life to showmen. You will at last take a job in my Pennsylvania offices here in Pittsburgh with me.

STEPHEN. William, Jr., things aren't so bad. I'm sorry, William, Jr., but I have my own life filled with my own legitimate interests. Christy's Minstrels are playing in Pittsburgh tonight. This morning Mr. Christy is coming here again to this house, and you, William, Jr., I warn you, you will not insult the celebrated Christy the second time.

[*A knock is heard at the door at Right in the old familiar rhythm of "Shave and a haircut two bits."*]

WILLIAM, JR. That is Christy and his swine! Honor and expediency command that you drive Christy and his swine out of your life.

STEPHEN. Honor and expediency command that I bind myself to these——— swine, as you call them. [*Stephen opens the door.*] Come in, Mr. Christy. Good morning to you and to your men. [*Enter Mr. Christy and his Minstrel Men from Right. Mr. Christy's men take their places in the background.*]

MR. CHRISTY. Ah, haaaaa! Goud morning! Goud morning! Gentlemens, goud morning! Excuse our appearances, gentlemen, but we just dashed over after our dress rehearsal. As you know, we show our show in Peetsburgh tonight.

STEPHEN. Mr. Christy, by brother, William, Jr. This introduction failed a year ago. [*William, Jr. is as still as a statue and refuses Mr. Christy's hand.*] You have met — of course, you have met my father [*The same as William, Jr.*] This is Jane's father, our distinguished [*The same as William, Jr.*] Dr. McDowell. You know the Robinsons, of course. [*Mr. Christy is ignored by Susan's tilted nose. Andrew condescends from a superior height.*]

JANE. [*Saving the situation as best she can.*] How do you do, dear Mr. Christy.

MR. CHRISTY. Ah, haaa! So you are now ze most charming Meeses Fostier. Your charm, Meesses Fostier, reminds me of international news about myself. Ladies and gentlemen, vould you beelief it: ve sail, zat is — me and my Minstrels — ve sail for Engaland in tou veeks. Her Majesty, ze Kaveen Victoriaah, esse attending our opening night at ze Theatre Royaall in Lohndon.

WILLIAM, JR. It matters not if you play before the King of Siam; the question before the house is: what are you paying Stephen per song this morning?

MR. CHRISTY. Oh, I do beg ze pahdon of ze great Vice-President of ze Peensy'vania Rrrrailrrroad. It esse indeed ze most great honor indeed to play before Her Majesty, ze Kaveen Victoria.

WILLIAM, JR. Must I restate my question?

STEPHEN. Really, I'm embarrassed.

WILLIAM, JR. Stephen, now and forever you and Jane must and

will decide in favor of me and Dr. McDowell, two of the nation's most worthy citizens, and what we represent or you will decide here and now for Christy and what Christy represents. I want your answer now before these witnesses.

STEPHEN. William, Jr., I choose my music.

MR. CHRISTY. [*To William, Jr.*] Ooooooooohhhhh, [*To Stephen.*] I yam most gratified, indeed, very much, Meestier Fostier.

WILLIAM, JR. Dr. McDowell, you will now consult with Jane. Mr. Christy, the terrace, at least!

[*Exeunt Mr. Christy and Minstrel Men to terrace.*]

DR. MCDOWELL. Jane, I speak to you, I think, as any notable doctor would speak to his daughter: namely, that your marriage with Stephen in your helpless condition must be ended.

JANE. No. No. No. Oh, Heavenly Father, please protect me and Stephen.

DR. MCDOWELL. I will listen to no appeals. The fact of your motherhood here in Stephen's helpless situation is beyond argument.

WILLIAM, JR. We want you two children to realize that it is our love, our understanding compelling us to separate you.

STEPHEN. What is your answer, Papa?

MR. FOSTER. In the forgetfulness of Dunning — in the absence of Ann Eliza — by the love of life in Henrietta — by the absence of Morrison — and the forgetfulness of Henry — it falls to William, Jr., with his generous heart, to protect me and my household.

JANE. [*Going to Stephen.*] Oh, Stevie, you darling, what shall I do?

DR. MCDOWELL. It is clear, Jane, to all, what you must do.

WILLIAM, JR. Jane, your father and I are waiting for you to choose between poverty-stricken Stephen and our protecting care.

JANE. I choose you, Father. [*Kisses Stephen.*] O darling! Darling! Good-bye, my dear.

STEPHEN. You are leaving me?

JANE. Yes, I am.

[*Exit Jane upstairs. Dr. McDowell waits at Right for William, Jr.*]

WILLIAM, JR. You are a disobedient son and brother. Still my love and my prayers, they follow you. Your desk will be ready in my Pennsylvania Offices at one o'clock — at one o'clock sharp.

[*Exeunt William, Jr., Dr. McDowell, and Mr. Foster at Right.*]

ANDREW. [*Negro style.*] I sho was expecting fireworks dis mornin', honey bunch, but nothing like dis. Stephen, put yo' life into a stage show and gold will be yours, sonny boy.

STEPHEN. Yès, my life is amusing even if it wasn't dyed in Germany, assembled in Belgium, imported through London, and sold in New York. [*Stephen goes to terrace.*] Mr. Christy, storm's over.

ANDREW. I think he's off his nut.

SUSAN. Poor boy - he's perfectly darling.

[*Enter Mr. Christy and his men from the terrace.*]

STEPHEN. Mr. Christy, here before you is the mightiest Ethiopian medley ever seen by the eyes of man. [*Gives medley to Mr. Christy.*]

MR. CHRISTY. Tanka you, Meestier Fostier. Tanka you. You are soo kind to me. Tanka you. Gentlemen——— [*Mr. Christy gives out the songs to his men.*]

MINSTREL MEN. [*Sing.*] Let us pause in life's pleasures and count
its many tears
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears:
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary:
Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more;
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door;
Oh! Hard Times come again no more.

The sun shines bright in the Old Kentucky Home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay,
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom
While the birds make music all the day.

The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright:
By'n bye Hard Times comes a-knocking at de door,
Then my Old Kentucky Home, good night!

[*Jane, with bonnet and carpet bag, comes slowly down-stairs as the medley continues; and she comes unobtrusively to sit by Stephen. She has placed her carpet bag at Up Right, and has removed her bonnet.*]

Weep no more, my lady, oh! weep no more today!
We will sing one song
For the old Kentucky Home,
For the old Kentucky Home, far away.

[*Stephen goes to his desk.*]

MINSTREL MEN. De time is nebber dreary
If de darkey nebber groans;
De ladies nebber weary
Wid de rattle ob de bones:

Den come again Susanna
By de gas light ob de moon
We'll tum de old Piano
When de banjo's out ob tune.

Ring, ring de banjo!
I like dat good old song,
Come again my true lub!
Oh, wha you been so long.

MR. CHRISTY. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away,
Gone from the earth to a better land I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."
I'm coming,

MINSTREL MEN. I'm coming,

MR. CHRISTY. For my head is bending low;

MINSTREL MEN. I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

MINSTREL MEN. [*Sings.*] Round de meadows am a ringing
De darkies' mournful song,
While de mocking bird am singing,
Happy as de day am long.

Where de ivy am a creeping
O'er de grassy mound,
Dare old massa am a sleeping,
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

Down in de corn field,
Hear dat mournful sound:
All de darkies am a-weeping—
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

JANE. [*Recitative.*] Way down upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning eber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.

All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

MINSTREL MEN. All de world am sad and dreary,
Evry where I roam,
Oh! darkies how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

MR. CHRISTY. Meestier Fostier, I find your songs fail to measure up to my Minstrel show. You have tried so hard to be great that you have missed the public completely. What is your least minimum price, Meestier Fostier, so I can hurriedly re-write them for my Minstrels? Huh?

STEPHEN. One thousand dollars is my least price, Mr. Christy.

MR. CHRISTY. A tousand dollars? Vy, impossible, Meestier Fostier. [*To Andrew.*] Vy, Meestier Robinson, just tink uf et: Meestier Fostier, he vants me to pay him a tousand dollars for hees doleful medley! Ah! You joking me! Now what is your least minimum price, Meestier Fostier, you charge me for your doleful ditties so dot I can re-write them for you and myself, Meestier Fostier?

STEPHEN. Mr. Christy, I must have one thousand dollars. I am a married man, Mr. Christy.

MR. CHRISTY. I am a married man, too; so vot?

STEPHEN. My expenses are more than they used to be, Mr. Christy.

MR. CHRISTY. Meestier Fostier, my expenses are more than they used to be, also, so vot? Vy, I would radder buy songs from Tin Pan Alley than tou be robbed by you uf a tousand dollars for dees doleful pieces, Meestier Fostier. Vy, I have vasted much tou much time trying to get ze action set right vith you. Meestier Fostier, I have wasted much tou much of my vehry, vehry valuable time

trying to get ze agreements set right vith you. Meestier Robinson, vot does Meestier Fostier tink I yam, anyway! A weeping Hindu or ze King of Siam? Vhew! A tousand dollars for his doleful ditties! Vy, a tousand dollars vill buy all my beega new flashy Minstrel Show scenery. A tousand dollars vill buy all my beega beaudiful silver scenery, and my red scenery, and my orchid scenery, and my golden Minstrel Show scenery. Meestier Fostier, you verge on destruction. Vy, Meestier Robinson, for six months I haf told him zat I am going to Engaland wees my Minstrel Show. For my gold and my orchid Minstrel Show for Engaland I pray to you, Meestier Fostier, I plead to you, Meestier Fostier, for another *Oh, Susanna,* but you write for me *My Old Kentucky Home.* For my gold and orchid Minstrel Show for Engaland I plead with you for another *Nelly Bly,* but you write for me *Massa's in de Cold Ground;* for Queen Victoria and Engaland I go down pleading on my knees before you and pray to you for another *De Camptown Races,* but you write for me *Swanee River.* Meestier Fostier, you have deteriorated; you have decayed; Meestier Fostier, you have decomposed. However, Meestier Fostier, I tell you vot I will do for you to help you out. I will buy your *Swanee River* from you. I will give to you a good price for your sluggish *Swanee River.* I will buy your *Swanee River* from you for $15. $10 is my regular price to the boys in Tin Pan Alley.

STEPHEN. All right, Mr. Christy, I will sell *Swanee River* to you for $15.

MR. CHRISTY. But, mind you, my name, E. P. Christy, I must appear as author of your *Swanee River* for my trouble of embellishing it, and for my extra $5 I, E. P. Christy, give to you. Ze rest of your rubbish you must throw into your waste basket, Meestier Fostier.

STEPHEN. Your name shall appear as author of my *Swanee River* for the extra $5.

MR. CHRISTY. Ah! Wiz my skyscraper showmanship *my Swanee River,* she reaps ze gould for me, E. P. Christy — ze immortality for you, Stephen Fostier.

JANE. You faker. Leave this house!

ANDREW. Oh, Kriss———

MR. CHRISTY. Vot? You insult me, too, also! Huh?

ANDREW. You're spending only one thousand dollars for your gold and your orchid Minstrel Show scenery?

MR. CHRISTY. Not only my gold and orchid Minstrel Show scenery, but my rainbows of gold and orchid and red. Ah, yes: vun tousand dollars is my least minimum price, Meestier Robinson. My beega Minstrel Show, my beaudiful Minstrel Show — she must have ze beega goulden spectacle. My beega Minstrel Show, she must have ze beega beeoutiful flashy rainbows of Minstrel Show scenery.

ANDREW. Then, Kriss, I want to talk to you. Last week, Krissy, in New York City I purchased at a bargain, Krissy, flashy silk — cheap, man: gold silk, silver silk, red silk, orchid silk; but just one thousand dollars. No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

MR. CHRISTY. [*Calculating.*] Ahhhh! Um! For all uf dees beeaudifuuul silks of red, and ze gould silk and ze orchid silk Minstrel Show scenery — ummm — vella, ummmmm — I might could pay you, ah ummm, say one tousand fife hundred dollars, or perhaps I might could pay you say ummmm, two tousand dollars for my rainbows of Minstrel Show scenery?

ANDREW. Then, Krissy, I want to bargain with you.

[*Exeunt Andrew, Mr. Christy, and his Minstrel Men at Right. Exit Susan to terrace.*]

JANE. [*Going to Stephen.*] We must separate. You have gained everything you really wanted. You'll soon forget me, Stephen. The world will soon forget Stephen Collins Foster; but *My Old Kentucky Home* and *Swanee River* the world will never forget.

STEPHEN. In gaining what I wanted I have lost everything that was dear to me.

JANE. Day after day I've looked upon you, Stephen, with my heart overflowing with great joy and sad pity. I'm a woman in love. I want you always near me to talk to, to touch. What are you going to do, Stevie?

STEPHEN. I'm going to New York City to be near my publishers, Jeanie. [*Looking deep into her eyes.*] Strangely enough you have opened heaven's gate for me.

JANE. You have missed life's fun all the time, haven't you, Stevie? If ever came this scene of parting, I thought I'd die, but now I see there is no grief for things beyond hope. Good-bye, Stevie, dear. [*Kiss. Then Jane gives a horrible outburst of grief, as if her mother had just died.*] Good-bye, you darling.

STEPHEN. Good-bye. [*Exit Jane at Right.*] Good-bye, *Jeanie*

With the Light Brown Hair. [*Goes to desk, sits, takes pen, speaks.*]

I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Borne like a vapor on the summer air———

[*Enter Susan from terrace.*]

SUSAN. [*Holds her position.*] Stevie?

STEPHEN. Well, speak of an angel and the devil appears. What do you want? [*Does not look around at her. Looks straight ahead.*]

SUSAN. Long time ago — seems a thousand years ago now — Daddy Foster said if you and I were torn apart something dreadful would then happen to the both of us. [*Susan comes to him and Stephen gets up.*] I now perish a hundred times each day. I cover my sadness with my silly glamor; I hide my aching sorrow with my silly laughter — May I kiss you, Stevie? [*She kisses his check.*] Oh, kind Heavenly Father, I'm young again! From the terrace I overheard Jane's separation from you. I'm going to New York with you, Stephen. Kiss me, Stevie.

STEPHEN. Oh, anything to be accommodating. Division of your property between you and Andrew? Division of my child between Jane and me?

SUSAN. I don't think you understand my meaning, Stevie. You're in love with Jane, that's what you are.

STEPHEN. Husbands have the right to be in love with their wives, don't they? But like a fool I have possessed justice, I have possessed courage, temperance; and like a fool I have been guided by magnificence, magnanimity, liberality, and gentleness; but by the help of heaven, since my tragedies today, I shall live, hereafter, upon a diet of prudence and wisdom.

SUSAN. Oh, horrible, horrible! You can't leave me like this, Stevie!

STEPHEN. Susan, silence is divine when we would speak on our golden past. Good-bye. Good luck. God bless you. God have mercy on all of us miserable creatures. [*He kisses her. Exit at Right. Susan remains standing at Center.*]

CURTAIN

ACT IV

Christmas Eve night, 1852. The scene is the same, six months later. Profuse Christmas decorations are everywhere. Near Center are huge piles of Christmas packages. On Stephen's writing desk are rows of small Christmas packages from notable men and women over the civilized world. A lighted Christmas tree is in the background.

Mrs. Foster is seated on the sofa. She is knitting pink bootees for our new arrival, little Miss Marion Foster. Olivia and Mr. Foster are seated on the floor. They are assorting the Christmas packages.

MR. FOSTER. Our poor dear Stevie: fame and name and fortune have arrived for him; still he has the heart to linger away off up yonder in New York City. We old folks are at home; Christmas Eve is everywhere, but our favored child forgets us, his old folks at home.

OLIVIA. Y'all gonna hab me cryin' ag'in. Y'all know Mista Andrew say New Yawk City am a island surrounded on all sides by watta, inhabited by gentlemens from Joisey, chorus goils, hot mamas, and Roosian nobility; so maybe New Yawk City just naturally got Massa Stevie flabbagasted.

MR. FOSTER. I'd rather have our poor dear Stephen with us and all our other children away than all our other children with us and Stephen away.

OLIVIA. [*Blubbering.*] Y'all gonna hab me cryin' ag'in.

MR. FOSTER. Ah! A gift from Jenny Lind — our Swedish Nightingale.

MRS. FOSTER. Tears of nostalgia come to my eyes every time I remember Jenny Lind in Pittsburgh's Town Hall, singing Stephen's *Way Down upon the Swanee River* or *Old Folks at Home.*

OLIVIA. Why don't y'all stop makin' me cry? Whoopee! Mista P. T. Barnum hisself! Miss Jenny's business managah. Sho 'nuf am.

MR. FOSTER. No. Your P. T. Barnum is not a notable.

OLIVIA. Sho 'nuf our suchus man Barnum sho am a notable man, too.

MR. FOSTER. Our Jenny Lind goes here among the notables, but not your P. T. Barnum.

OLIVIA. Our P. T. Barnum hisself we places right heah among dese notables of notable mens, too.

MR. FOSTER. Absolutely not. Your P. T. Barnum does not go among our notables. Does he, Mama?

MRS. FOSTER. Yes, Papa: our P. T. Barnum, with all his elephants, goes among our notables honoring Stephen.

MR. FOSTER. Olivia, your P. T. Barnum, with his Swedish Nightingales, his elephants, lions, tigers, bare back riders, and three ring circuses, right over here among all our notables of notables.

OLIVIA. Thanks. I wuz afraid you wuz gonna kill Mista Barnum's reputation. [*Enter Jane, Dr. McDowell, Mr. Christy from Right. Dr. McDowell carries little Marion. Mr. Christy carries packages.*]

JANE. Hello, William, Senior. [*Hugs Mr. Foster.*] Ah! Everything looks thrilling!

MR. FOSTER. Me, too?

JANE. You always! Mother Foster, what you knitting! [*Kisses her.*]

MRS. FOSTER. Bootees.

MR. FOSTER. Come to granddaddy, little Marion.

DR. MCDOWELL. [*Teases by running about the room, making Mr. Foster follow him.*] She's with her granddaddy. She's with her granddaddy. She's with her granddaddy.

MR. FOSTER. Oh, come, now, Mack. Oh, come now, Mack. Ah, Mack, come on now, Mack. [*Dr. McDowell gives over little Marion.*] Peek-a-boo, Peek-a-boo, pretty blue eyes. Peek-a-boo.

MR. CHRISTY. Olivia, I yam also a Magi bearing vunderful gifts from my boys and myself to your gallant master, Stephen Foster.

OLIVIA. Tank y'all so much, Mr. Christy.

MR. FOSTER. Peek-a-boo, pretty blue eyes, peek-a-boo, my little angel. Jeanie, I must make a speech to you. [*Comes Down Center to her.*] Twice was I mayor of this city, Jeanie.

JANE. A great honor, I'm sure, Daddy Foster.

MR. FOSTER. A special act of Congress made me United States Colonel.

JANE. A most envied title, I'm sure, Daddy Foster.

MR. FOSTER. I've hob-nobbed with our United States Presidents.

JANE. Of course, Daddy Foster.

MR. FOSTER. I've been special friend to our Nation's notables.

JANE. Nobody could doubt that, Daddy Foster.

MR. FOSTER. But now life's greatest - I should say life's most pleasurable torture now comes in my apology to you.

JANE. Oh—— Daddy Foster.

MR. FOSTER. Now you stop butting in; I've got to say my speech to you or burst. You have taught me - a mean old man, the art of changing love from one woman to another. I'm just a mean old man.

JANE. Oh, not a mean old man; you're my buddy; not old, Daddy Foster.

MR. FOSTER. Middle aged, then?

JANE. Middle aged.

MR. FOSTER. You've got sense, Jeanie. Well, during Stephen's absence - except for the few days you gave to this little angel - peek-a-boo, pretty blue eyes, - you have cheered my lonely days with old lady Foster, sitting over there; you have beguiled my weary nights with yonder knitting old lady Foster always knitting, knitting. Your flitting ways, your merry laughter, your precious voice with its wild notes, have seasoned with happiness *our* dreary months without our poor dear Stephen. Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo, little angel. Peek-a-boo. Susan bloomed but once - now Susan goes to seed. But you are a bouquet of dawn, a bower of flowers. Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo, little angel, peek-a-boo.

MRS. FOSTER. Hush, Papa. Jeanie darling, uncover little Miss Marion's feet. [*Jane uncovers Marion's feet; Mrs. Foster slips on the bootees.*] Olivia, place little Marion on her bed in Jane and Stephen's room.

OLIVIA. Come to yo' Mammy, honey chile.

[*As Olivia goes upstairs, enter Ann Eliza, Reverend Buchanan, William, Jr., and the Singing Club from the Right. The Singing Club is heard outside just before it enters. They are led by Ann Eliza who has Edward on one arm and William, Jr., on the other.*]

SINGING CLUB. Merry Christmas, Mr. Foster! Merry Christmas, Mrs. Foster. Merry Christmas, Jane. Merry Christmas, Mr. Christy. Merry Christmas, everybody! Helloo! Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!

ANN ELIZA AND REVEREND BUCHANAN. Hello, Mama! Hello, Papa!

REVEREND BUCHANAN. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas to you all!

MR. AND MRS. FOSTER. Ann Eliza! Edward! God bless us everyone, and Merry Christmas to you all!

WILLIAM, JR. Good evening, Mo*tha.* [*Kisses Mrs. Foster.*] Good evening, Fa*tha.*

MR. FOSTER. [*Teasing.*] Mama, here's that man again.

WILLIAM, JR. Oh, I say: Christmas Eve gift, Papa! Christmas Eve gift, Mama! [*He grabs both of them into his arms.*] Well, hello, my dear long lost Krissy! I'ze plumb glad to see you *iss* back to dis good old United States! How was de Queen, de King, and de Lawd Mayor ob London?

MR. CHRISTY. Ahhh! Willie, we haf missed *you,* and *ze* great United States of America. My boys, Willie, my boys will be very much obliged to you if you let them come into your cozy house from de cold snow outside.

WILLIAM, JR. Krissy, go out to de cold white snow outside and bring yo' boys in heah.

[*Exit Mr. Christy by way of the terrace.*]

MR. FOSTER. [*Teasing.*] Getting spry and sunshiny in your old age, aren't you, sonny?

WILLIAM, JR. Yes. Realizing, Father, that I was a frozen fish that always did the wrong thing at the right time, I have become a member of Stephen's smart set that I might thaw out, although I now know I can neither repair nor repay our loss of Stephen.

[*Enter from terrace Mr. Christy with his Minstrel Men who carry more Christmas presents.*]

My dear friends, forgive me. In my ignorance I was Stephen's enemy; I broke up all of Stephen's plans; I drove Stephen from home and friends. In my repentance I wish to say that you can fill my heart with gladness by beginning this bitter-sweet Yuletide

celebration honoring Stephen by singing the world's greatest home song, *My Old Kentucky Home.* He composed it at Cousin John Rowan's at Bardstown, as you recall, when sorrow had driven him from Dunning's beastly shipping yards in Cincinnati. Thus has Stephen Foster always turned his personal sorrow into immortal beauty for all the world.

[*Re-enter Olivia. Stands with Singing Club.*]

ENSEMBLE. [*With William, Jr., Mr. Foster, Mr. Christy, and Dr. McDowell patching up a quartet.*]
The sun shines bright in the Old Kentucky Home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay,

[*Enter Susan and Andrew from the Right.*]

The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom
While the birds make music all the day.

WILLIAM, JR. [*Recitative.*]
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright:
By'n by Hard Times comes a knocking at the door,
Then my Old Kentucky Home, good night!

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh! weep no more today!
We will sing one song
For the Old Kentucky Home,
For the Old Kentucky Home, far away.

REVEREND BUCHANAN. [*Speaking playfully from Down Left to Mr. Foster who is Down Right.*] Daddy Foster, in my packages that I brought is a package for Stephen from my brother James, our next President of these United States.

MR. FOSTER. [*Eyes Susan and Andrew, picks up packages.*] Edward Buchanan, my son, we will place your brother, James Buchanan, our Nation's next President, right here among this galaxy of notables honoring our Stephen Foster. [*Reading off-hand.*] Henry Clay, the Great Peacemaker; Lazarus W. Powell, Governor of Kentucky; Japan's Celestial Mikado of the Land of the Rising Sun, etc., etc., etc.———

DR. MCDOWELL. Stephen Foster's voice is of the people. His spirit is of the stars.

SUSAN. Presents! Presents everywhere! The boys down at the office gave my Andrew some gawdy Christmas neckties; but not

gawdy enough for my Andrew, though. [*The others begin to talk sotto voce.*]

ANDREW. Aw, shut up. I could kick you.

SUSAN. Don't you humiliate me before society: you pig, you crook, you double-crosser, you nasty beast. All your life you've been crooked. You might pull the wool over the eyes of the world, but not mine.

ANDREW. Ah, dry up, before I smack you one.

SUSAN. Just smack me again, will you! Smack me; just smack me one. I just want you to smack me again, you crook.

ANDREW. All right, all right, all right. I'm keeping my mouth shut about you.

SUSAN. [*To others.*] All of you must excuse my dear sweet husband; he insists on making love to me at the most ridiculous times; and in the most ridiculous places.

MR. FOSTER. The sun is not shining today in My Old Kentucky Home, but the stars are. [*Adjusts specks. Continues reading.*] King Voo Doo, Congo Valley, Africa.

MR. CHRISTY. Ahhhhhh, Olivia, my Queen of Sheba! I bet a tousand dollars dat King Voo Doo is a relative uf yours, uh, huh?

OLIVIA. No, suh, King Solomon. We don't even know dem Congo Valley niggahs. We am from Ethiopia, we is.

MR. FOSTER. [*Reading the parade of the notables.*] Washington Irving, Charles Dickens, Queen Victoria ----------

MR. CHRISTY. Ahhhhh! I yam reminded uf a beeautifull incident after playing before Her Majesty, Kveen Victoria, at ze Theatre Royall in London. After our first performance, Kveen Victoria, you know Kveen Victoria, she sent for me. Ahhhh, Kveen Victoria, the exquisite, the serene, the beeauutifull - Kveen Victoria, the noble said, "Meestier Creestie, my benediction upon you and your company. Bee it said I have gazed down at tousands of tragedy kveens dying on ze stage and expiring to appropriate blank verse; dese eyes have looked up, bee et said, at many scores of clergymen without being dimmed; and behold, a vagabond vith ze corked face and ze banjo sing *'Swanee River,'* strikes a vild note and sets ze heart thrilling with happy pity."

WILLIAM, JR. Christmas and Christy. There is warmth and kin-

ship between the names Christy and Christmas. My friends, there *is* something particularly sad about Stephen's life.

MR. CHRISTY. Yes! Poetically sad, and I shall never again admire the beauties of nature wizout being reminded of some of his beautiful wild flowers of song which shall forever bloom, in Fields Elysian; such as "Way Down upon the Swanee River"— Come on, boys; let us do Stephen Foster's immortal *Swanee River* like we did it for ze Queen Victoria in ze Theatre Royall in London.

ENSEMBLE. Way down upon de Swanee River,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ever,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.

[*Christy sings and his Minstrel Men harmonize.*]

All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

All de world am sad and dreary,
Every where I roam,
Oh! darkies how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

WILLIAM, JR. He is one of those dear friends and gentle hearts, of which there are too few in this world. Our dear mother said before we drove Stephen from home, she could not endure it, in case he was taken from her, to hear his songs. We realize now what mother then so sadly anticipated. Oh! Wherever he might be tonight in this lonely world, I hope he is happy; I hope our prayers in his behalf have been heard in Heaven. No thought of ours could efface the memory, the beauty of Stephen; whose heart sang the simple joys of a world and broke in sorrow upon his last note. Here is an unhappy missive I received from Stephen a few days ago. "Dear Will, does my long silence seem ingratitude to you when you have so kindly kept me informed about Jeanie, mother, dad, brothers, sisters, and precious little Marion? My silence is not ingratitude, Will. New York City dries me up. I can't write better songs, somehow; and what is worse I cannot correct my lethargy. I have made a great success, it is true; but I would gladly give all this if I might come back home to Pittsburgh and ask Jeanie to let me try again with a job in your Pennsylvania offices in Pittsburgh. I miss all of you, Will, particularly, now, I miss you while New York City is so happy, and strangers are going home

for Christmas. I wish I could be at home. But wherever I am my heart will be in Pittsburgh with you, and Jeanie, and precious little Marion, and with the old folks at home. Your affectionate brother, Stephen."

JANE. Will you give me his letter?

WILLIAM, JR. Certainly, my dear.

[*Exit Jane upstairs.*]

OLIVIA. Now, honies, come on out heah in de dining room, and he'p me git de dinnah [*Wiping the tears away.*] on dat table like y'all used to a long time ago; punishment fo' stayin' down town so late t'night.

WILLIAM, JR., AND MR. CHRISTY. [*On either side of Olivia.*]—
Oh, Belle, don't you tell;
Don't tell Massa, don't you, Belle.

ENSEMBLE. Oh, Belle, de Lou'siana Belle,
I'se gwine to marry you, Lou'siana Bell.

[*Repeat chorus as all go out Left. Jane comes down stairs, looks over packages, sits at Stephen's desk and reads Stephen's letter.*]

JANE. O dear God, please guide and protect him. Oh, Stevie, Stevie, Stevie. [*Gets pen, ink, and paper from Stephen's desk. Speaks aloud as she writes.*] And then, dear Stevie, each night your melodies steal gently through my open windows and tenderly awake me from my sleepless dreams. Your sparkling, lilting, your sweet and melancholy tunes remind me on the streets, at church, or in the markets shopping that a wicked, naughty, mischievous boy should be rushing home to me and precious little Marion. [*Jane, sobbing, buries her face in her hands over her letter. Enter Stephen from the terrace. With overcoat on, and carpet bag and hat in hand he tiptoes upstairs. Jane raises her head, brushes her tears away, and then begins to write.*] ——Although I know song is a substitute for sorrow, still I cannot count the hours while the sun forgets to shine. [*Jane buries her face in her arms and sobs. The orchestra now begins the prelude of Jeanie With The Light Brown Hair, and should accompany Stephen in his singing. Re-enter Stephen from upstairs. He stands at the top of the stairs.*]

STEPHEN. [*Singing.*] I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
[*Jeanie, feeling it is a dream, raises her head, brushes her tears away, and tries to see him through her blurred vision.*]
Borne, like a vapor, on the summer air;

[*Having turned to see him, she arises.*]

I see her tripping where the bright streams play, [*He comes slowly down the stairs and continues Down Center to meet Jeanie who is now advancing to meet him.*]

Happy as the daisies that dance on her way.
Many were the wild notes her merry voice would pour,
Many were the blithe birds that warble them o'er;

[*He takes her hands.*]

Oh! I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Floating, like a vapor, on the soft summer air.

CURTAIN

STEPHEN FOSTER

or

WEEP NO MORE MY LADY

SET PROPS

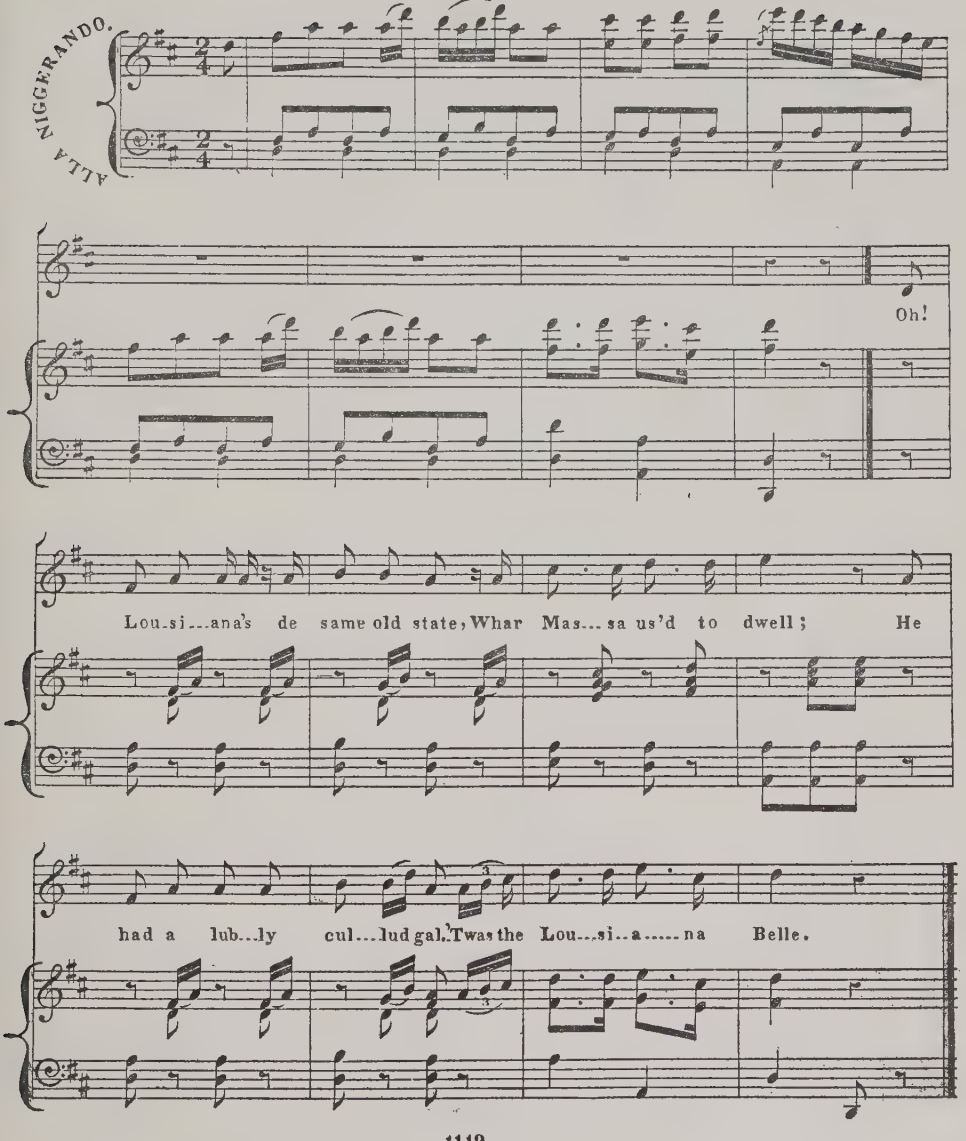
Carpet
Writing desk
Book case with imposing books
Music cabinet
Sofa
Love seat
Mantlepiece-fireplace
Andirons
Stand with poker and shovel
Chandelier
Service table
Piano and bench
Small table
Two easy chairs
End table
Three straight chairs
Ash trays
Window curtains
Vase of flowers
Clock
Two candelabra
Several pictures
Lace piano cover
Lace table covers
Christmas tree
Christmas decorations
Several hundred Christmas packages
Small what-nots
Foot stool
Statuettes
Wash bowl

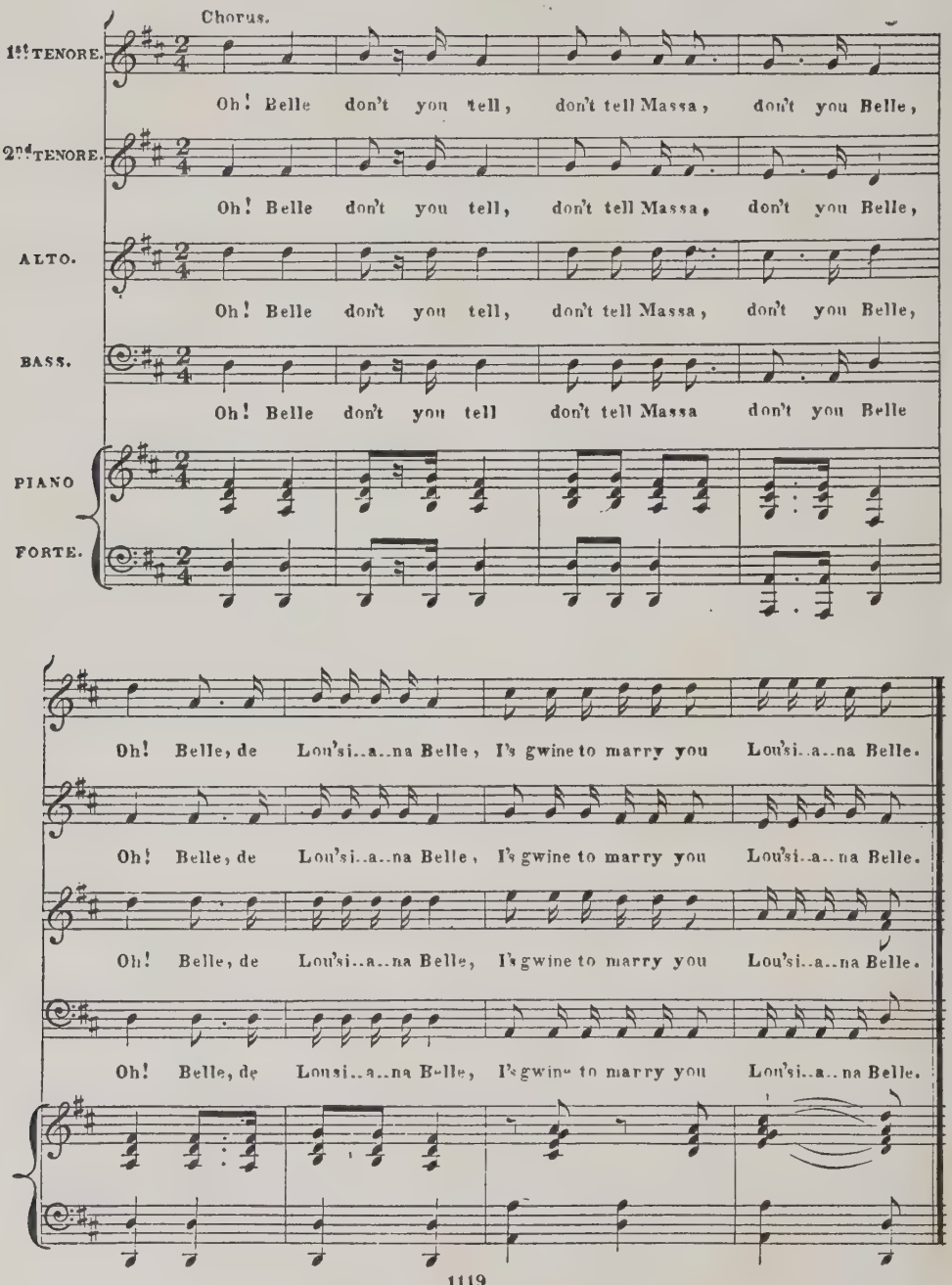
HAND PROPS

Wine service
Three letters
Bible
Sheet music
Wedding ring
Stethoscope
Bottle of ammonia
Medicine kit
Spoon and glass
Edition of Beethoven
Box of candy
Bouquet of roses
Pipe
Cigar
Pencil
Suitcase
Knitting bag
Knitting needles
Yarn
Bootees
Baby
Baby blanket
Small account book
Stage money
Music compositions
Stationery
Ink quill
Hand blotter

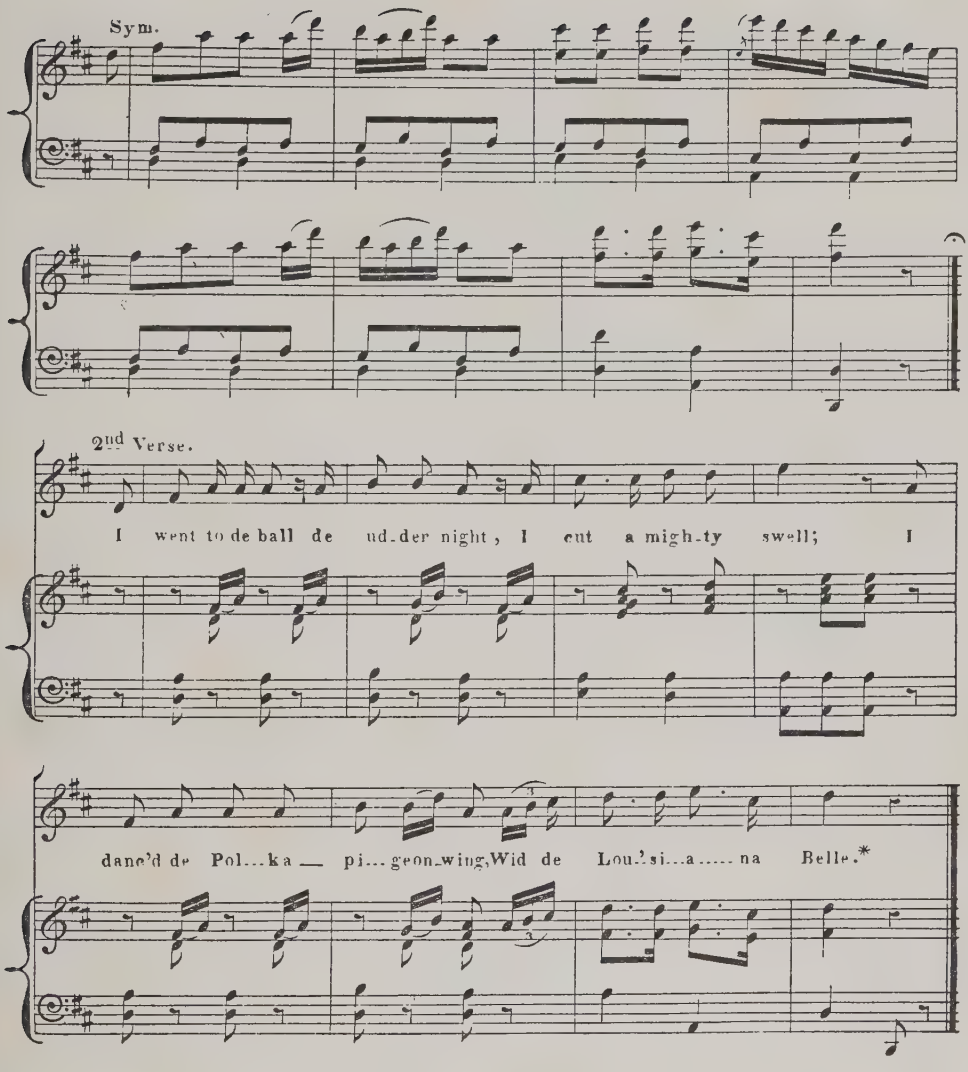
LOU'SIANA BELLE.

As sung by Joseph Murphy of the Sable Harmonists.




Chorus.
1st TENORE.
Oh! Belle don't you tell, don't tell Massa, don't you Belle,
2nd TENORE.
Oh! Belle don't you tell, don't tell Massa, don't you Belle,
ALTO.
Oh! Belle don't you tell, don't tell Massa, don't you Belle,
BASS.
Oh! Belle don't you tell don't tell Massa don't you Belle
PIANO FORTE.
Oh! Belle, de Lou'si..a..na Belle, I's gwine to marry you Lou'si..a..na Belle.
Oh! Belle, de Lou'si..a..na Belle, I's gwine to marry you Lou'si..a..na Belle.
Oh! Belle, de Lou'si..a..na Belle, I's gwine to marry you Lou'si..a..na Belle.
Oh! Belle, de Lou'si..a..na Belle, I's gwine to marry you Lou'si..a..na Belle.

1119



3	4
Dere's Dandy Jim ob Caroline—	Dere's first de B and den de E,
I knows him by de swell,	And den de double L L;
Tryin to come it mighty fine,	Anodder E to the end ob dat,
Wid de Lou'siana Belle.	Spells Lou'siana Belle.
Oh! Belle &c.	Oh! Belle &c.

1119

* After each verse sing the Chorus, and conclude with the Symphony.

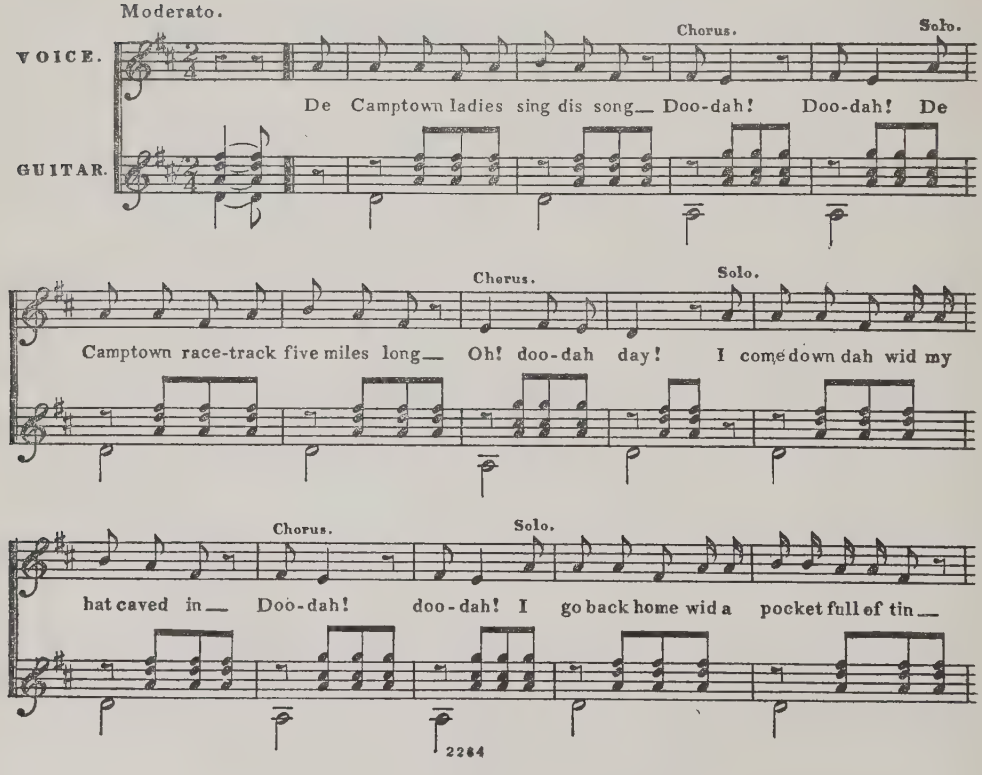
The celebrated Ethiopian Song.

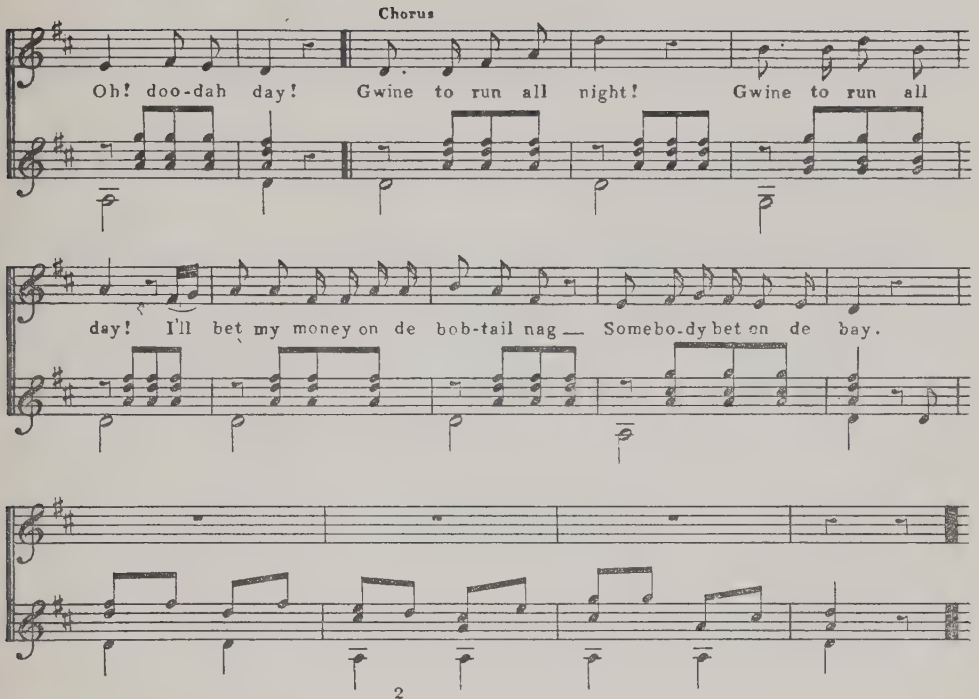
Camptown Races

Arranged for the GUITAR.

Gillingham

Published by F. D. BENTEEN & Co *Baltimore.*
W. T. Mayo, New Orleans.





2

De long tail filly and de big black hoss — Doo-dah! doo-dah!
Dey fly de track and dey both cut across — Oh! doo-dah day!
De blind hoss sticken in a big mud hole — Doo-dah! doo-dah!
Can't touch bottom wid a ten foot pole — Oh! doo-dah day!
CHO: Gwine to run all night! &c.

3

Old muley cow come on to de track — Doo-dah! doo-dah!
De bob-tail fling her ober his back — Oh! doo-dah day!
Den fly along like a rail-road car — Doo-dah! doo-dah!
Runnin' a race wid a shootin' star — Oh! doo-dah day!
CHO: Gwine to run all night! &c

4

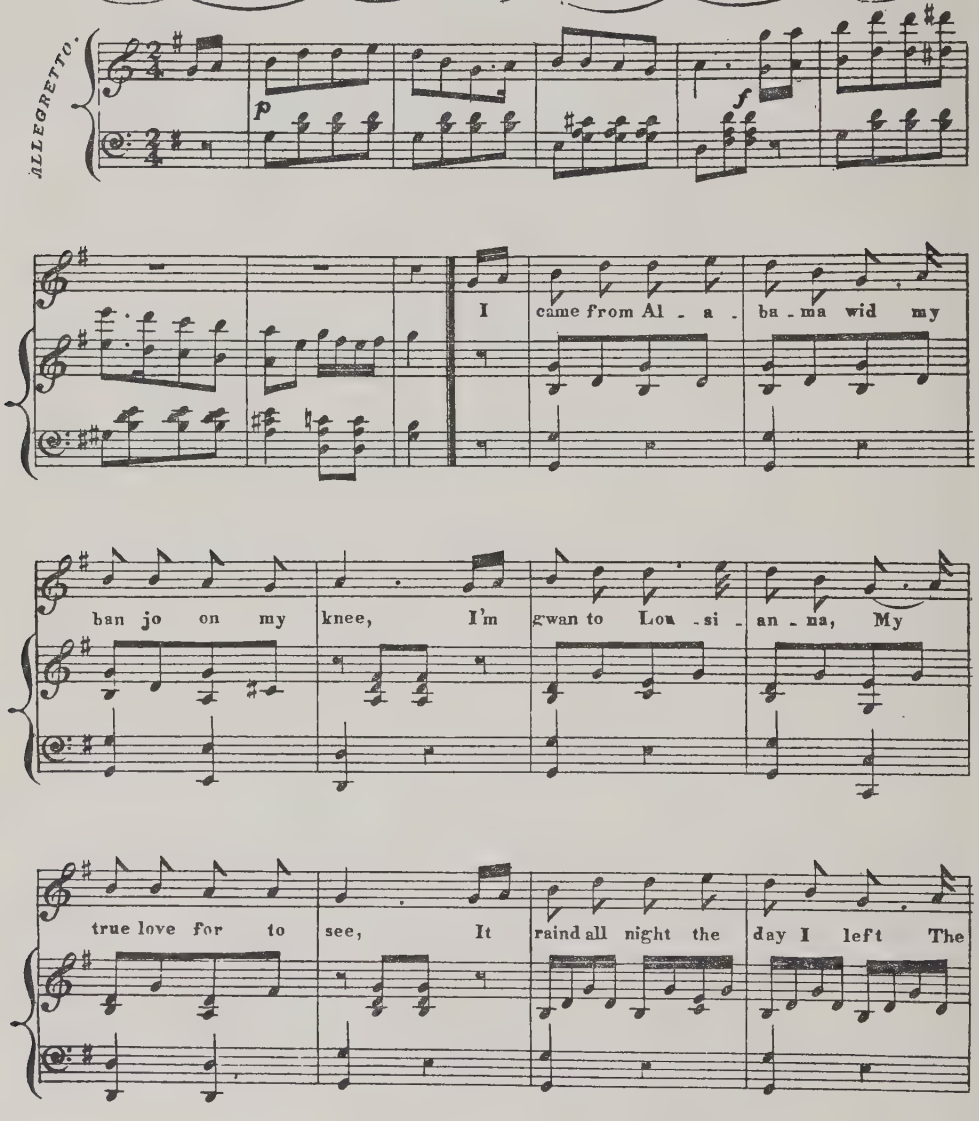
See dem flyin' on a ten mile heat — Doo-dah! doo-dah!
Round de race-track, den repeat — Oh! doo-dah day!
I win my money on de bob-tail nag — Doo-dah! doo-dah!
I keep my money in an old tow-bag — Oh! doo-dah day!
CHO: Gwine to run all night! &c

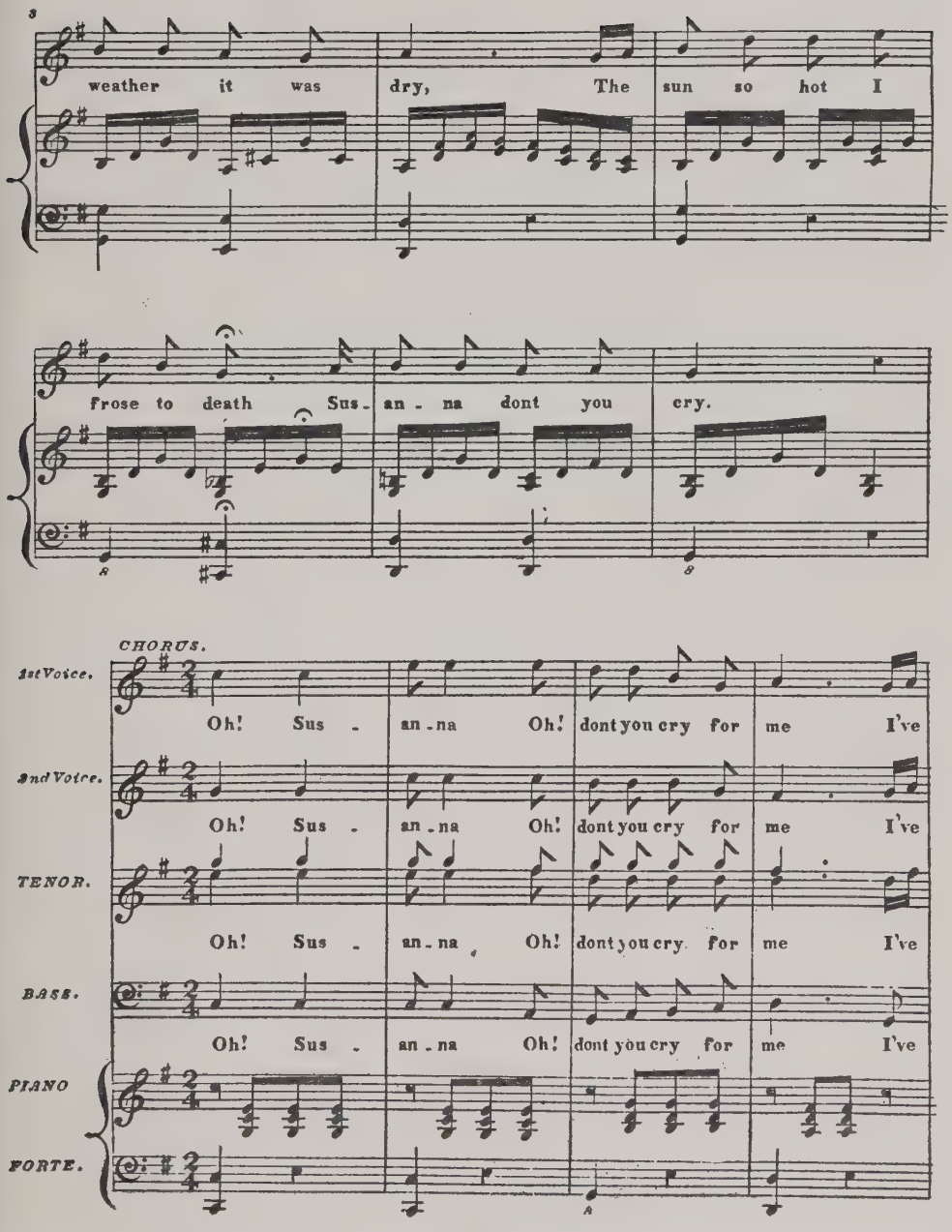
2264

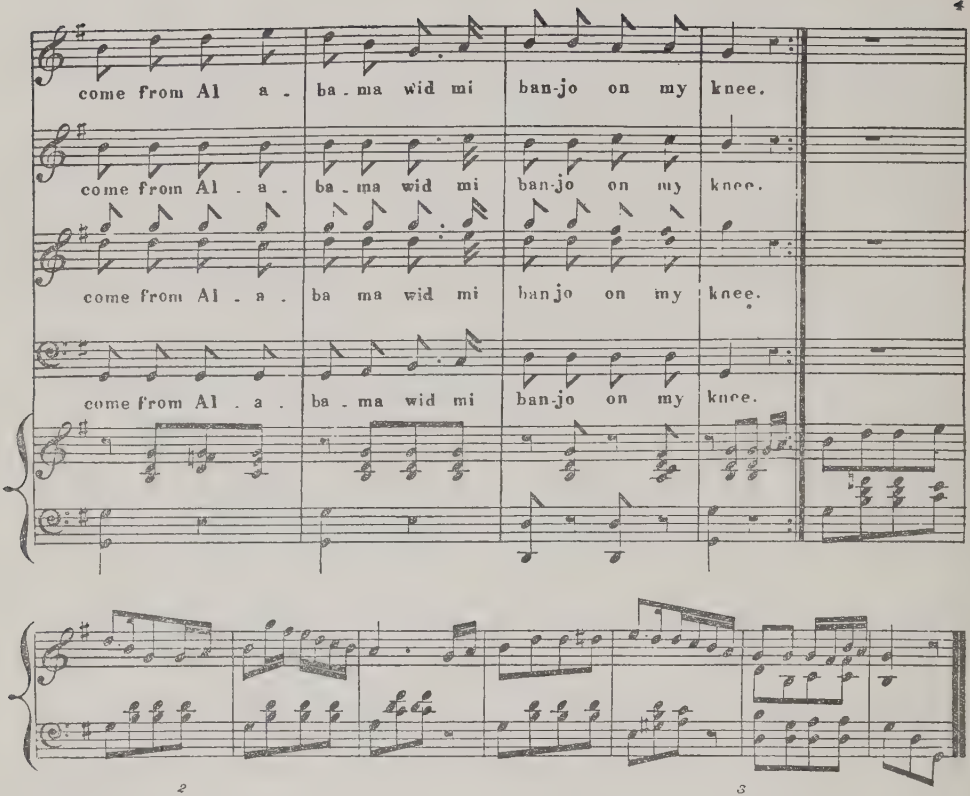
Webb.

OH! SUSANNA.

Sung by G. N. CHRISTY, of the CHRISTY MINSTRELS.


ALLEGRETTO.
p
f
I came from Al - a - ba - ma wid my
ban jo on my knee, I'm gwan to Lou - si - an - na, My
true love for to see, It rain'd all night the day I left The


3
weather it was dry, The sun so hot I
frose to death Sus - an - na dont you cry.
CHORUS.
1st Voice.
Oh! Sus - an - na Oh! dont you cry for me I've
2nd Voice.
Oh! Sus - an - na Oh! dont you cry for me I've
TENOR.
Oh! Sus - an - na Oh! dont you cry for me I've
BASS.
Oh! Sus - an - na Oh! dont you cry for me I've
PIANO
FORTE.


come from Al a - ba - ma wid mi ban-jo on my knee.
come from Al - a - ba - ma wid mi ban-jo on my knee.
come from Al - a - ba ma wid mi ban jo on my knee.
come from Al - a - ba - ma wid mi ban-jo on my knee.

2

I jumped aboard de telegraph,
And trabbelled down de riber,
De Lectric fluid magnified,
And Killed five Hundred Nigger
De bullgine buste, de horse run off,
I realy thought I'd die;
I shut my eyes to hold my breath,
Susana, dont you cry.
Oh! Susana &c.

3

I had a dream de odder night,
When ebery ting was still;
I thought I saw Susana,
A coming down de hill.
The buckwheat cake war in her mouth,
The tear was in her eye,
Says I, im coming from de South,
Susana, dont you cry.
Oh! Susana &c.

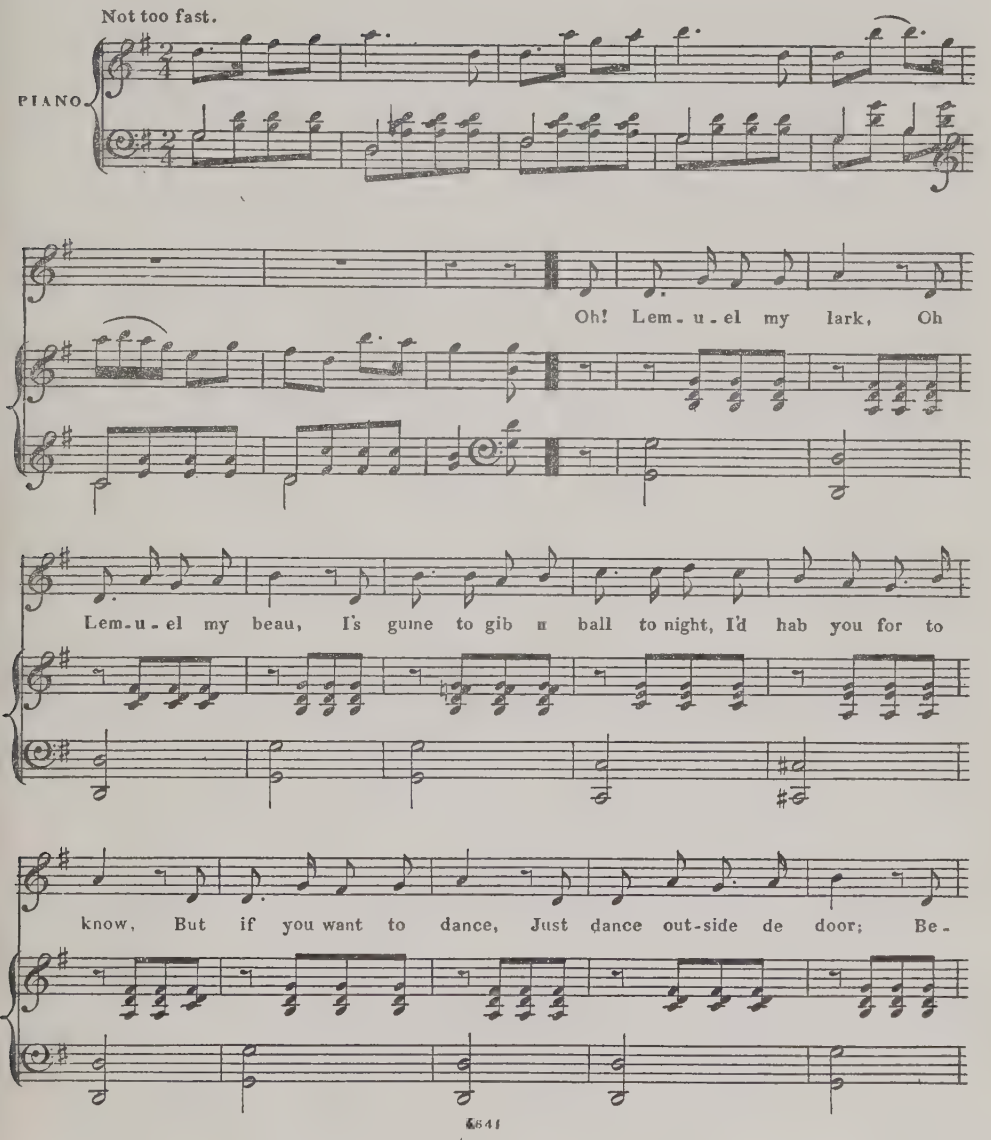
4

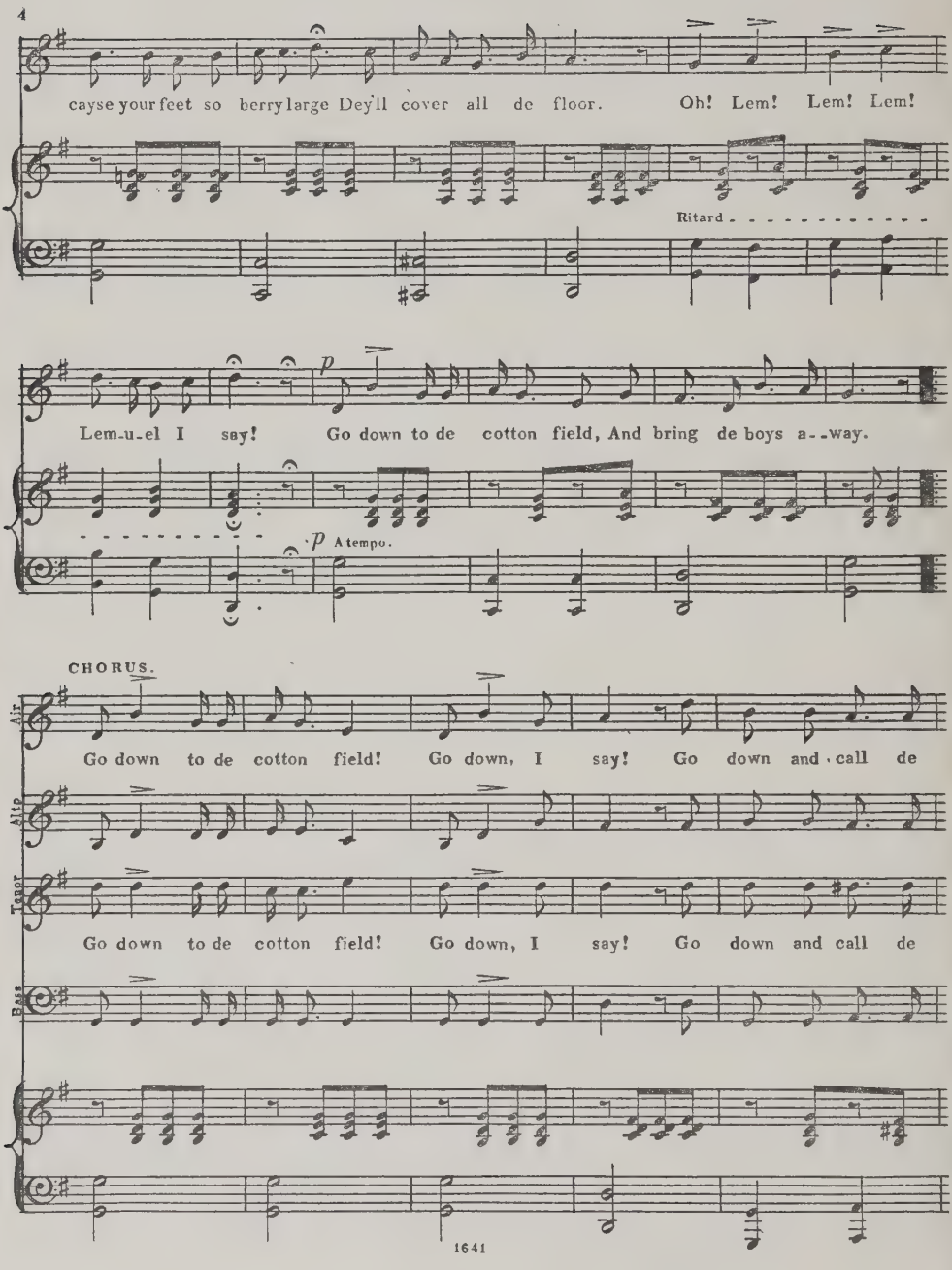
I soon will be in New Orleans,
And den I'll look all round,
And when I find Susana,
I'll fall upon the ground.
But if I do not find her,
Dis darkie 'll surely die,
And when I'm dead and buried,
Susana, dont you cry.
Oh! Susana &c.

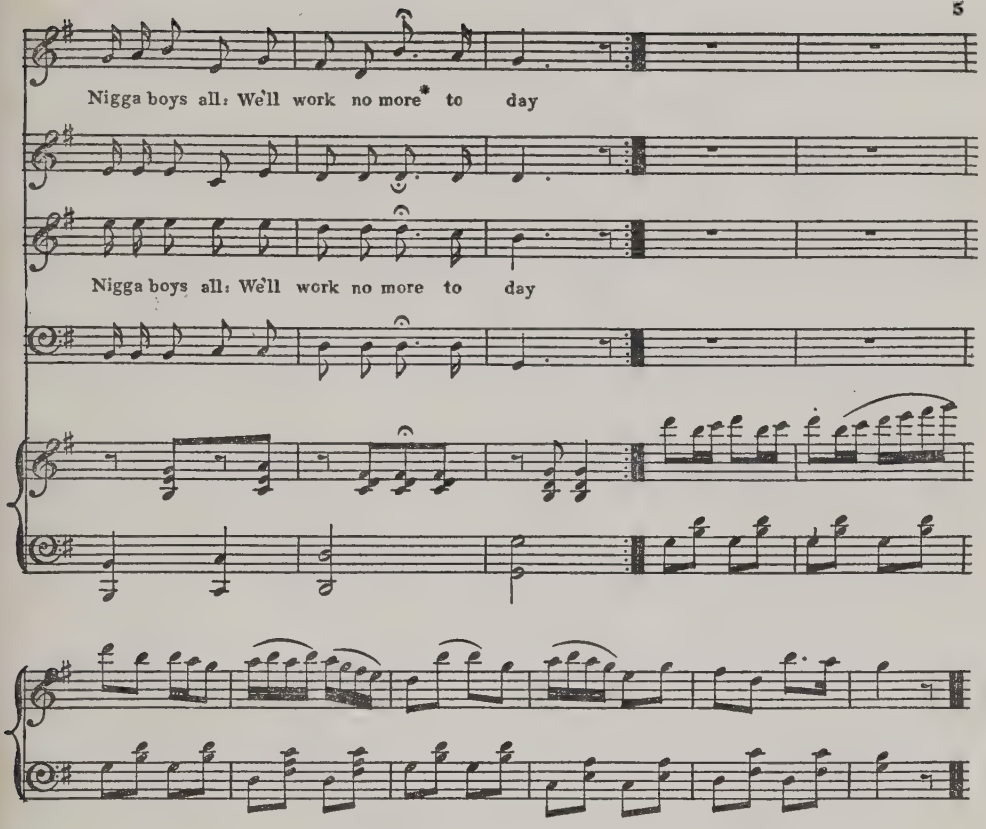
S. Ackerman.

OH! LEMUEL!

Words and Music by S. C. FOSTER.


Not too fast.
PIANO.
Oh! Lem-u-el my lark, Oh
Lem-u-el my beau, I's gwine to gib a ball to night, I'd hab you for to
know, But if you want to dance, Just dance out-side de door; Be-


4
cayse your feet so berry large Dey'll cover all de floor. Oh! Lem! Lem! Lem!
Ritard
p
Lem-u-el I say! Go down to de cotton field, And bring de boys a--way.
p A tempo.
CHORUS.
Air
Go down to de cotton field! Go down, I say! Go down and call de
Alto
Tenor
Go down to de cotton field! Go down, I say! Go down and call de
Bass
1641



2.

Oh! Lemuel my hope,
Oh! Lemuel my joy
I'll tell you who'll be at de ball
My woolly headed boy.
Dere's Nelly Bly, you know,
And Juliana Snow,
Dere's cane-brake Kitty likes de boys,
And she'll be sure to go.
Oh! Lem! Lem! Lem! Lemuel I say!
Go down to de cotton field and bring de boys away.
CHO: Go down &c.

3.

Oh! Lemuel is tall,
Oh! Lemuel is fair,
Oh Lemuel has gone to day
To take de morning air.
He makes de fiddle hum,
He makes de banjo tum,
He rattles on de old jaw bone,
And beats upon de drum.
Oh! Lem! Lem! Lem! Lemuel I say!
Go down to de cotton field and bring de boys away.
CHO: Go down &c.

*The pause over the word more to be used only in the repetition of the Chorus. Webb.

1841

OPEN THY LATTICE LOVE

Composed for and dedicated

TO

MISS SUSAN E. PENTLAND

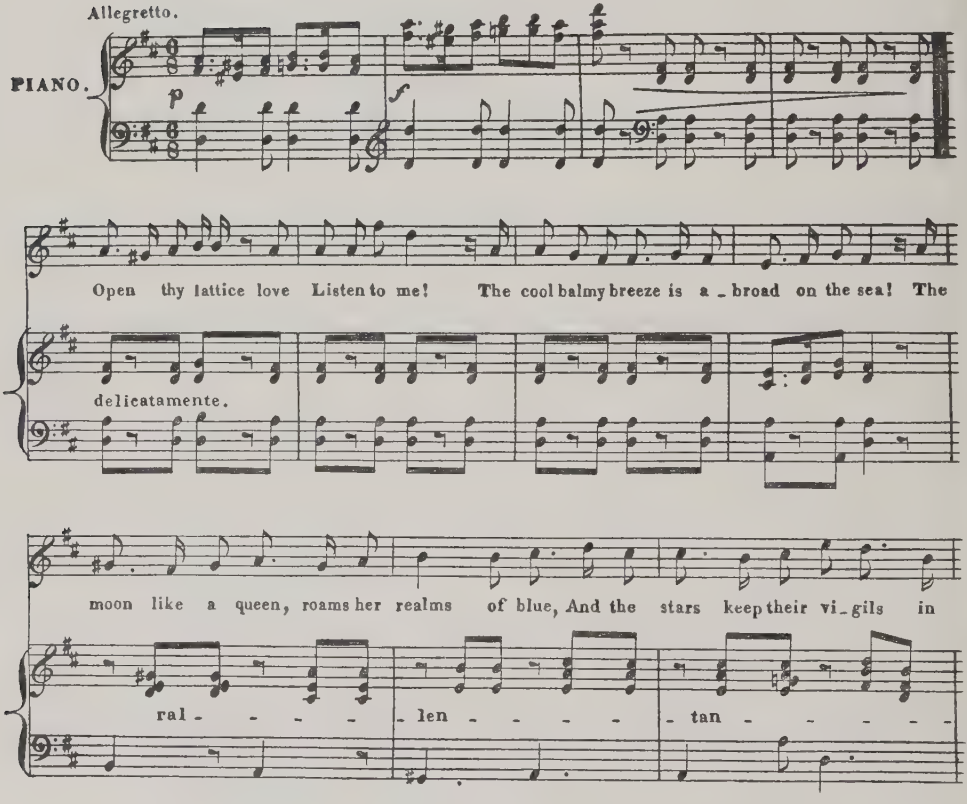
OF PITTSBURGH

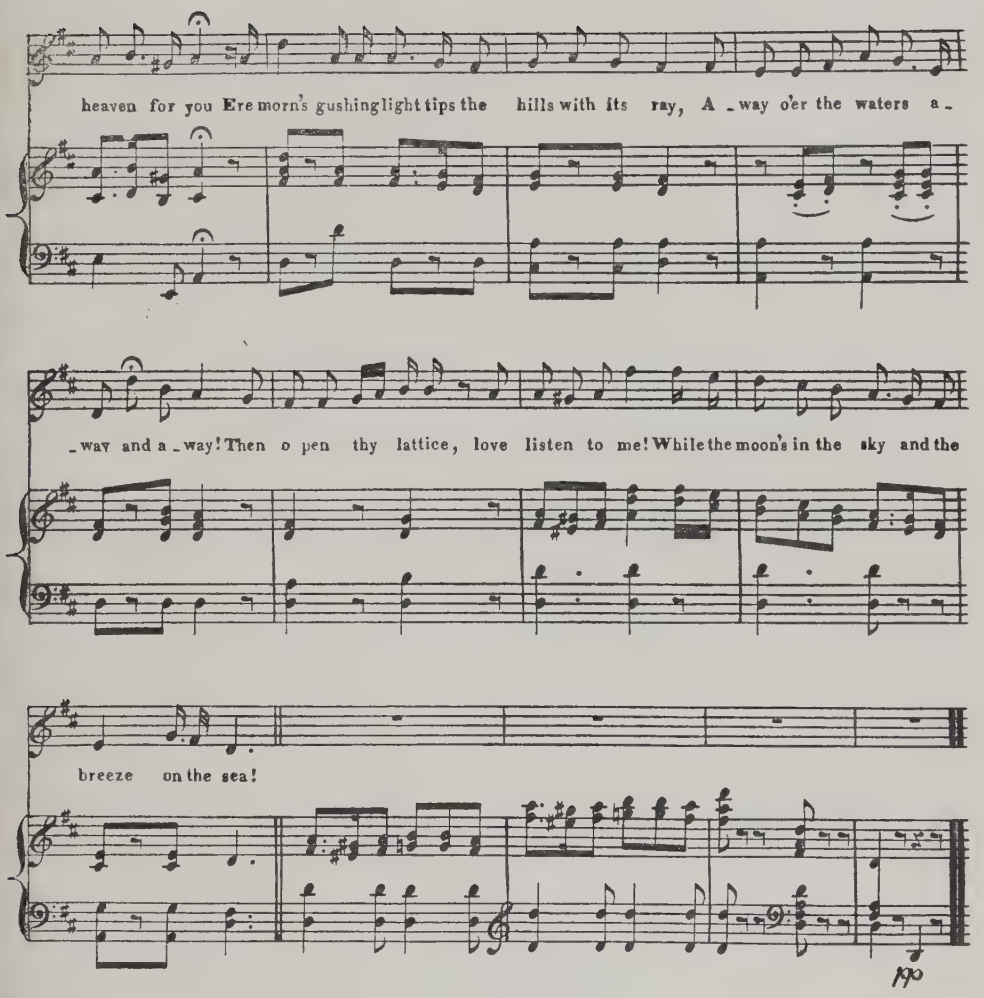
BY

L. C. FOSTER.

Lines from the New Mirror.

Philadelphia George Willig 171 Chesnut S.t

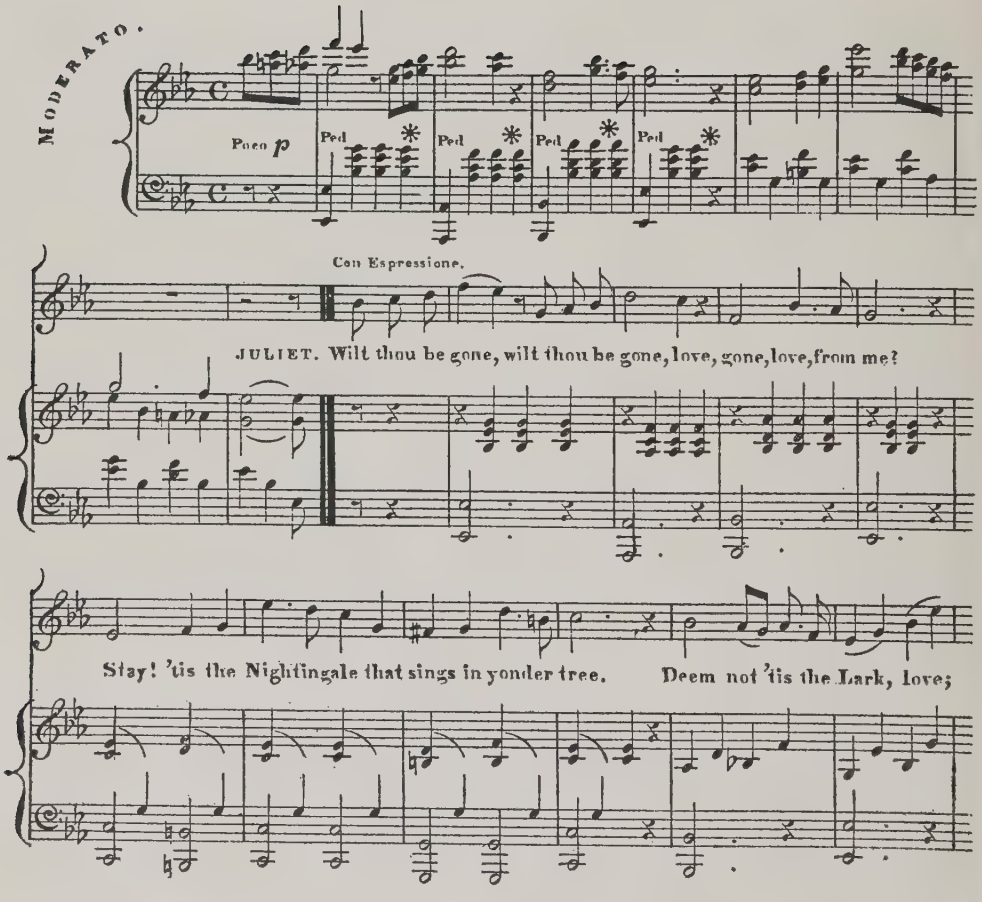

Allegretto.
PIANO.
p
f
Open thy lattice love Listen to me! The cool balmy breeze is a_broad on the sea! The
delicatamente.
moon like a queen, roams her realms of blue, And the stars keep their vi_gils in
ral - - - - - len - - - - - tan - - - - -

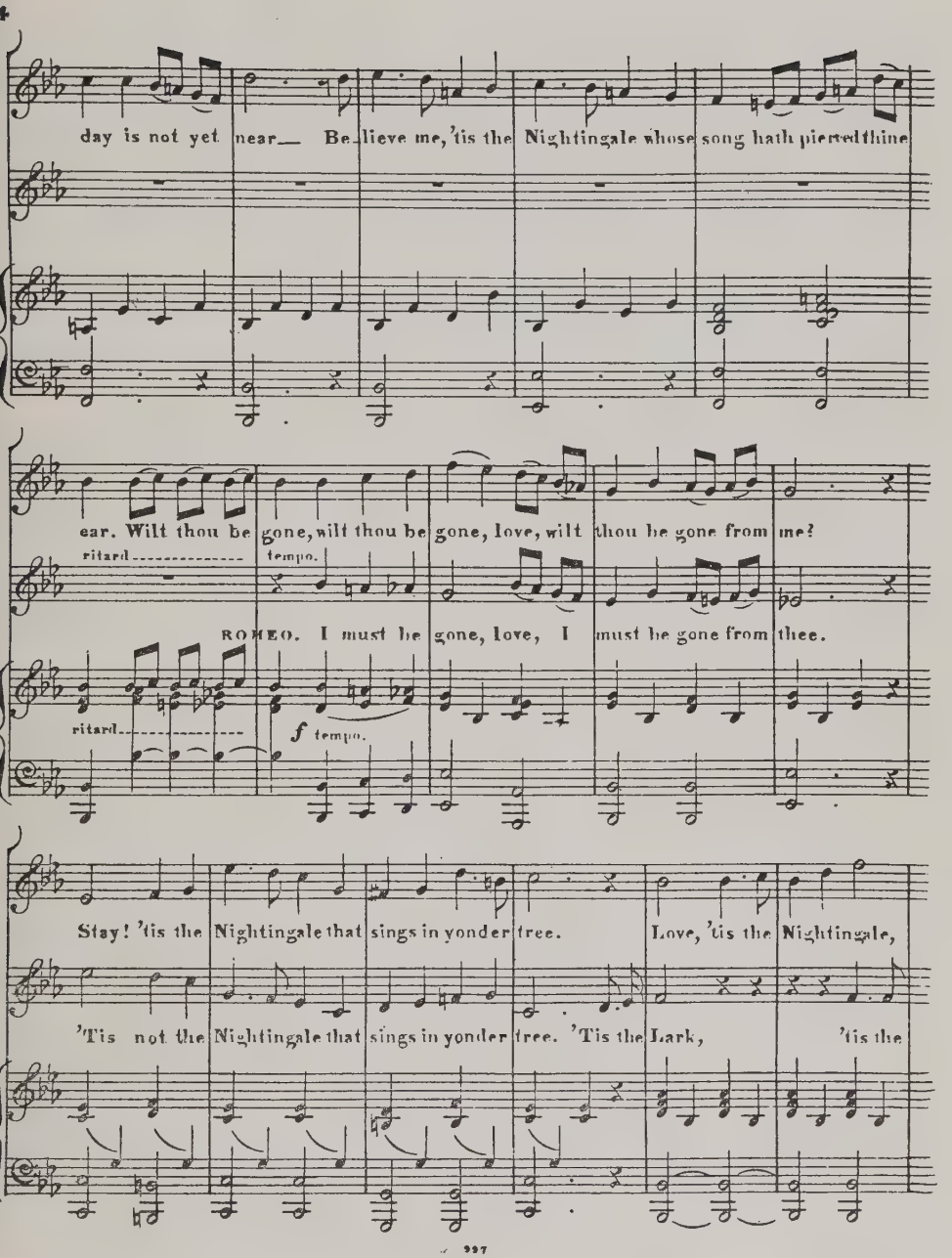

heaven for you Ere morn's gushing light tips the hills with its ray, A - way o'er the waters a -
- way and a - way! Then o pen thy lattice, love listen to me! While the moon's in the sky and the
breeze on the sea!
pp

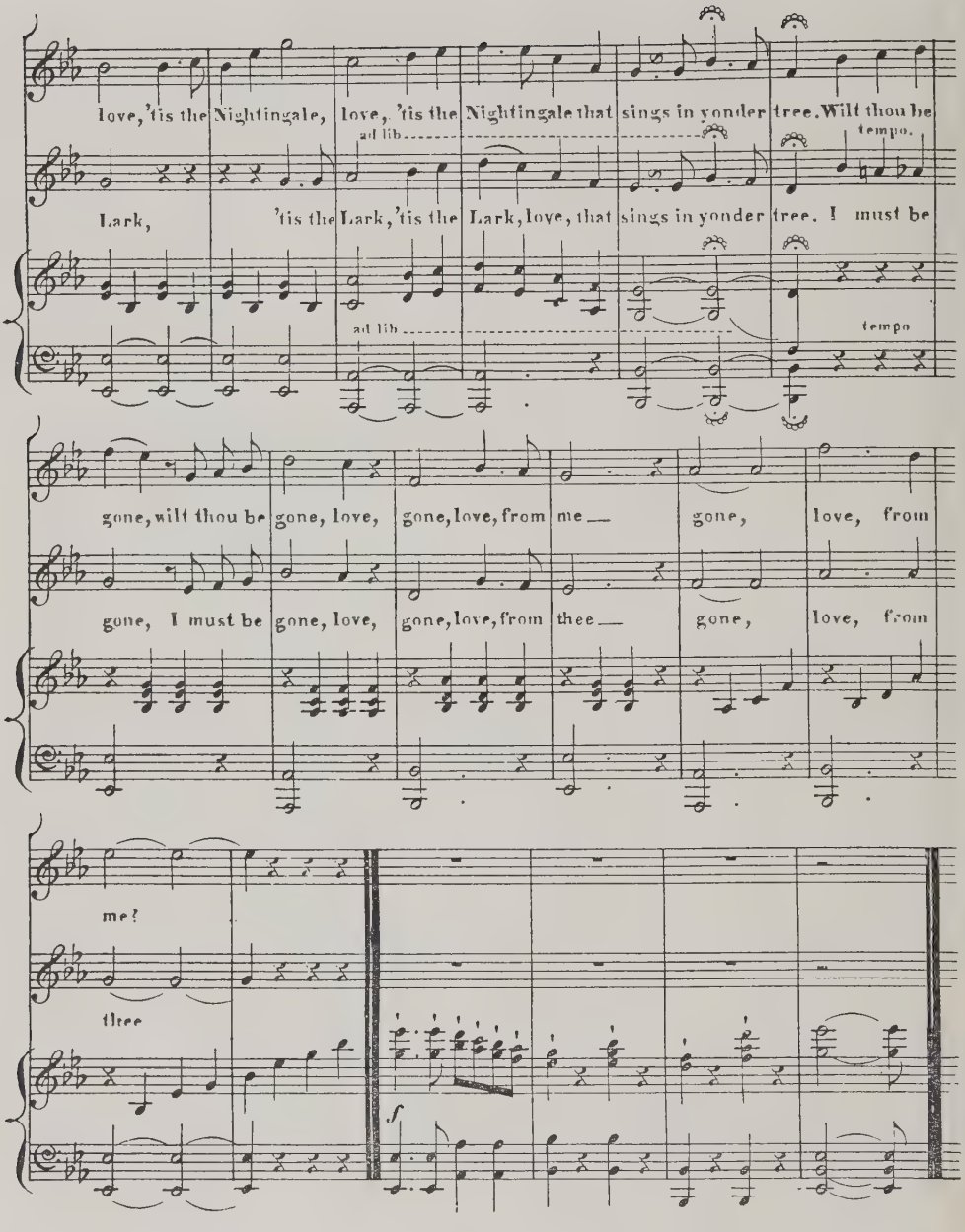
Open thy lattice, love listen to me!
In the voyage of life, love our pilot will be!
He will sit at the helm wherever we rove,
And steer by the load-star he kindled above
His shell for a shallop will cut the bright spray,
Or skim like a bird o'er the waters away;
Then open thy lattice &c.

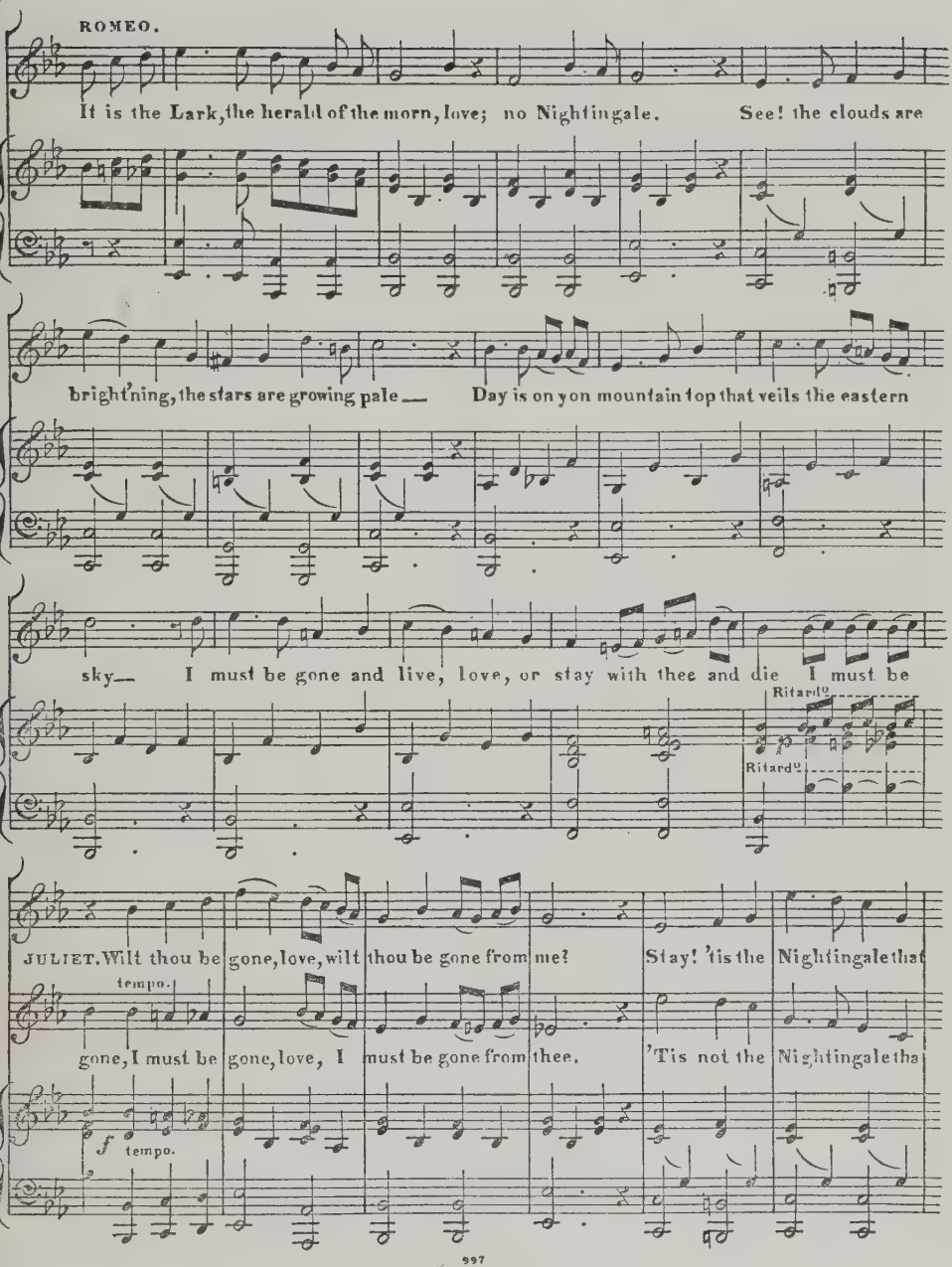
WILT THOU BE GONE, LOVE?

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.




4
day is not yet near__ Be_lieve me, 'tis the Nightingale whose song hath pierced thine
ear. Wilt thou be gone, wilt thou be gone, love, wilt thou be gone from me?
ritard
tempo.
ROMEO. I must be gone, love, I must be gone from thee.
ritard
f tempo.
Stay! 'tis the Nightingale that sings in yonder tree. Love, 'tis the Nightingale,
'Tis not the Nightingale that sings in yonder tree. 'Tis the Lark, 'tis the
227


love, 'tis the Nightingale, love, 'tis the Nightingale that sings in yonder tree. Wilt thou be
ad lib.
tempo.
Lark, 'tis the Lark, 'tis the Lark, love, that sings in yonder tree. I must be
ad lib.
tempo
gone, wilt thou be gone, love, gone, love, from me — gone, love, from
gone, I must be gone, love, gone, love, from thee — gone, love, from
me?
thee
f


ROMEO.
It is the Lark, the herald of the morn, love; no Nightingale. See! the clouds are
bright'ning, the stars are growing pale — Day is on yon mountain top that veils the eastern
sky — I must be gone and live, love, or stay with thee and die I must be
Ritard°
Ritard°
JULIET. Wilt thou be gone, love, wilt thou be gone from me? Stay! 'tis the Nightingale that
tempo.
gone, I must be gone, love, I must be gone from thee. 'Tis not the Nightingale tha
f
tempo.

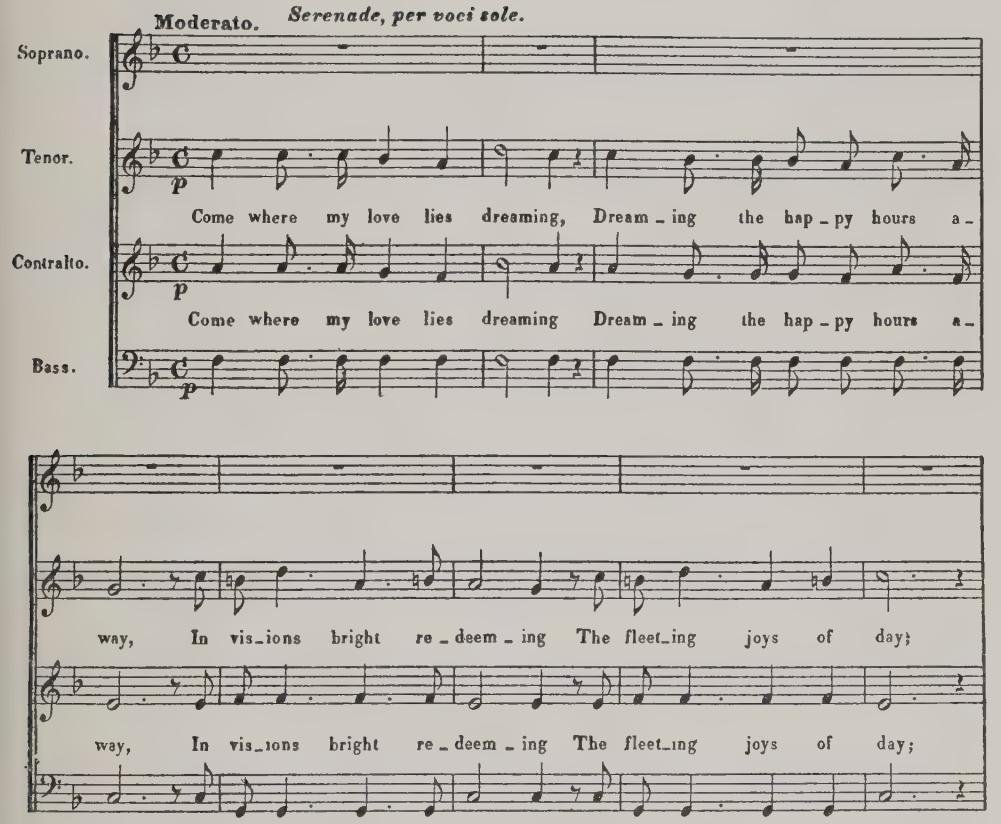
997

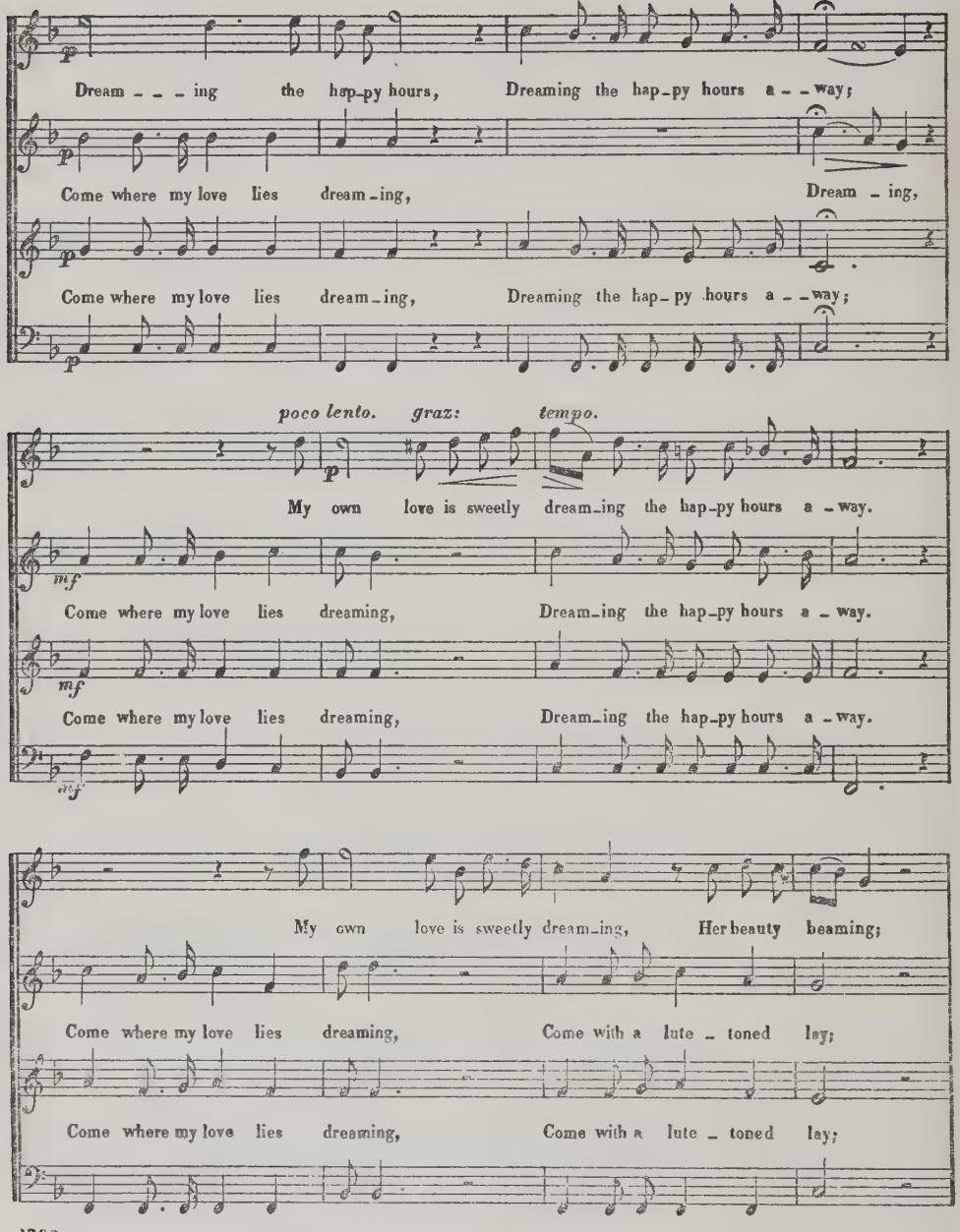
sings in yonder tree. Love, 'tis the Nightingale, love, 'tis the Nightingale, love, 'tis the
ad lib.
sings in yonder tree. 'Tis the Lark, 'tis the Lark, 'tis the Lark, 'tis the
ad lib.
Nightingale that sings in yonder tree. Wilt thou be gone, wilt thou be gone, love, wilt thou be
tempo.
ri tar dan
Lark, love, that sings in yonder tree. I must be gone, I must be gone, love, I must be
tempo.
ri tar dan
gone, love, from me?
do.
gone, love, from thee.
do.
tempo.
Ped. Ped.
997
Quidor Eng.ff

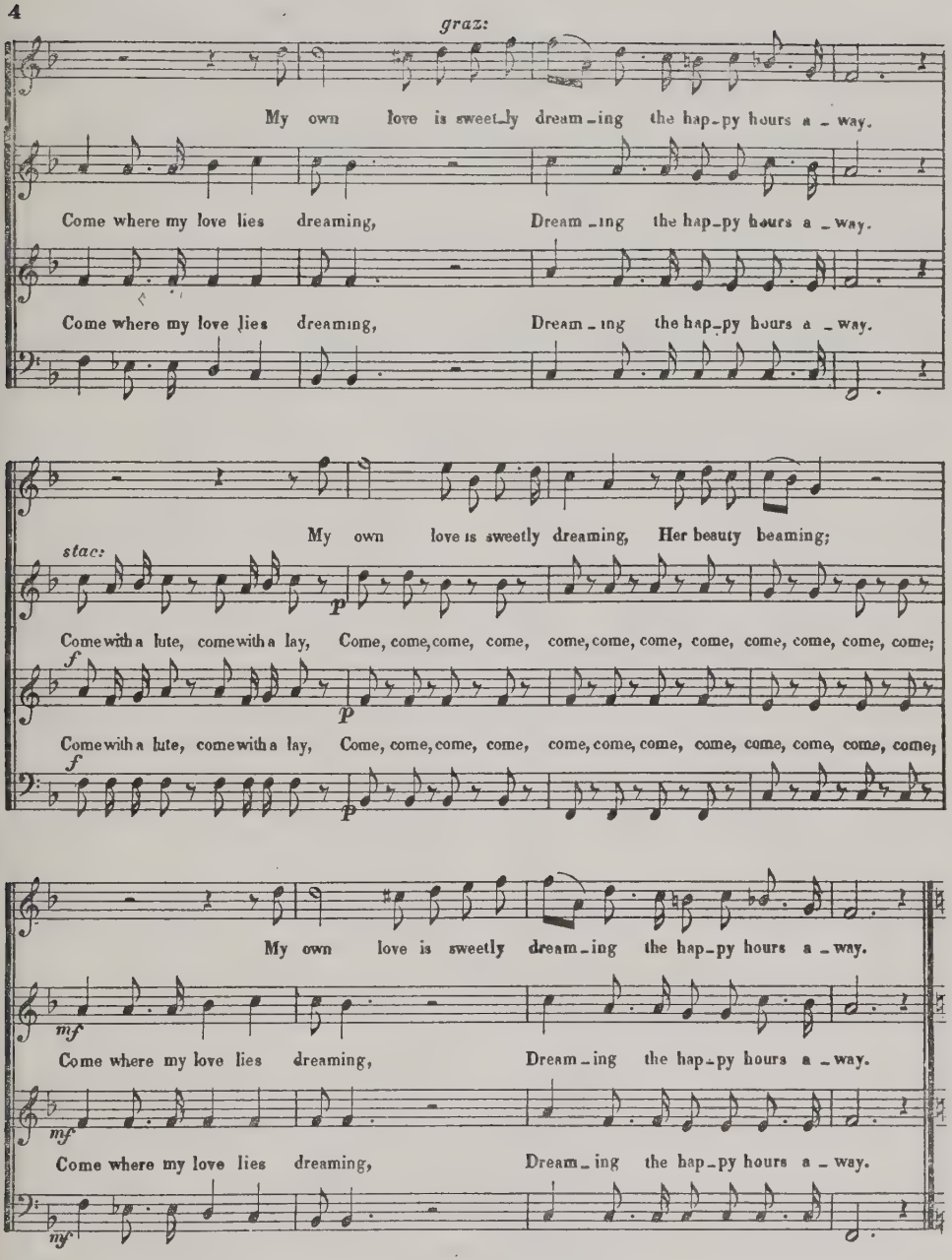
COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING.

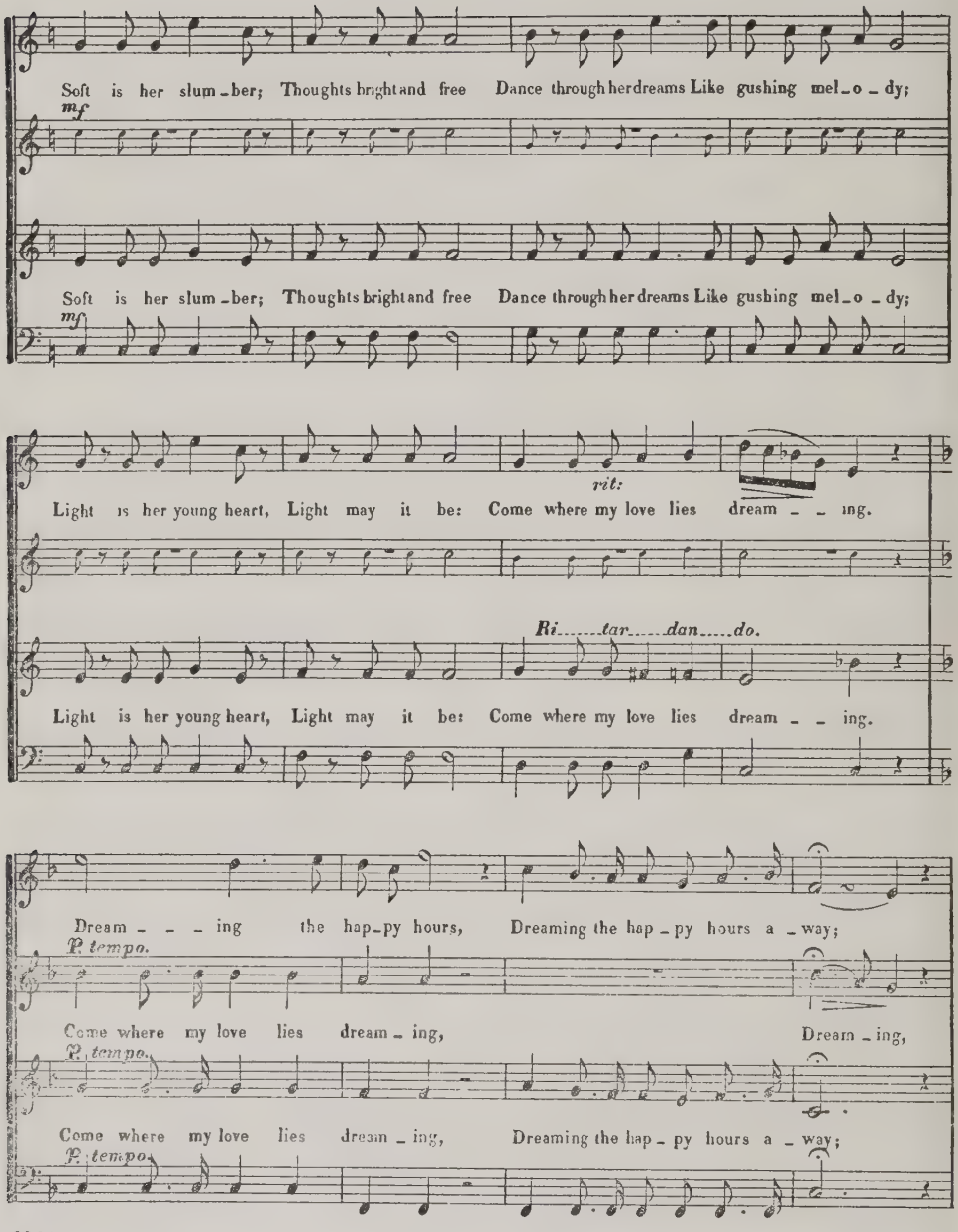
QUARTETTE.

Written and Composed by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.


Moderato.
Serenade, per voci sole.
Soprano.
Tenor.
Contralto.
Bass.
p
Come where my love lies dreaming, Dream _ ing the hap _ py hours a _
Come where my love lies dreaming Dream _ ing the hap _ py hours a _
way, In vis_ions bright re _ deem _ ing The fleet_ing joys of day;
way, In vis_ions bright re _ deem _ ing The fleet_ing joys of day;

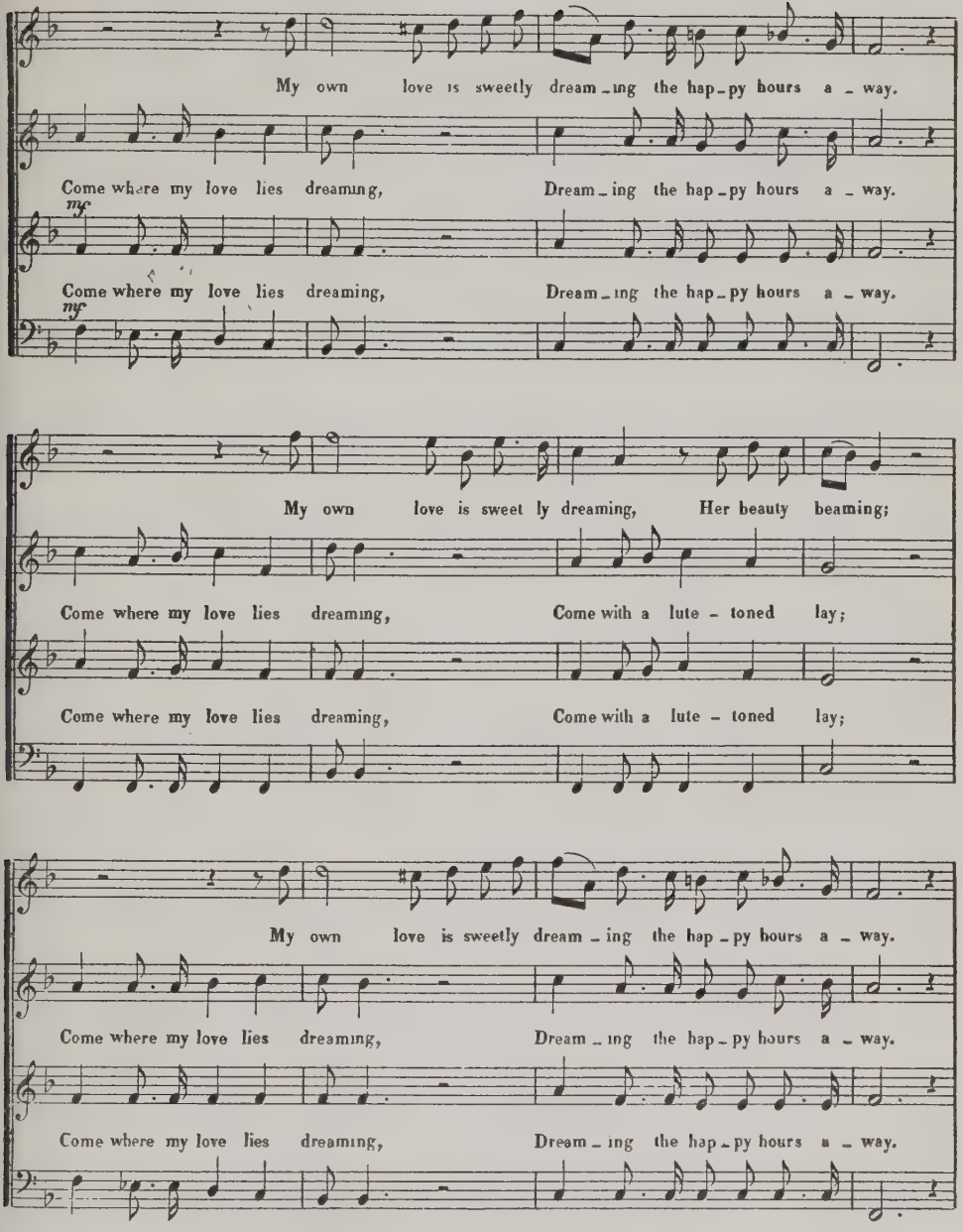

Dream _ _ _ ing the hap_py hours, Dreaming the hap_py hours a _ _ way;
Come where my love lies dream_ing, Dream _ ing,
Come where my love lies dream_ing, Dreaming the hap_ py hours a _ _ way;
poco lento. graz: tempo.
My own love is sweetly dream_ing the hap_py hours a _ way.
Come where my love lies dreaming, Dream_ing the hap_py hours a _ way.
Come where my love lies dreaming, Dream_ing the hap_py hours a _ way.
My own love is sweetly dream_ing, Her beauty beaming;
Come where my love lies dreaming, Come with a lute _ toned lay;
Come where my love lies dreaming, Come with a lute _ toned lay;


4
graz:
My own love is sweet_ly dream_ing the hap_py hours a _ way.
Come where my love lies dreaming, Dream _ ing the hap_py hours a _ way.
Come where my love lies dreaming, Dream _ ing the hap_py hours a _ way.
My own love is sweetly dreaming, Her beauty beaming;
stac:
p
Come with a lute, come with a lay, Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;
f
p
Come with a lute, come with a lay, Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;
f
p
My own love is sweetly dream_ing the hap_py hours a _ way.
mf
Come where my love lies dreaming, Dream _ ing the hap_py hours a _ way.
mf
Come where my love lies dreaming, Dream _ ing the hap_py hours a _ way.
mf

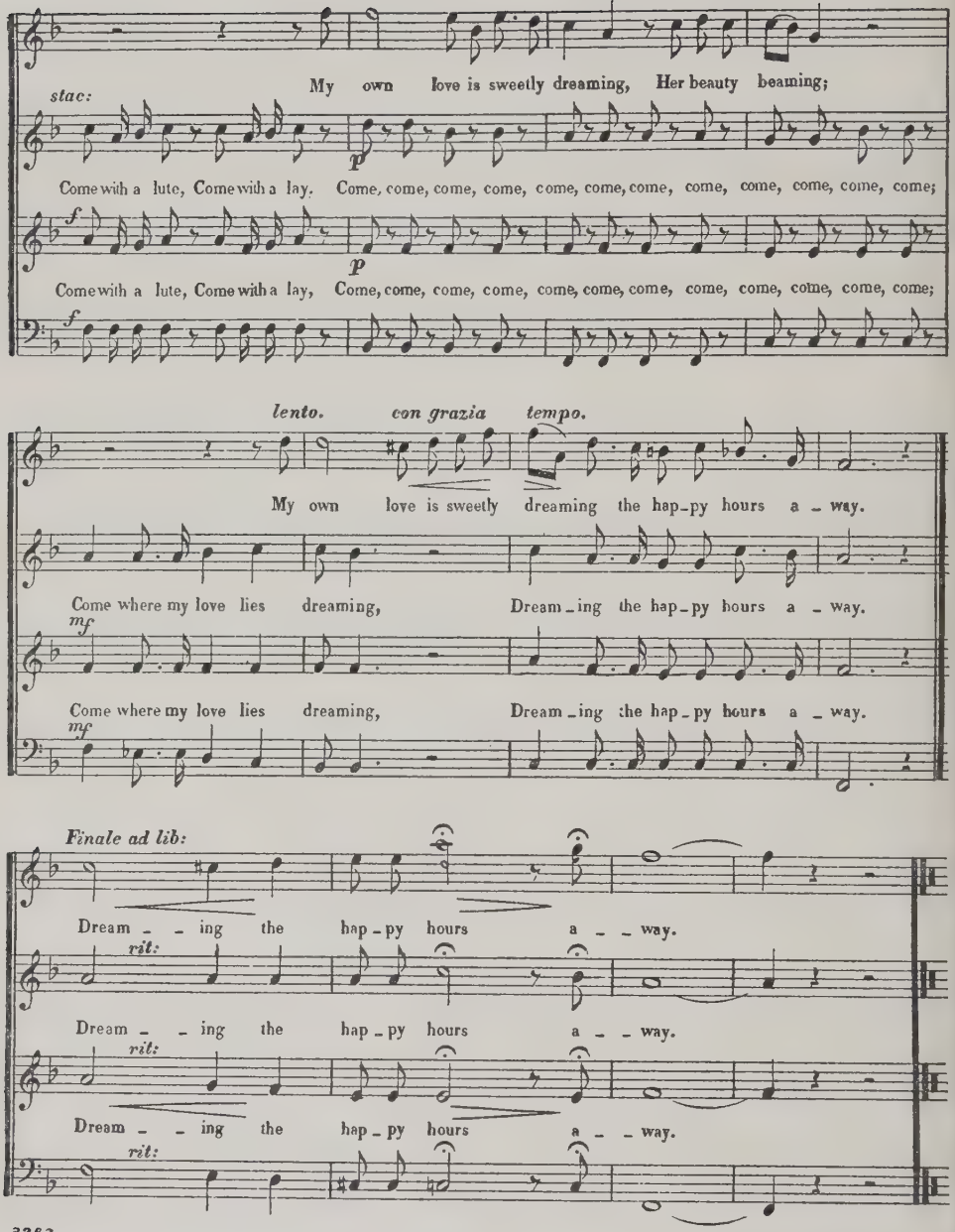

Soft is her slum-ber; Thoughts bright and free Dance through her dreams Like gushing mel-o-dy;
mf
Soft is her slum-ber; Thoughts bright and free Dance through her dreams Like gushing mel-o-dy;
mf
rit:
Light is her young heart, Light may it be: Come where my love lies dream - - ing.
Ri-tar-dan-do.
Light is her young heart, Light may it be: Come where my love lies dream - - ing.
Dream - - - ing the hap-py hours, Dreaming the hap-py hours a-way;
P. tempo.
Come where my love lies dream-ing, Dream-ing,
P. tempo.
Come where my love lies dream-ing, Dreaming the hap-py hours a-way;
P. tempo.

3383

6


My own love is sweetly dream_ing the hap_py hours a_way.
Come where my love lies dreaming, Dream_ing the hap_py hours a_way.
mf
Come where my love lies dreaming, Dream_ing the hap_py hours a_way.
mf
My own love is sweet ly dreaming, Her beauty beaming;
Come where my love lies dreaming, Come with a lute_toned lay;
Come where my love lies dreaming, Come with a lute_toned lay;
My own love is sweetly dream_ing the hap_py hours a_way.
Come where my love lies dreaming, Dream_ing the hap_py hours a_way.
Come where my love lies dreaming, Dream_ing the hap_py hours a_way.

3243

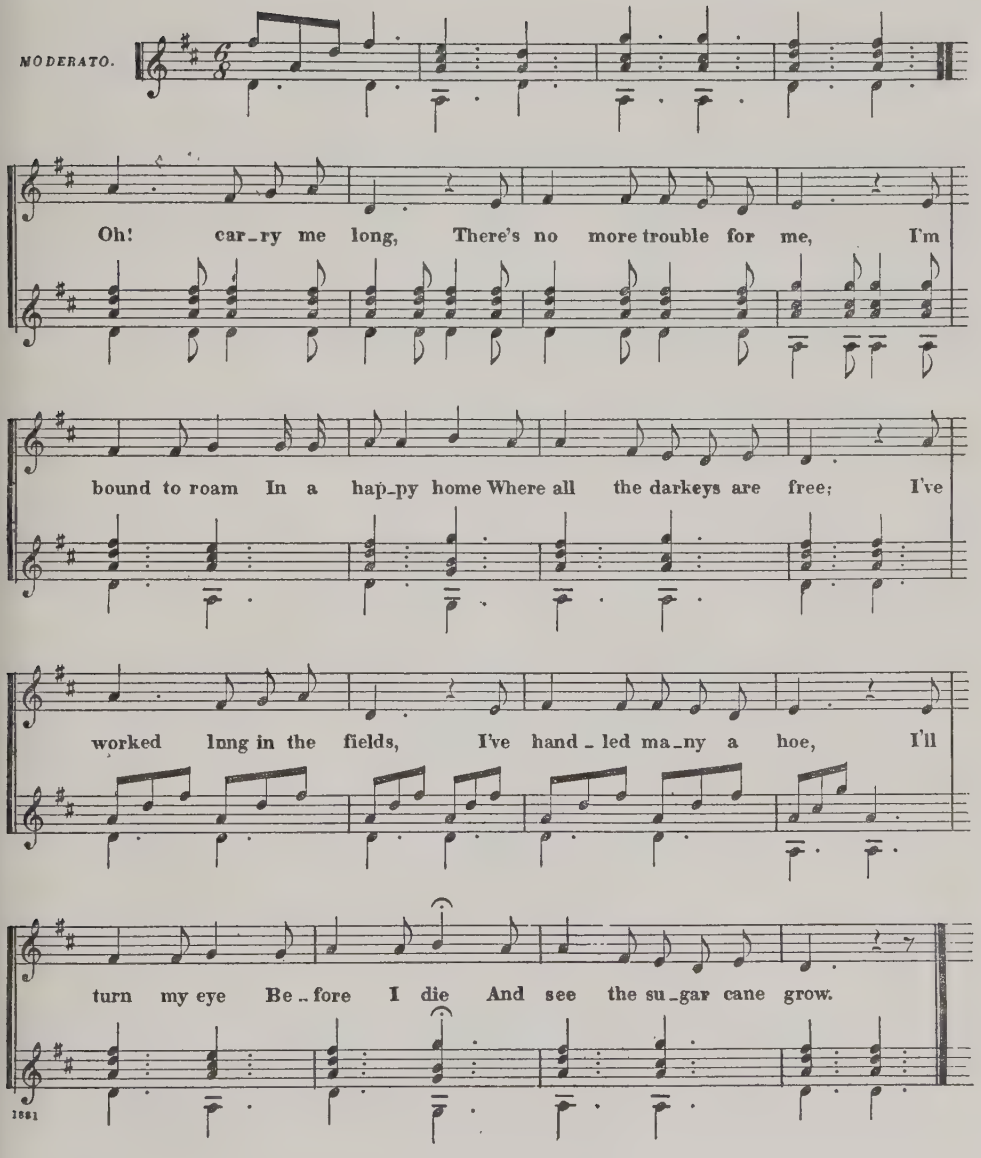

stac:
My own love is sweetly dreaming, Her beauty beaming;
p
Come with a lute, Come with a lay. Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;
f
p
Come with a lute, Come with a lay, Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;
f
lento.
con grazia
tempo.
My own love is sweetly dreaming the hap_py hours a _ way.
Come where my love lies dreaming, Dream _ing the hap _ py hours a _ way.
mf
Come where my love lies dreaming, Dream _ing the hap _ py hours a _ way.
mf
Finale ad lib:
Dream _ _ ing the hap _ py hours a _ _ way.
rit:
Dream _ _ ing the hap _ py hours a _ _ way.
rit:
Dream _ _ ing the hap _ py hours a _ _ way.
rit:

3283

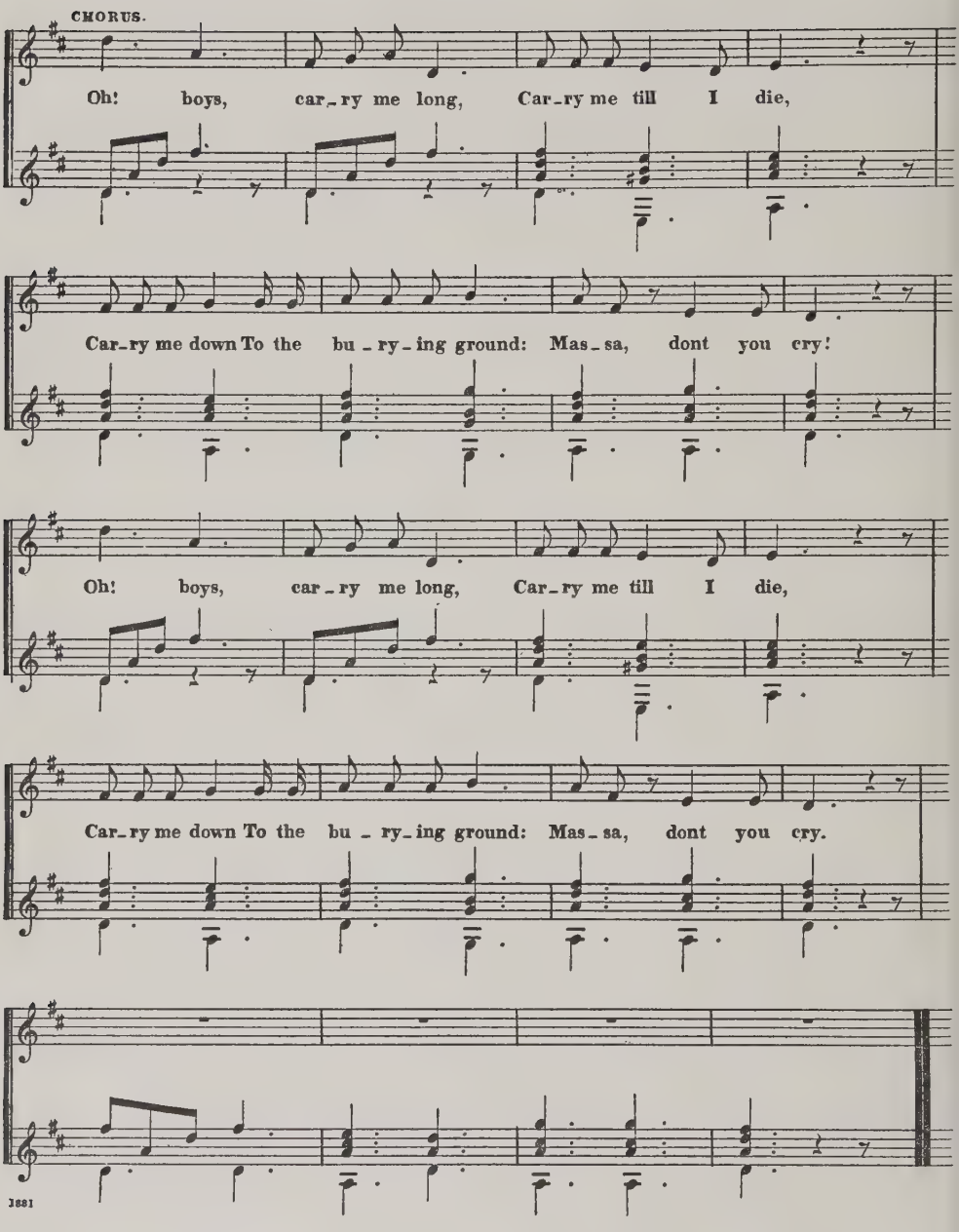
Grave par Lawson.

OH! BOYS CARRY ME LONG.

S.C. FOSTER.


MODERATO.
Oh! car_ry me long, There's no more trouble for me, I'm
bound to roam In a hap_py home Where all the darkeys are free; I've
worked long in the fields, I've hand_led ma_ny a hoe, I'll
turn my eye Be_fore I die And see the su_gar cane grow.
1881

4


CHORUS.
Oh! boys, car-ry me long, Car-ry me till I die,
Car-ry me down To the bu-ry-ing ground: Mas-sa, dont you cry!
Oh! boys, car-ry me long, Car-ry me till I die,
Car-ry me down To the bu-ry-ing ground: Mas-sa, dont you cry.
3881

II. Ver:

All o_ver the land I've wandered ma_ny a day, To

blow the horn And mind the corn And keep the possum a__way;

No use for me now, So dark_eys bu_ry me low: My

horn is dry, And I must lie Where the pos_sum ne_ver can go.

CHORUS.

III. Ver:

Fare__well to the boys With hearts so hap_py and light, They

sing a song The whole day long, And dance the ju_ba at night;

Fare___well to the fields Of cot__ton,'bac_co, and all: I'm

bound to hoe In a bless_ed row Where the corn grows mellow and tall.

CHORUS.

IV. Ver:

Fare__well to the hills, The meadows cover'd with green, Old

brin_dle boss And the old grey horse All beat_en, broken, and lean;

Fare___well to the dog That - al__ways followed me 'round; Old

San_cho'll wail And droop his tail When I am un_der the ground.

CHORUS.

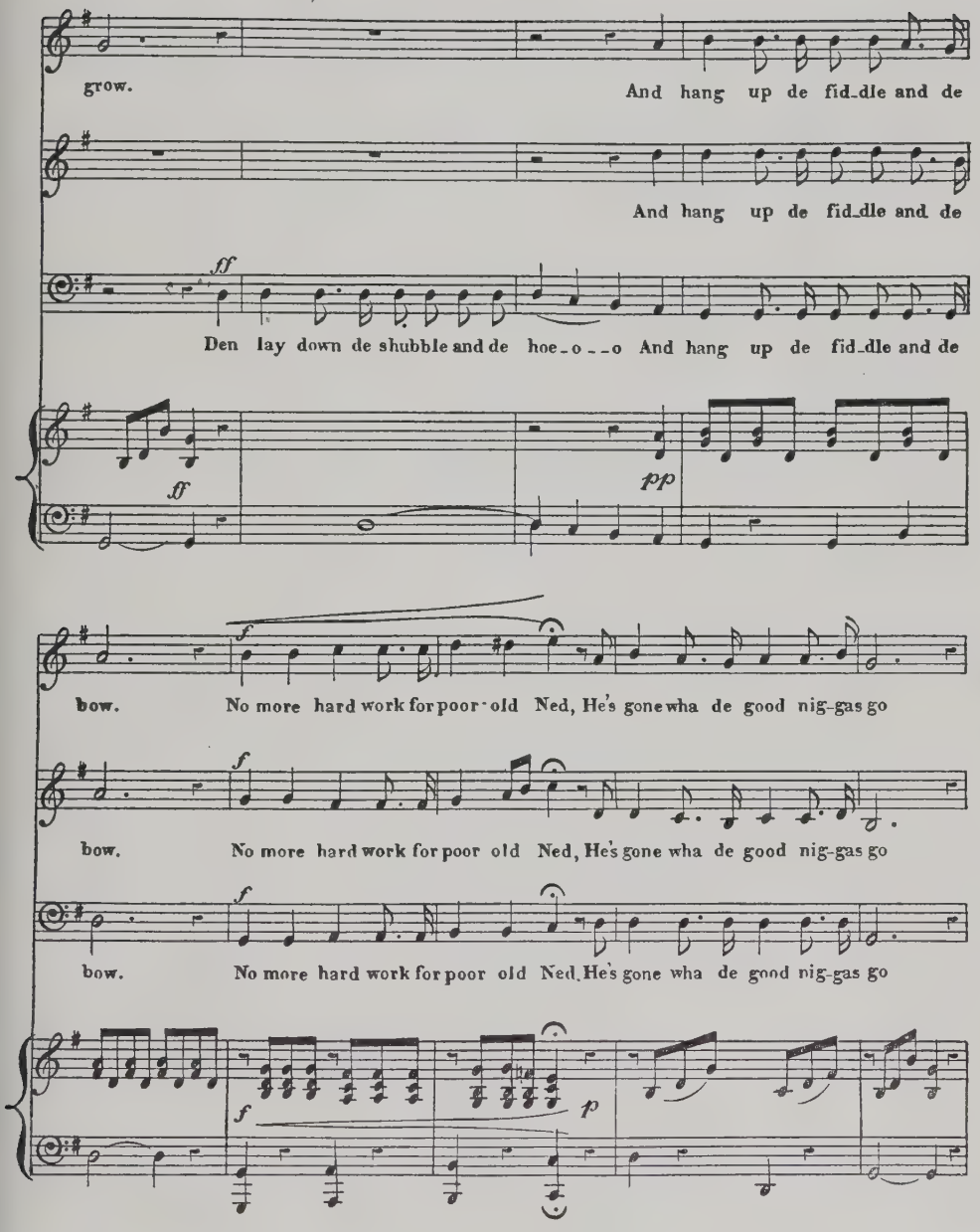
1881

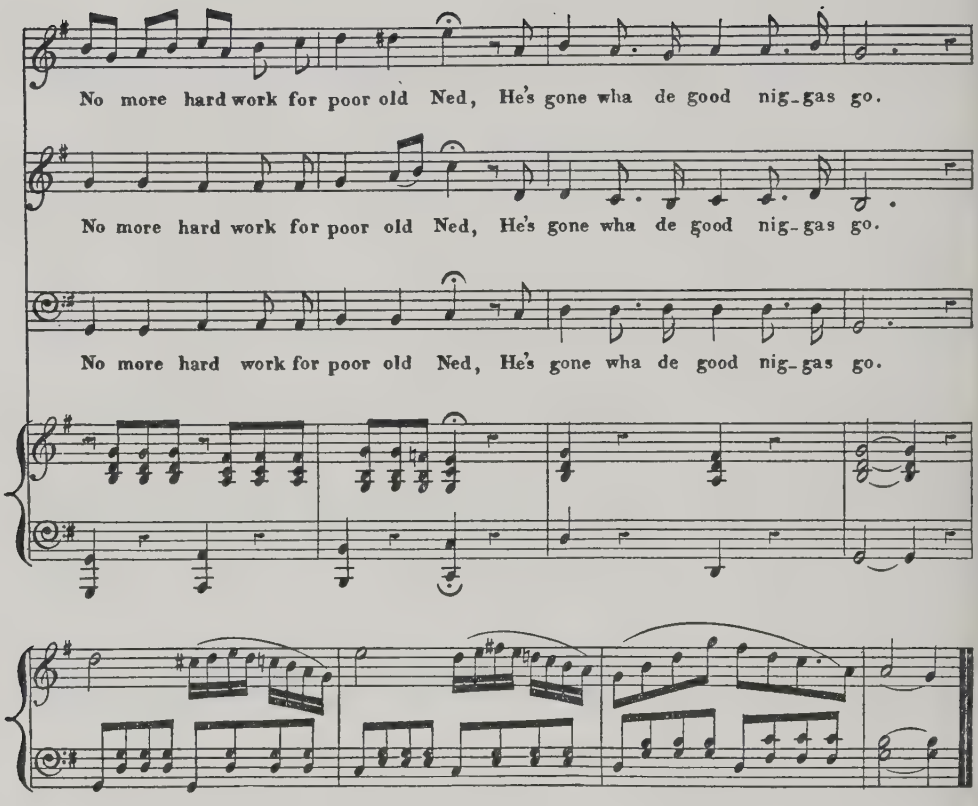
OLD UNCLE NED.

Written & Composed For Wm Roark. Of the Sable Harmonists.

BY S. C. FOSTER OF CINCINNATI.

PIANO.
Dere was an old nig-ga, dey calld him Uncle Ned, He's dead long a--go, long a-
-go; He had no wool on de top ob de head, De place wha de wool ought to


grow.
And hang up de fid-dle and de
And hang up de fid-dle and de
ff
Den lay down de shubble and de hoe-o--o And hang up de fid-dle and de
ff
pp
f
bow.
No more hard work for poor old Ned, He's gone wha de good nig-gas go
f
bow.
No more hard work for poor old Ned, He's gone wha de good nig-gas go
f
bow.
No more hard work for poor old Ned, He's gone wha de good nig-gas go
f
p


No more hard work for poor old Ned, He's gone wha de good nig-gas go.
No more hard work for poor old Ned, He's gone wha de good nig-gas go.
No more hard work for poor old Ned, He's gone wha de good nig-gas go.

His fingers were long like de cane in de brake,
He had no eyes for to see;
He had no teeffe to eat de oae cake,
Se he had to luf dat oae cake be.

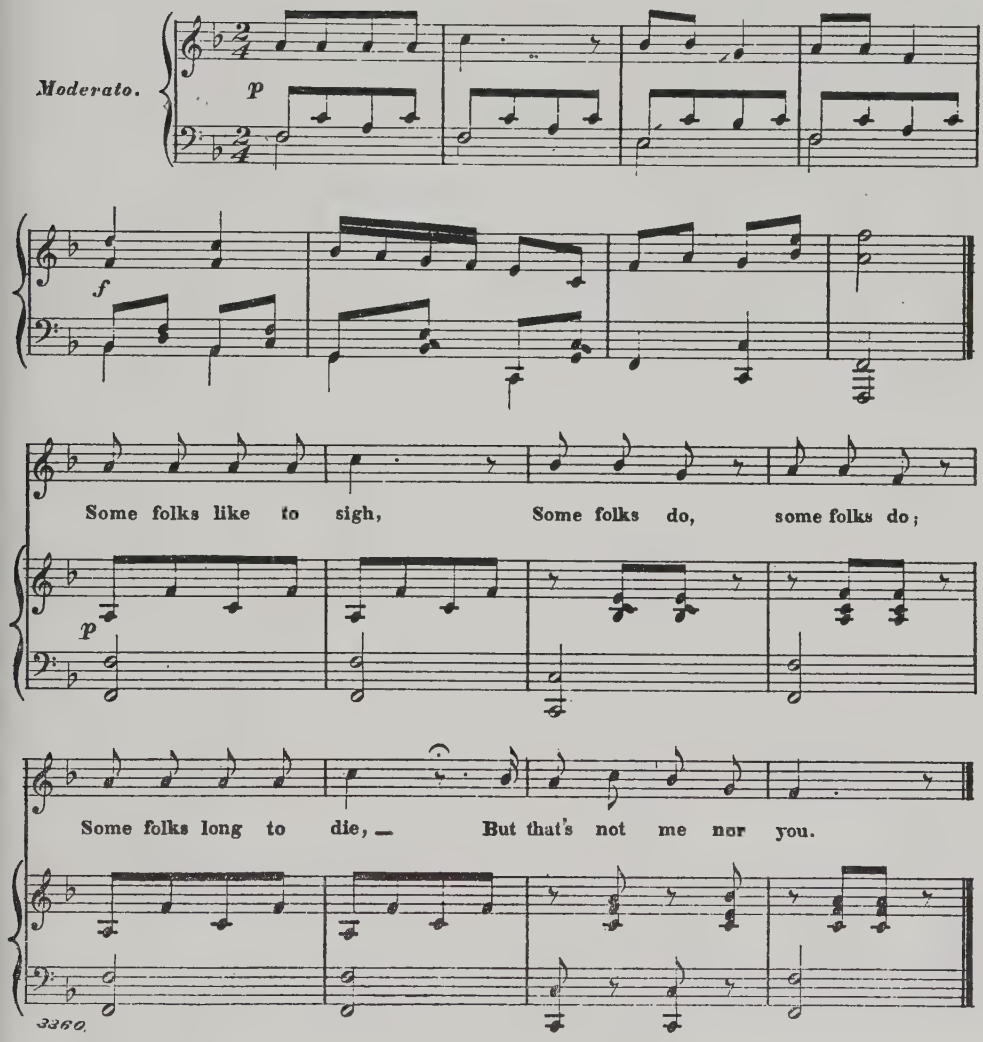
Den lay down &c.

On a cold frosty morning poor Uncle Ned died,
Masters tears down his cheeks ran like rain;
Case he knew when poor Ned was under de ground,
He'd neber see his like again.

Den lay down &c.

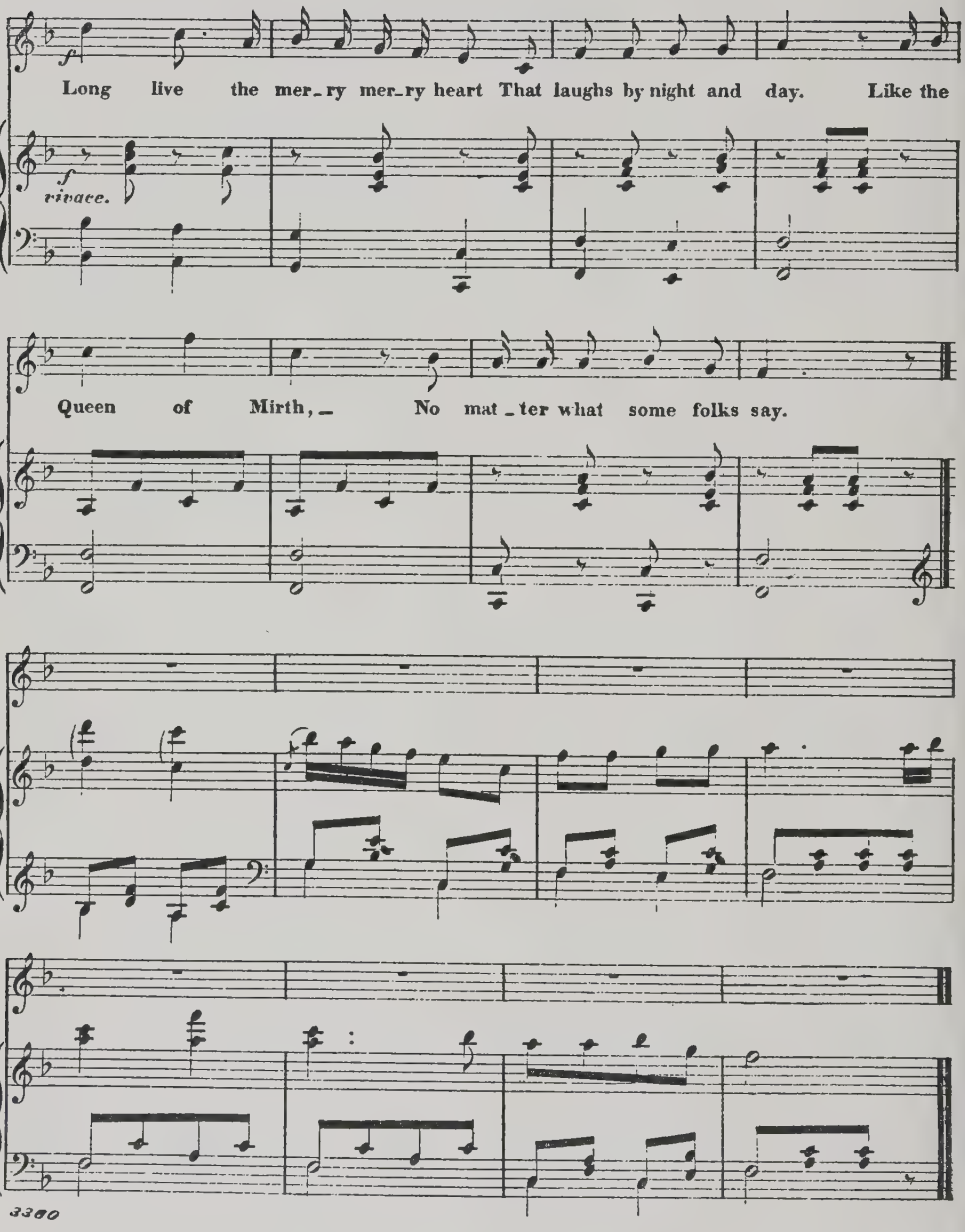
SOME FOLKS.

Written and Composed by S.C. FOSTER.



4

CHORUS.


f
Long live the mer_ry mer_ry heart That laughs by night and day. Like the
f
vivace.
Queen of Mirth, _ No mat_ter what some folks say.

3380

SOME FOLKS

Some folks fear to smile,
Some folks do, some folks do;
Others laugh through guile,
But that's not me nor you.

Some folks fret and scold,
Some folks do, some folks do;
They'll soon be dead and cold,
But that's not me nor you.

Some folks get gray hairs,
Some folks do, some folks do;
Brooding o'er their cares,
But that's not me nor you.

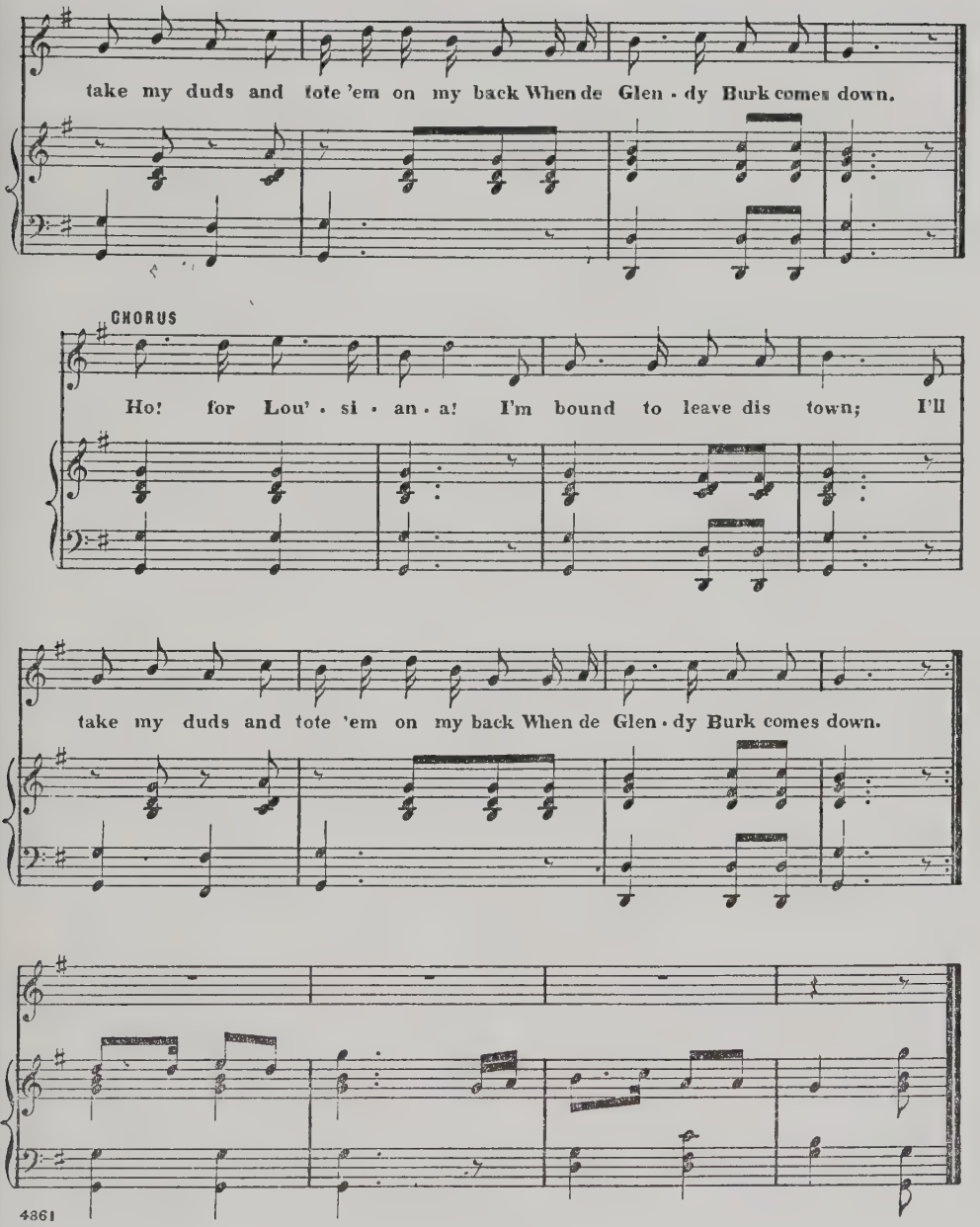
Some folks toil and save,
Some folks do, some folks do;
To buy themselves a grave,
But that's not me nor you.

THE GLENDY BURK

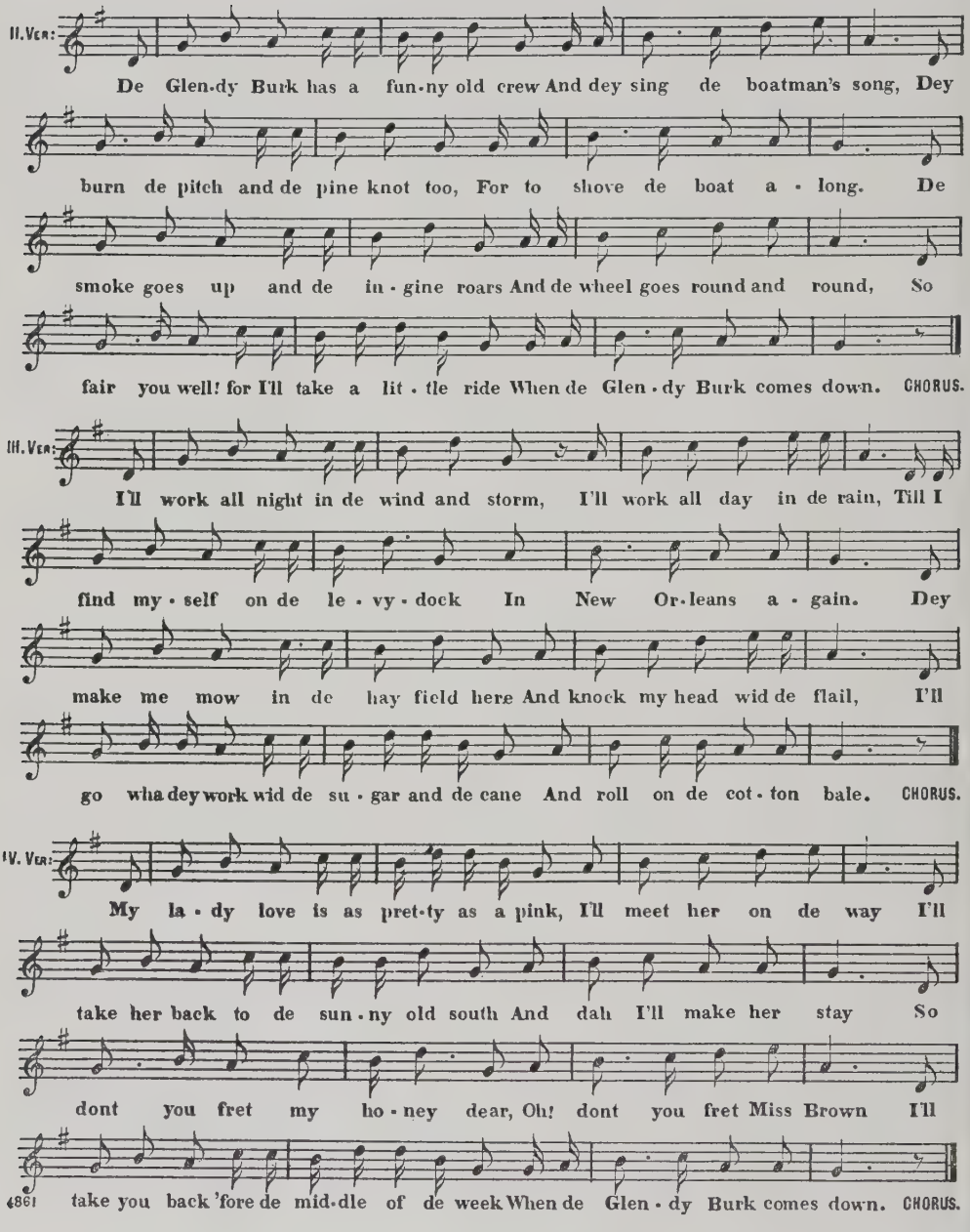
Words and Music, by Stephen C. Foster.

Moderately fast.
De Glen-dy Burk is a mighty fast boat, Wid a mighty fast cap-tain too; He
sits up dah on de hur-ri-cane roof And he keeps his eye on de crew. I
cant stay here, for dey work too hard; I'm bound to leave dis town; I'll
-1861

4

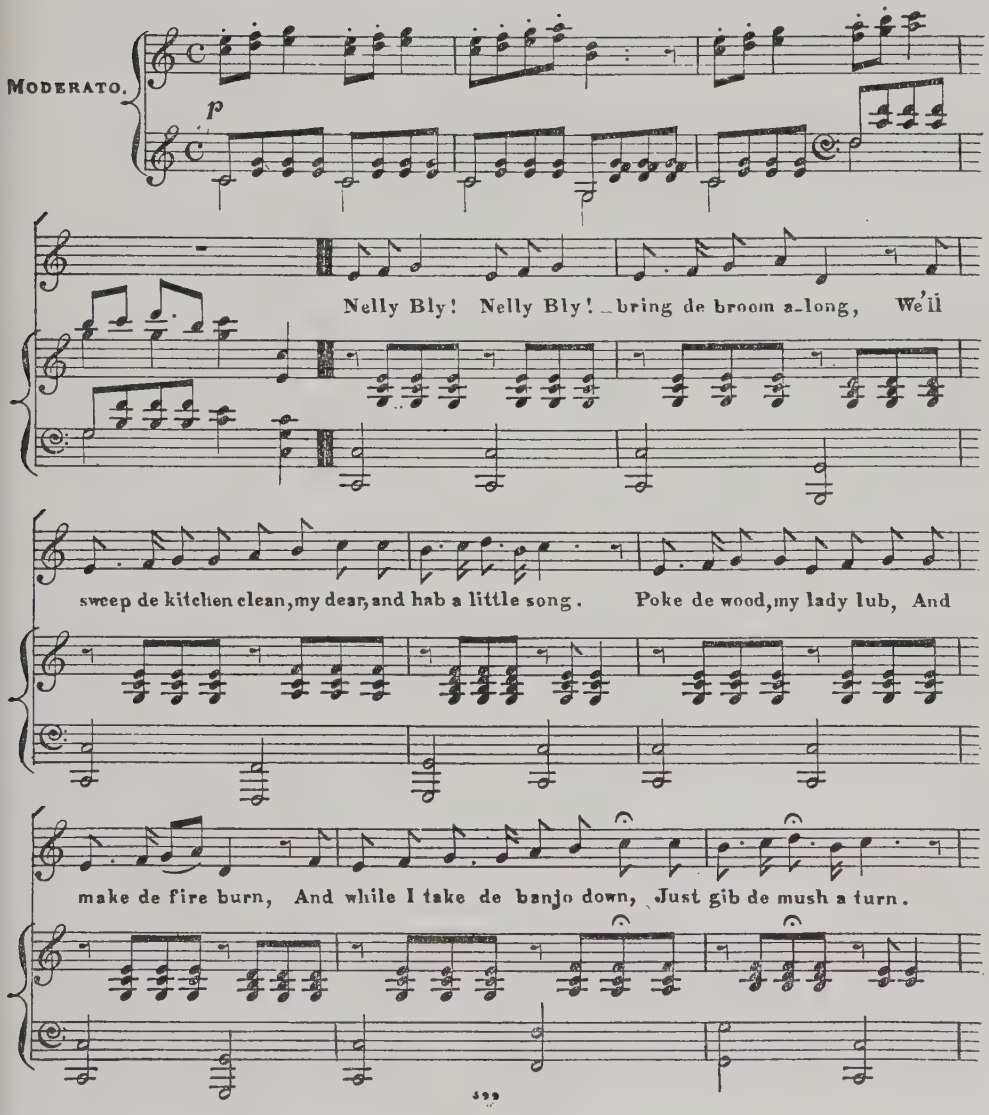

take my duds and tote 'em on my back When de Glen - dy Burk comes down.
CHORUS
Ho! for Lou' - si - an - a! I'm bound to leave dis town; I'll
take my duds and tote 'em on my back When de Glen - dy Burk comes down.

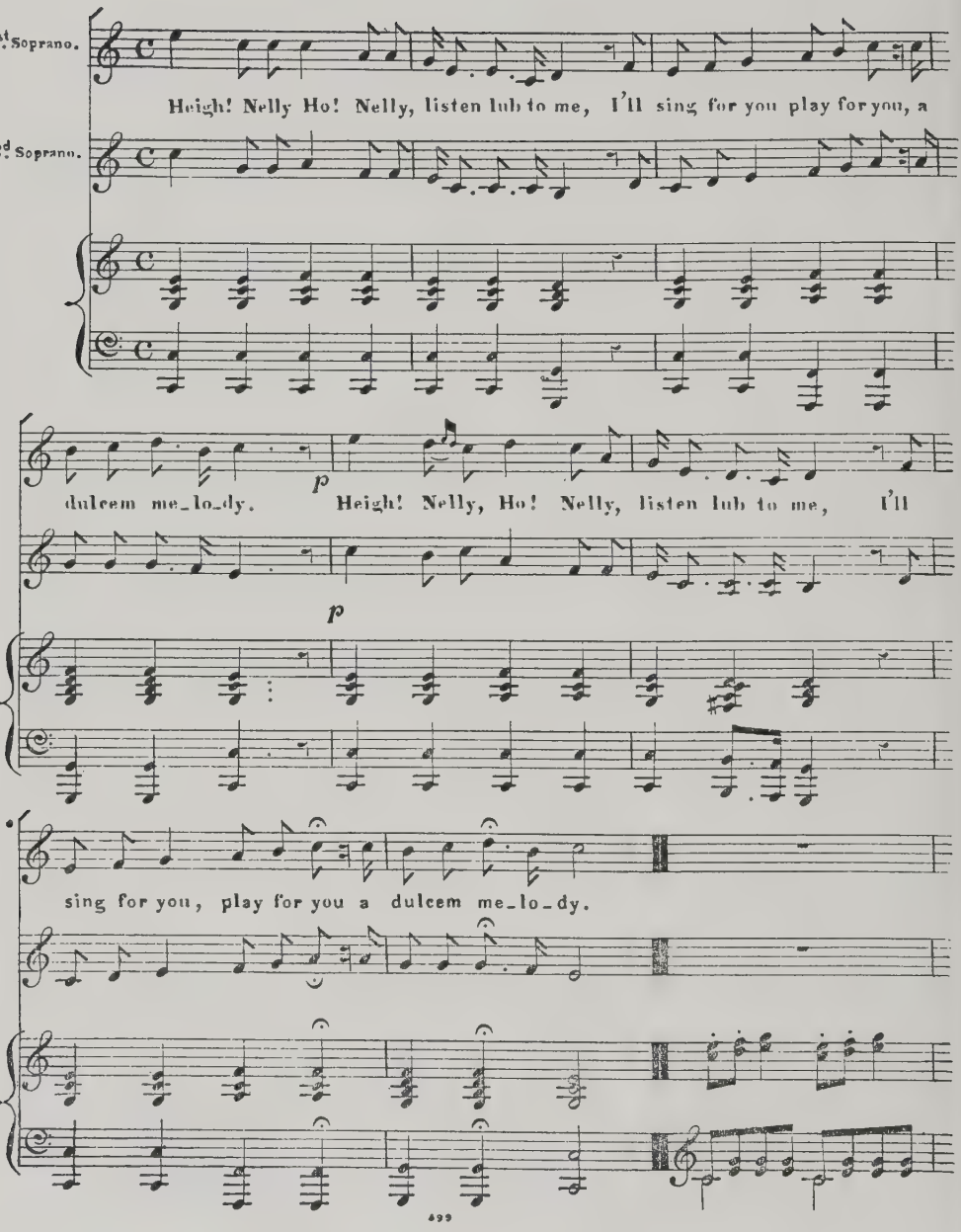
4861


II. Ver:
De Glen-dy Burk has a fun-ny old crew And dey sing de boatman's song, Dey
burn de pitch and de pine knot too, For to shove de boat a - long. De
smoke goes up and de in - gine roars And de wheel goes round and round, So
fair you well! for I'll take a lit - tle ride When de Glen - dy Burk comes down. CHORUS.
III. Ver:
I'll work all night in de wind and storm, I'll work all day in de rain, Till I
find my - self on de le - vy - dock In New Or-leans a - gain. Dey
make me mow in de hay field here And knock my head wid de flail, I'll
go wha dey work wid de su - gar and de cane And roll on de cot - ton bale. CHORUS.
IV. Ver:
My la - dy love is as pret-ty as a pink, I'll meet her on de way I'll
take her back to de sun - ny old south And dah I'll make her stay So
dont you fret my ho - ney dear, Oh! dont you fret Miss Brown I'll
4861 take you back 'fore de mid-dle of de week When de Glen - dy Burk comes down. CHORUS.

NELLY BLY

Words and Music by S.C.FOSTER.


MODERATO.
p
Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! bring de broom a-long, We'll
sweep de kitchen clean, my dear, and hab a little song. Poke de wood, my lady lub, And
make de fire burn, And while I take de banjo down, Just gib de mush a turn.


1st Soprano.
Heigh! Nelly Ho! Nelly, listen lub to me, I'll sing for you play for you, a
2d Soprano.
p
dulcem me_lo_dy. Heigh! Nelly, Ho! Nelly, listen lub to me, I'll
p
sing for you, play for you a dulcem me_lo_dy.

2d Verse.

Nelly Bly hab a voice like de turtle-dove, I

hears it in de meadow and I hears it in de grove Nelly Bly hab a heart

warm as cup ob tea, And bigger dan de sweet potato down in Tennessee. Chorus.

3d Verse.

Nelly Bly shuts her eye when she goes to sleep,

When she wakens up again her eye-balls gin to peep De way she walks, she lifts her foot, and

den she brings it down, And when it lights der's music dah in dat part ob de town. Chorus

4th Verse.

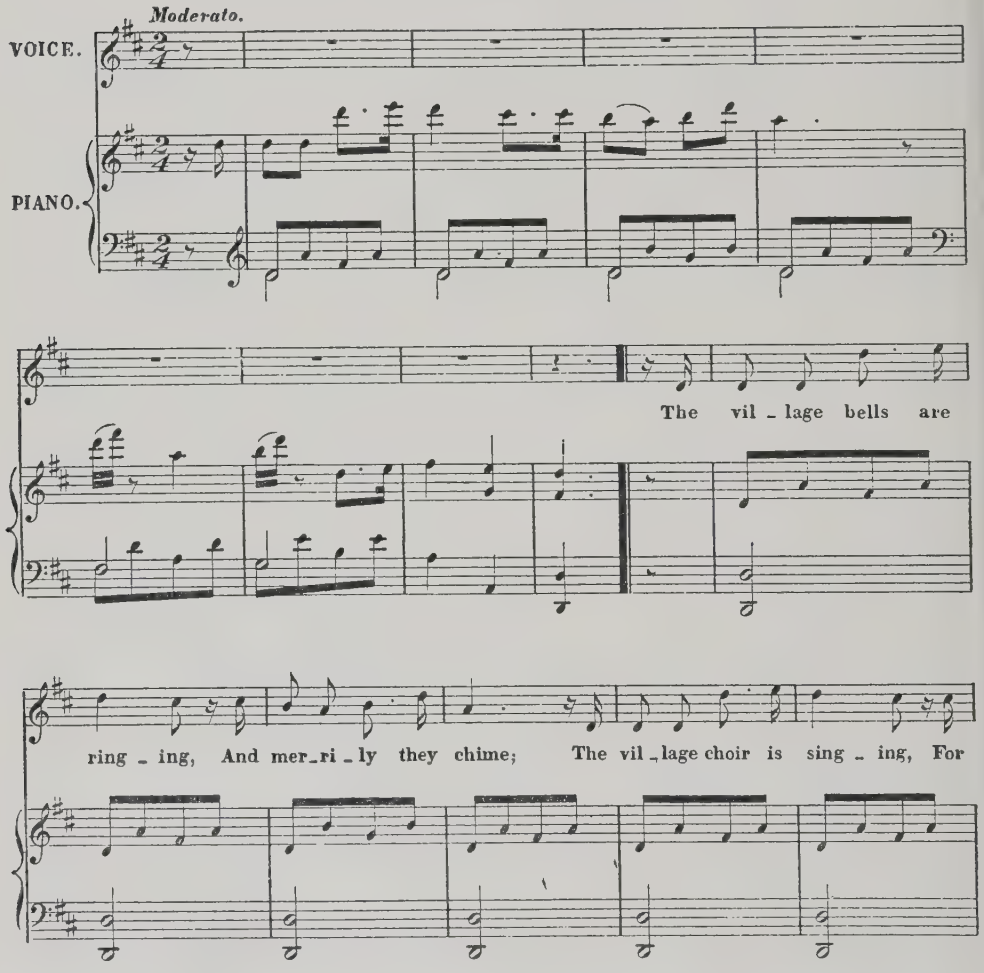
Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! nebber, nebber sigh,

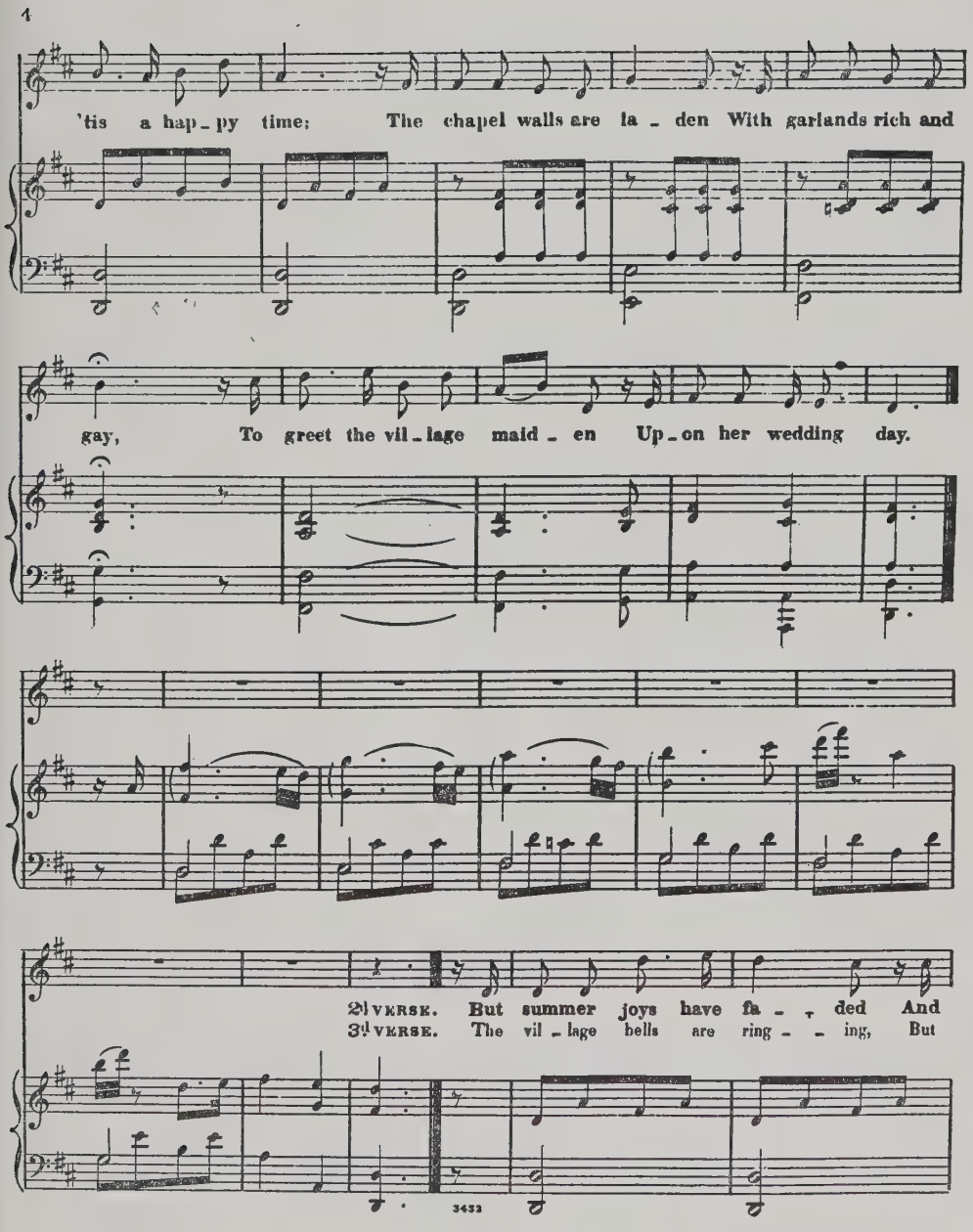
Nebber bring de tear drop to de corner ob your eye, For de pie is made ob punkins and de

mush is made ob corn, And der's corn and punkins plenty lub a lyin in de barn. Chorus.

THE VILLAGE MAIDEN.

POETRY AND MUSIC BY STEPHEN C. FOSTER.




'tis a hap_py time; The chapel walls are la_den With garlands rich and
gay, To greet the vil_lage maid_en Up_on her wedding day.
2d VERSE. But summer joys have fa_ded And
3d VERSE. The vil_lage bells are ring_ing, But

summer hopes have flown; Her brow with grief is sha - ded, Her hap - py smiles are
hark, how sad and slow; The vil - lage choir is sing - - ing A requiem soft and
gone; Yet why her heart is la - den, Not one, a - las! can say, Who
low; And all with sor - row la - - den Their tear - ful tri - bute pay Who
saw the vil - lage maid - en Up - on her wedding day.
saw the vil - lage maid - en Up - on her wed - ding day.

3432

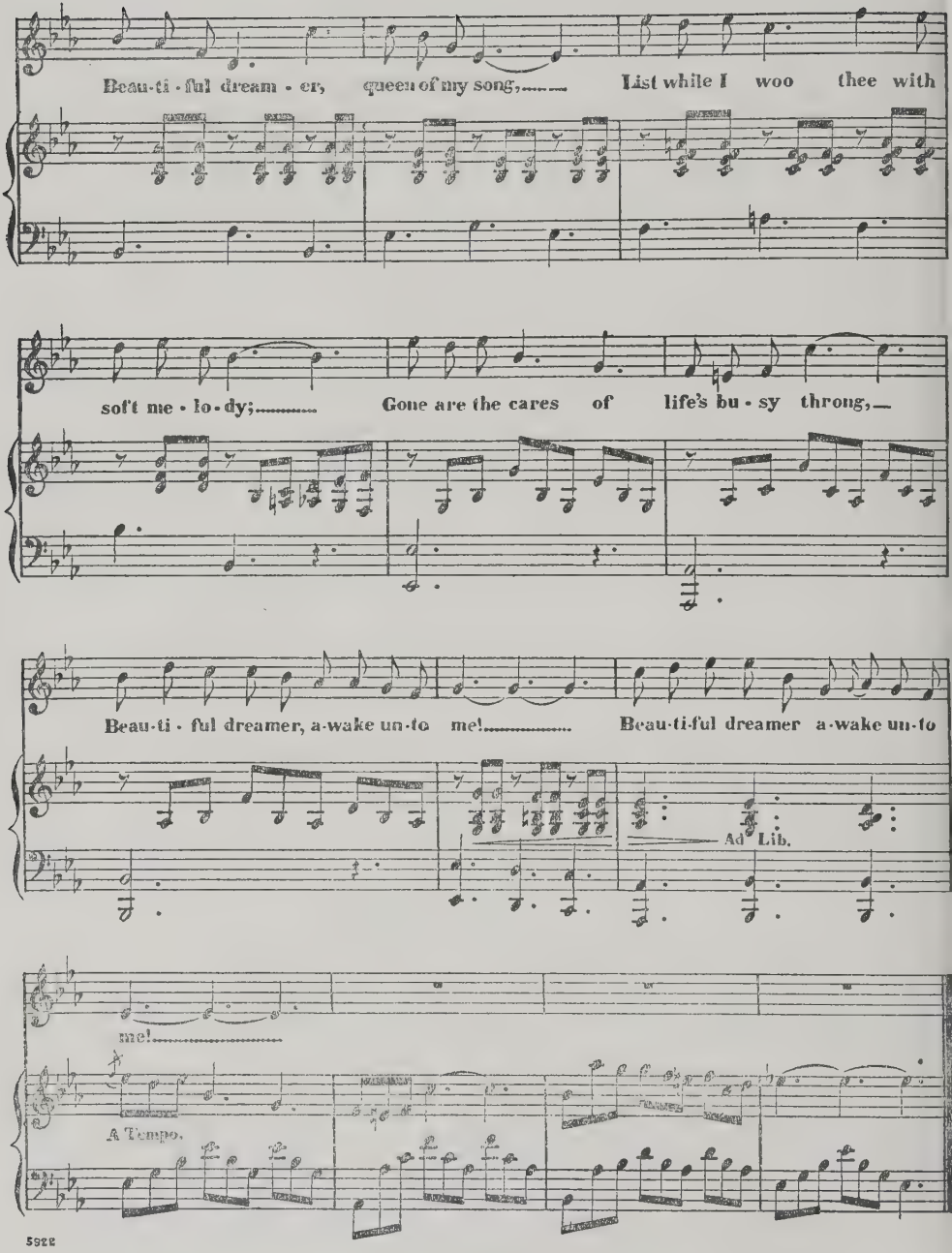
BEAUTIFUL DREAMER.
SERENADE.

Words and Music
by
STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

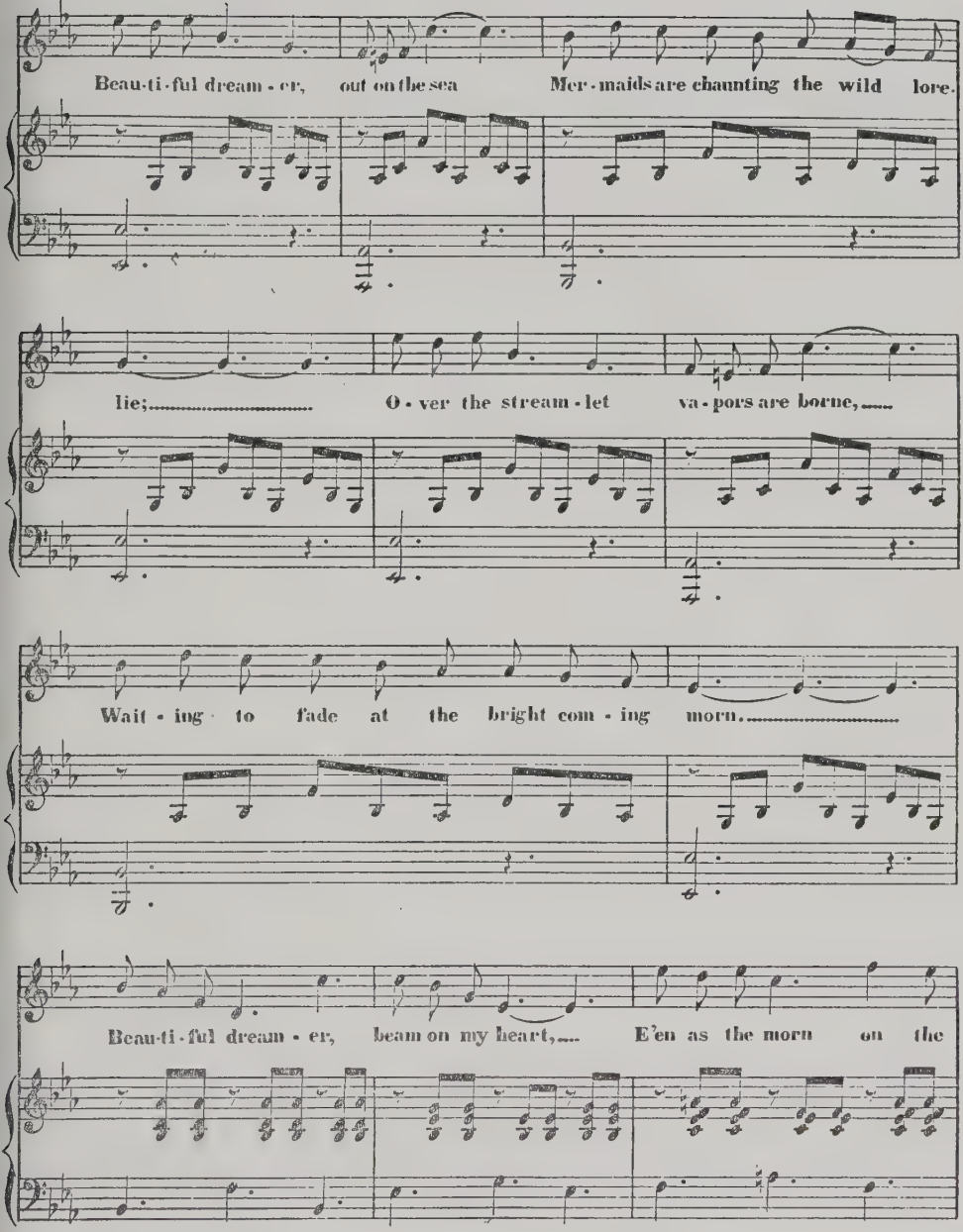
Moderato.

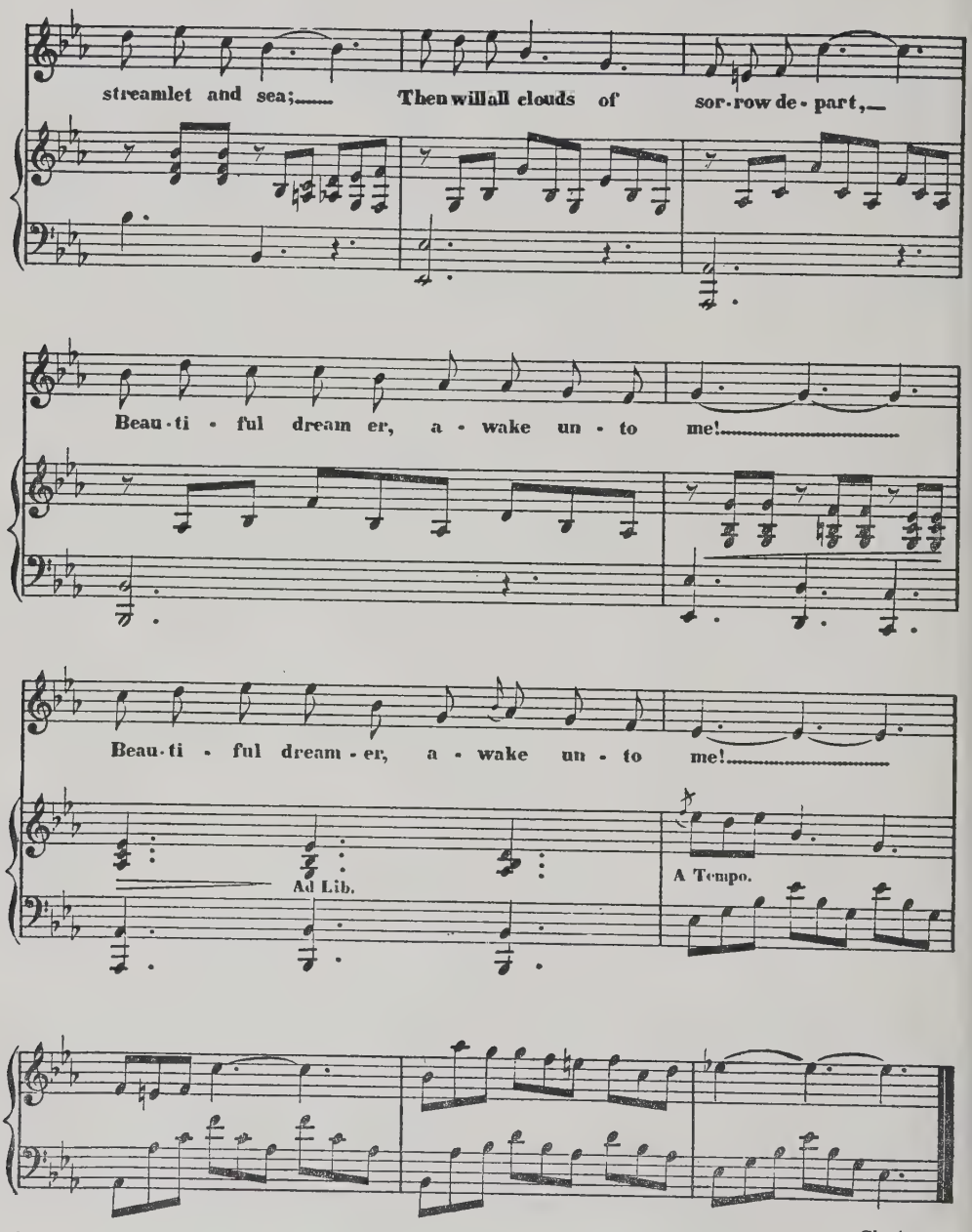
Beau-ti-ful dream-er, wake un-to me,..... Star-light and dew-drops are wait-ing for
thee;..... Sounds of the rude world heard in the day,.....
Lull'd by the moon-light have all pass'd a way!.....

5922


Beau-ti-ful dream-er, queen of my song,..... List while I woo thee with
soft me-lo-dy;..... Gone are the cares of life's bu-sy throng,—
Beau-ti-ful dreamer, a-wake un-to me!..... Beau-ti-ful dreamer a-wake un-to
Ad Lib.
me!.....
A Tempo.

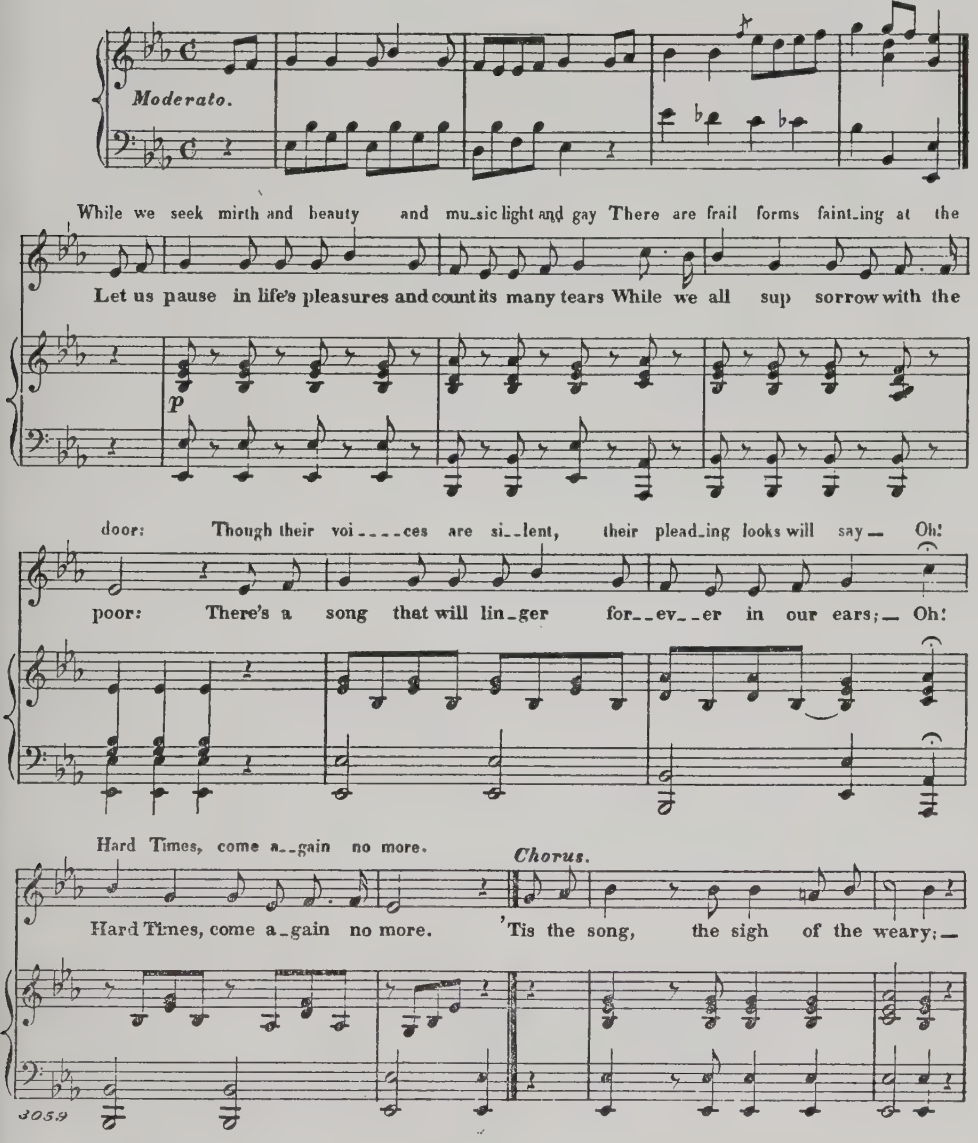
5922


Beau-ti-ful dream-er, out on the sea Mer-maids are chaunting the wild lore.
lie; O-ver the stream-let va-pors are borne,
Wait-ing to fade at the bright com-ing morn.
Beau-ti-ful dream-er, beam on my heart, E'en as the morn on the

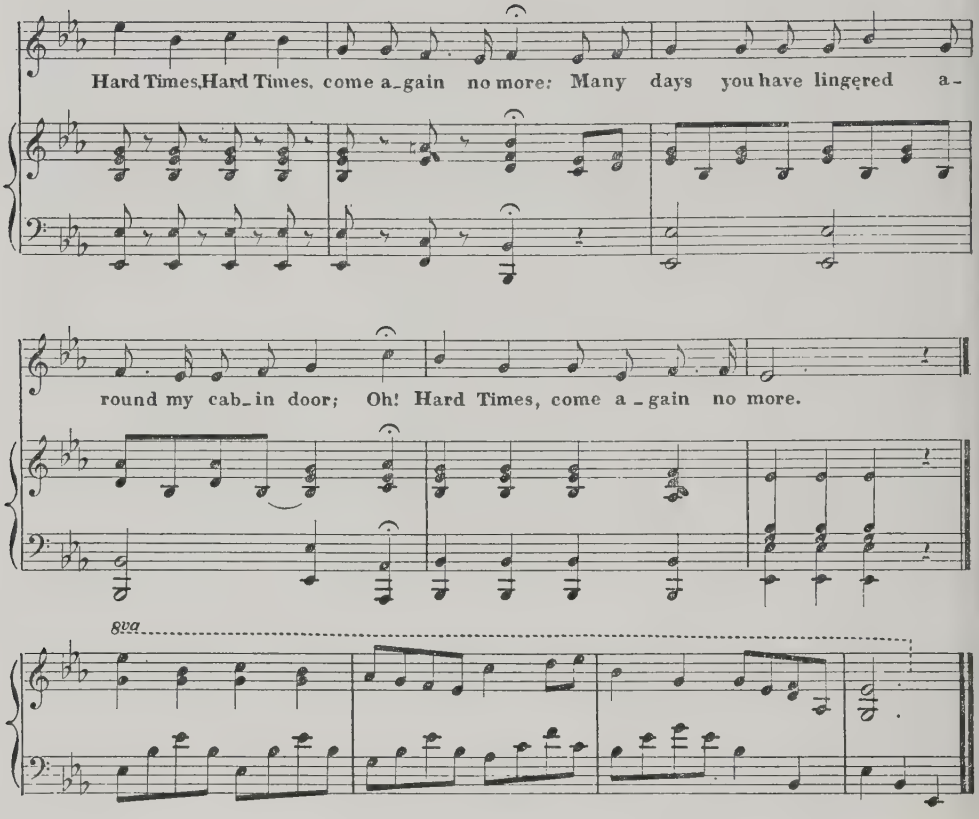

streamlet and sea;..... Then will all clouds of sor-row de-part,—
Beau-ti-ful dream er, a-wake un-to me!.....
Beau-ti-ful dream-er, a-wake un-to me!.....
Ad Lib.
A Tempo.

HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE.

Poetry and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.


Moderato.
While we seek mirth and beauty and mu_sic light and gay There are frail forms faint_ing at the
Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears While we all sup sorrow with the
p
door: Though their voi____ces are si__lent, their plead_ing looks will say— Oh!
poor: There's a song that will lin_ger for__ev__er in our ears;— Oh!
Hard Times, come a__gain no more.
Chorus.
Hard Times, come a_gain no more. 'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary;—
3059

4


Hard Times, Hard Times, come a_gain no more: Many days you have lingered a_
round my cab_in door; Oh! Hard Times, come a_gain no more.
8va

3

There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er:
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day_
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

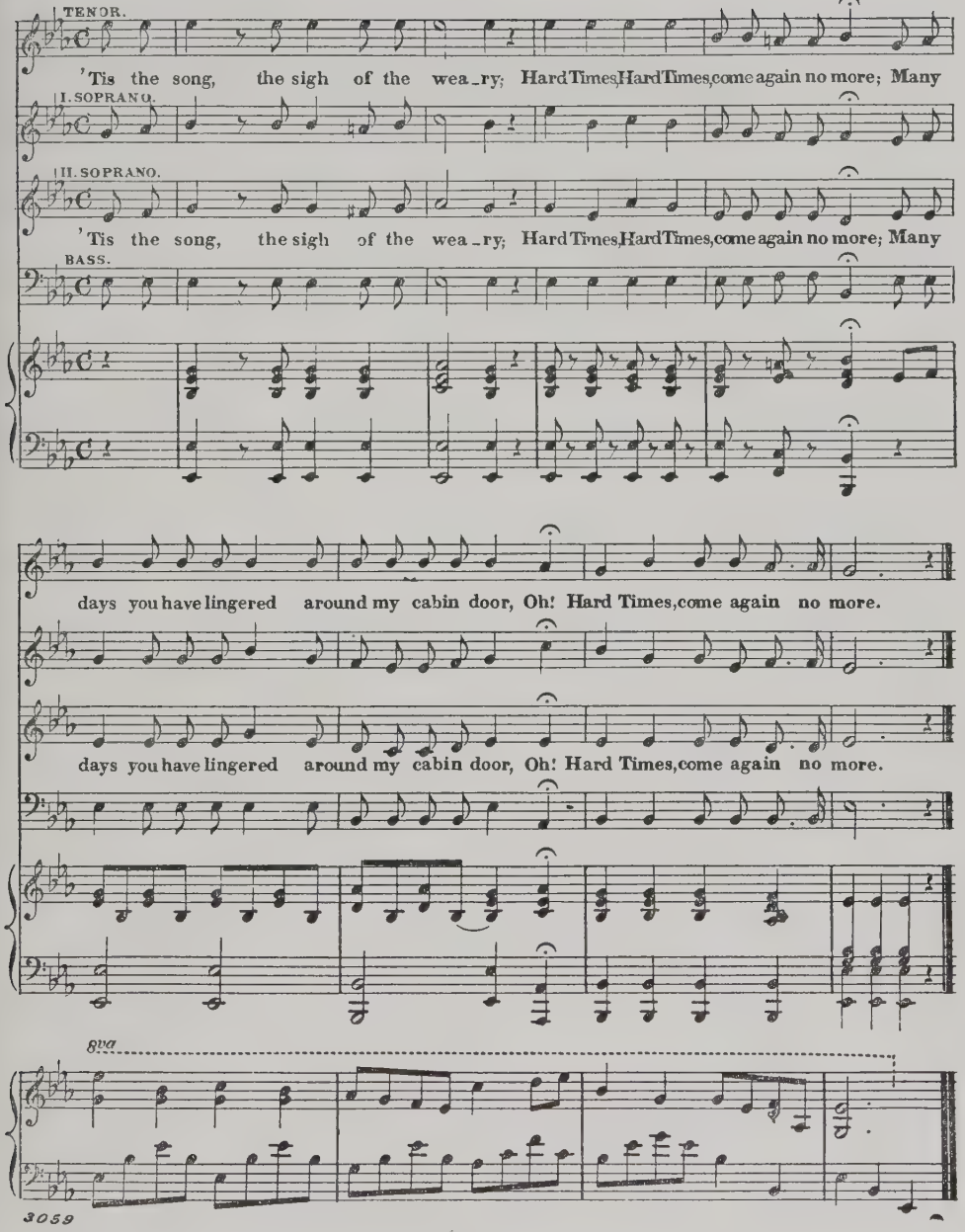
Chorus. Tis the song &c

4

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave._
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

Chorus. Tis the song &c

Chorus arranged for four voices.

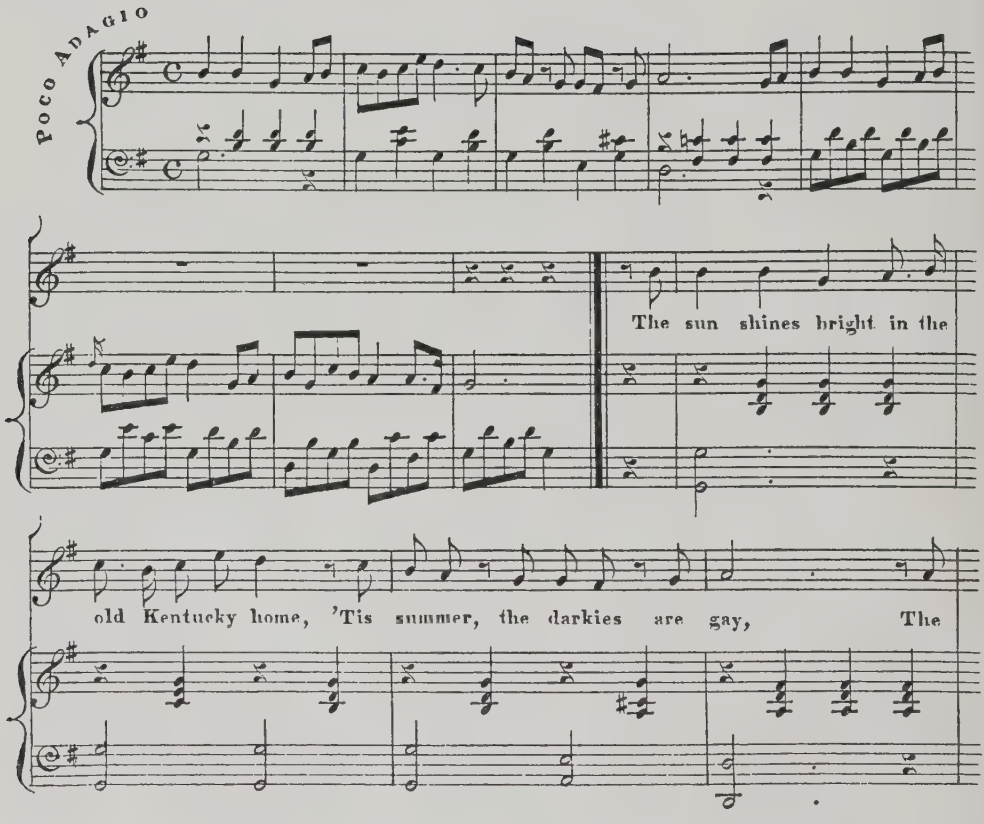

TENOR.
'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea_ry; Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more; Many
I. SOPRANO.
II. SOPRANO.
'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea_ry; Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more; Many
BASS.
days you have lingered around my cabin door, Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.
days you have lingered around my cabin door, Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.
8va

3059

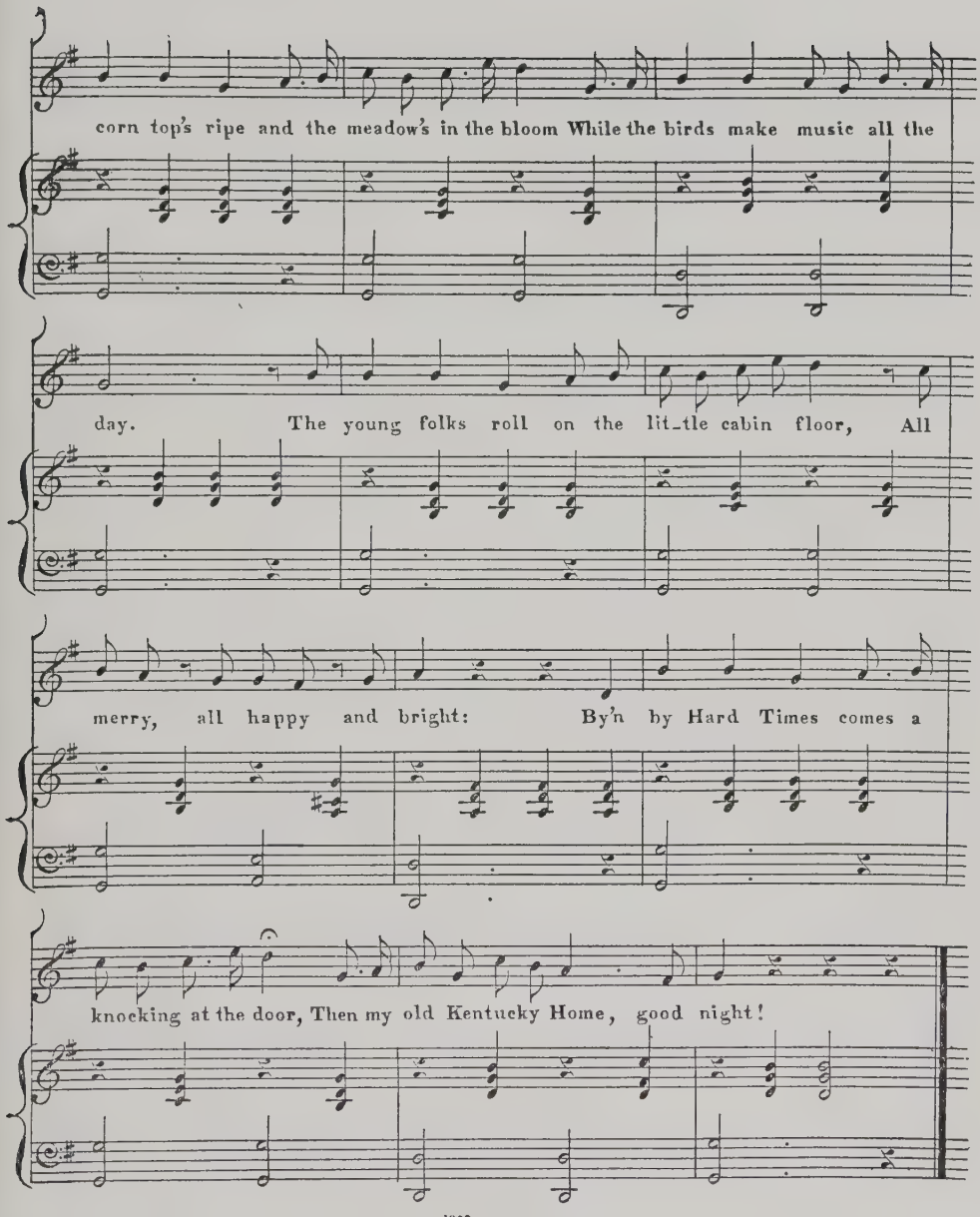
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD-NIGHT!

Words and Music by

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

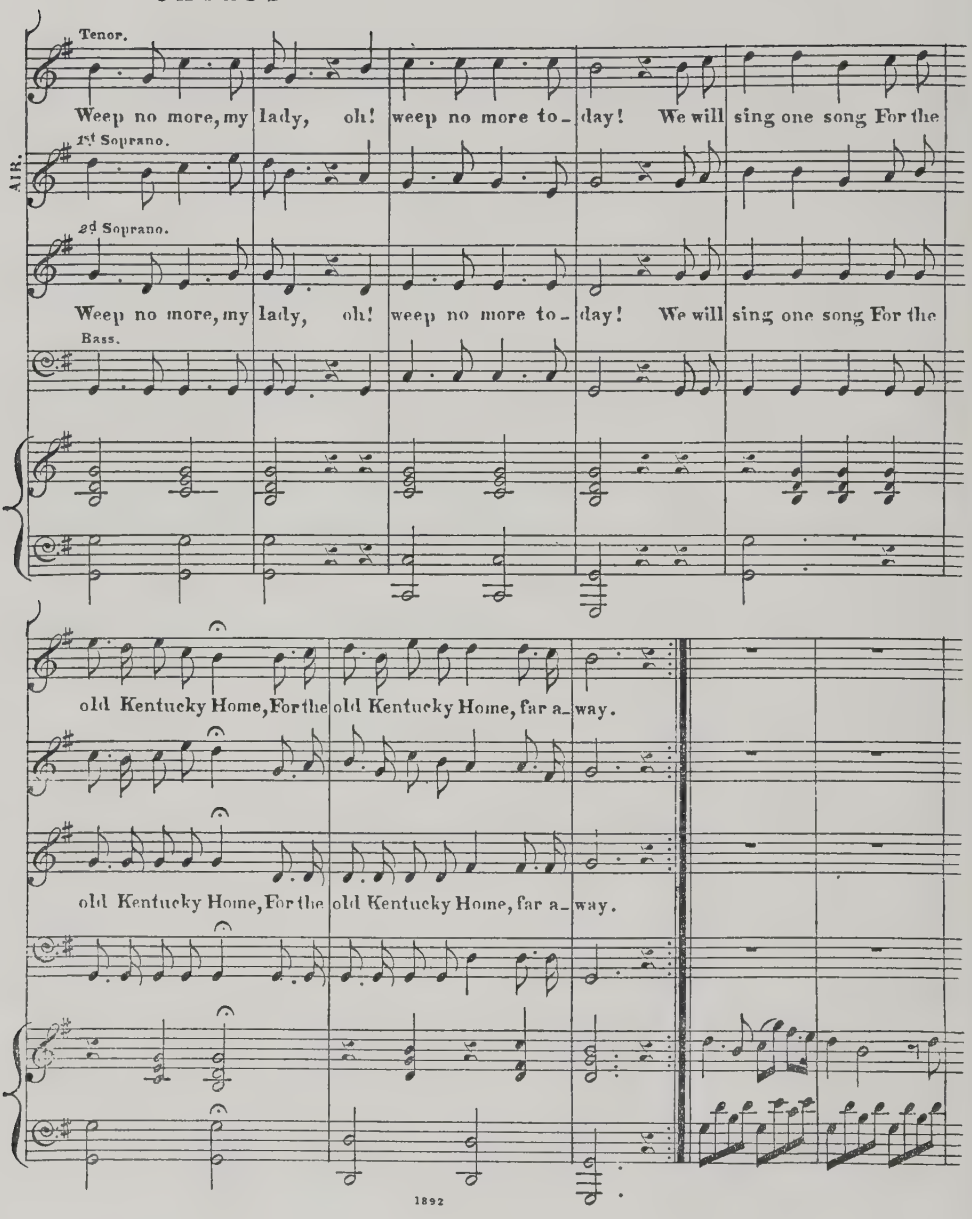


1852.


corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom While the birds make music all the
day. The young folks roll on the lit_tle cabin floor, All
merry, all happy and bright: By'n by Hard Times comes a
knocking at the door, Then my old Kentucky Home, good night!
1892

4

CHORUS


Tenor.
AIR.
1st Soprano.
2d Soprano.
Bass.
Weep no more, my lady, oh! weep no more to-day! We will sing one song For the
Weep no more, my lady, oh! weep no more to-day! We will sing one song For the
old Kentucky Home, For the old Kentucky Home, far a-way.
old Kentucky Home, For the old Kentucky Home, far a-way.
1892

2d V.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon On the meadow, the hill and the shore, They

sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cabin door. The

day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, With sorrow where all was de_light: The

time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night! Chorus.

3d V.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wherever the darkey may go: A

few more days, and the trouble all will end In the field where the sugar-canes grow. A

few more days for to tote the weary load, No matter 'twill never be light, A

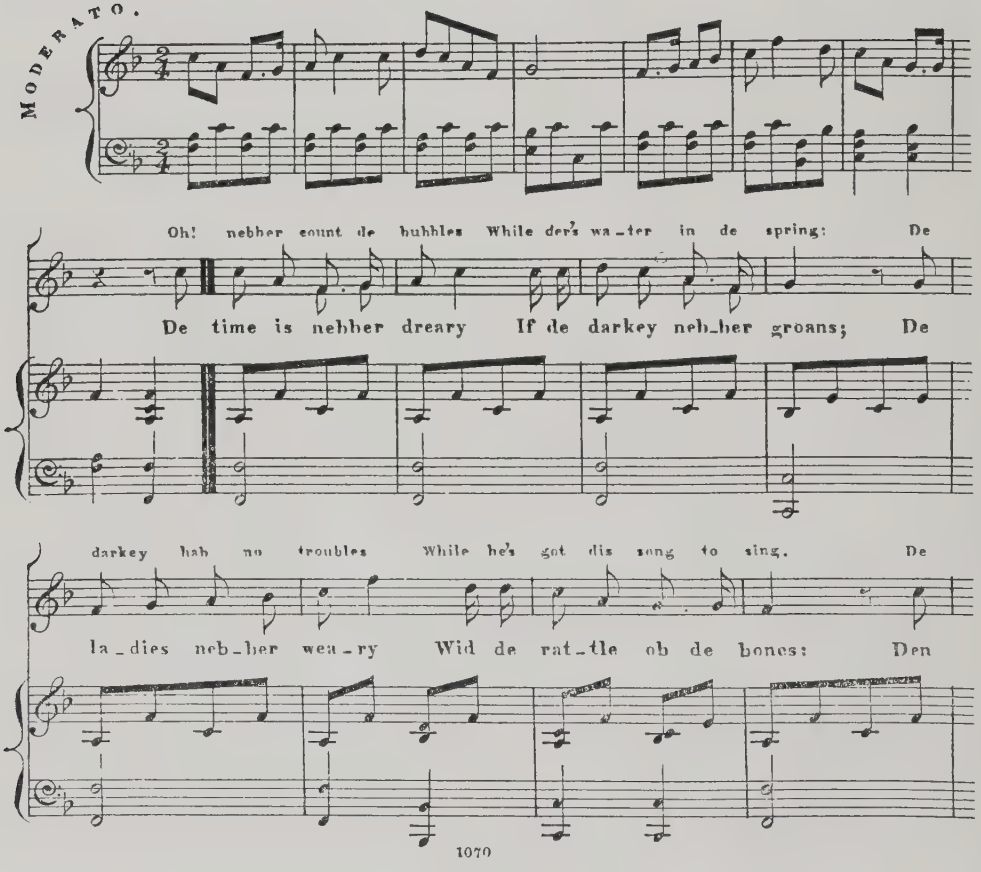
few more days till we totter on the road, Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night! Chorus.

1892 Quidor Eng.ᵛʳ

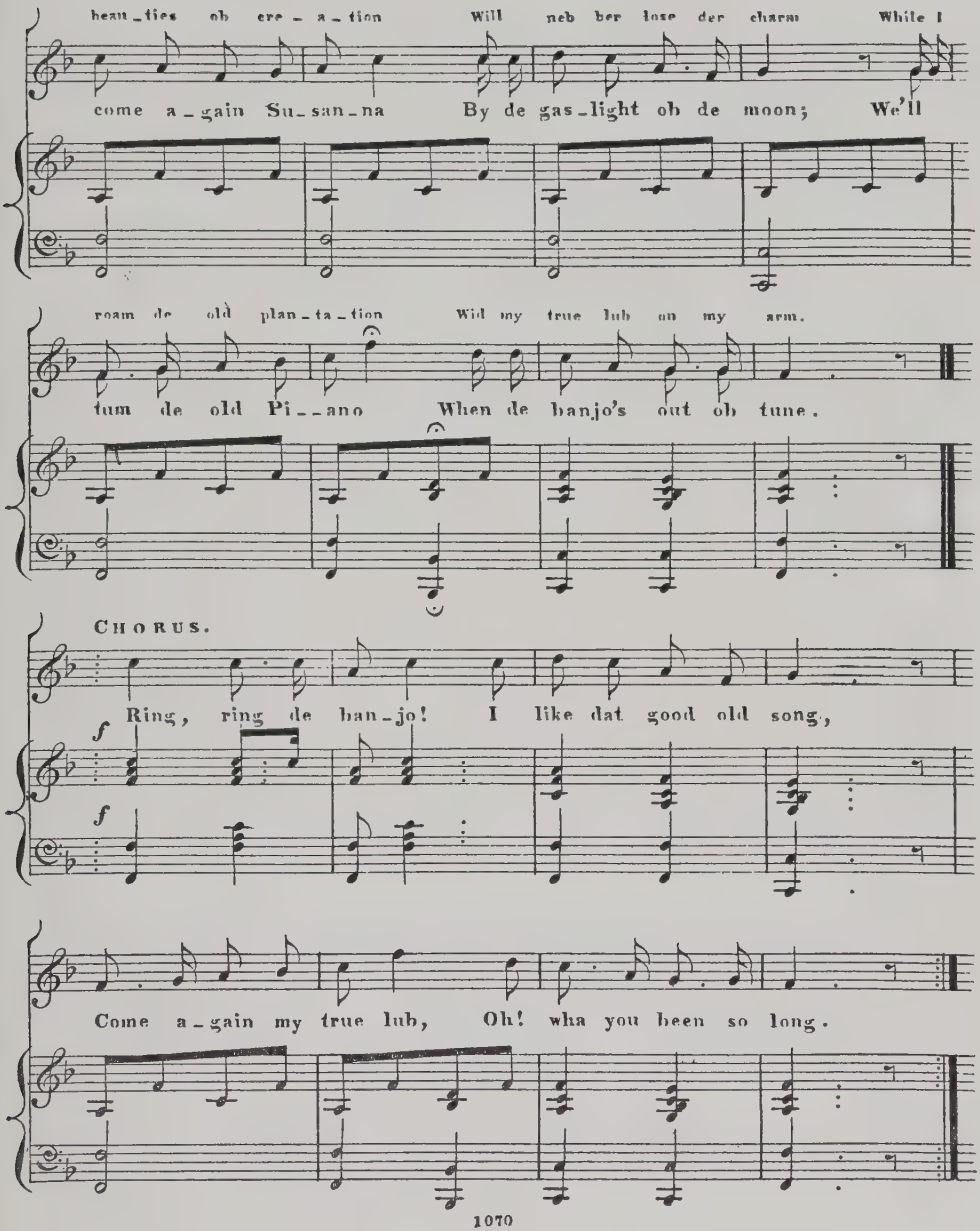
RING, RING DE BANJO!

Words and Music by

STEPHEN C FOSTER.


MODERATO.
Oh! nebber count de bubbles While der's wa-ter in de spring: De
De time is nebber dreary If de darkey neb-ber groans; De
darkey hab no troubles While he's got dis song to sing. De
la-dies neb-ber wea-ry Wid de rat-tle ob de bones: Den
1070

4

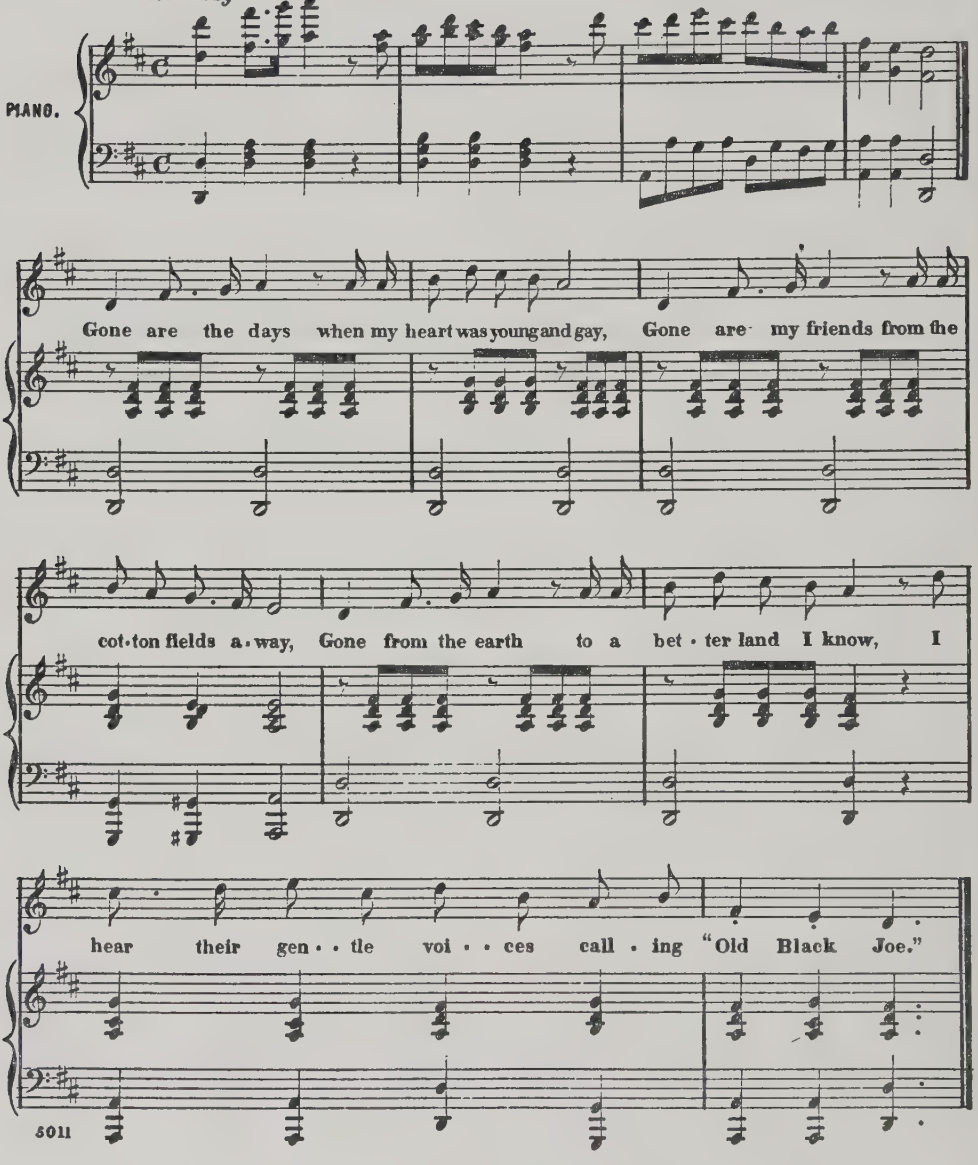

beau_ties ob cre_a_tion Will neb ber lose der charm While I
come a_gain Su_san_na By de gas_light ob de moon; We'll
roam de old plan_ta_tion Wid my true lub on my arm.
tum de old Pi__ano When de banjo's out ob tune.
CHORUS.
Ring, ring de ban_jo! I like dat good old song,
f
f
Come a_gain my true lub, Oh! wha you been so long.

1070

OLD BLACK JOE.

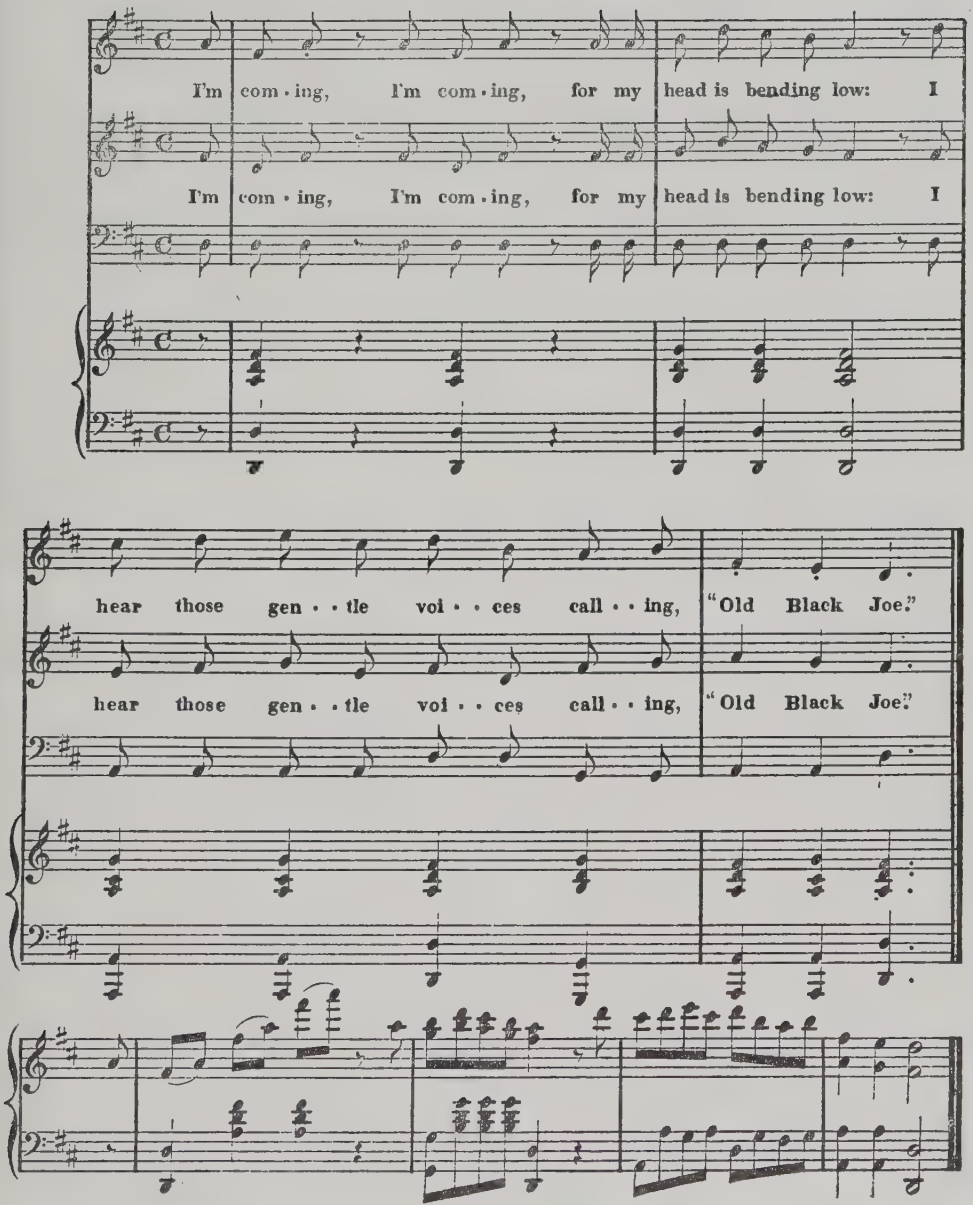
Poco Adagio

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY S.C.FOSTER.


PIANO.
Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay, Gone are my friends from the
cot-ton fields a-way, Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land I know, I
hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing "Old Black Joe."
8011

4

CHORUS.


I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, for my head is bending low: I
I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, for my head is bending low: I
hear those gen - - tle voi - - ces call - - ing, "Old Black Joe."
hear those gen - - tle voi - - ces call - - ing, "Old Black Joe."

5011

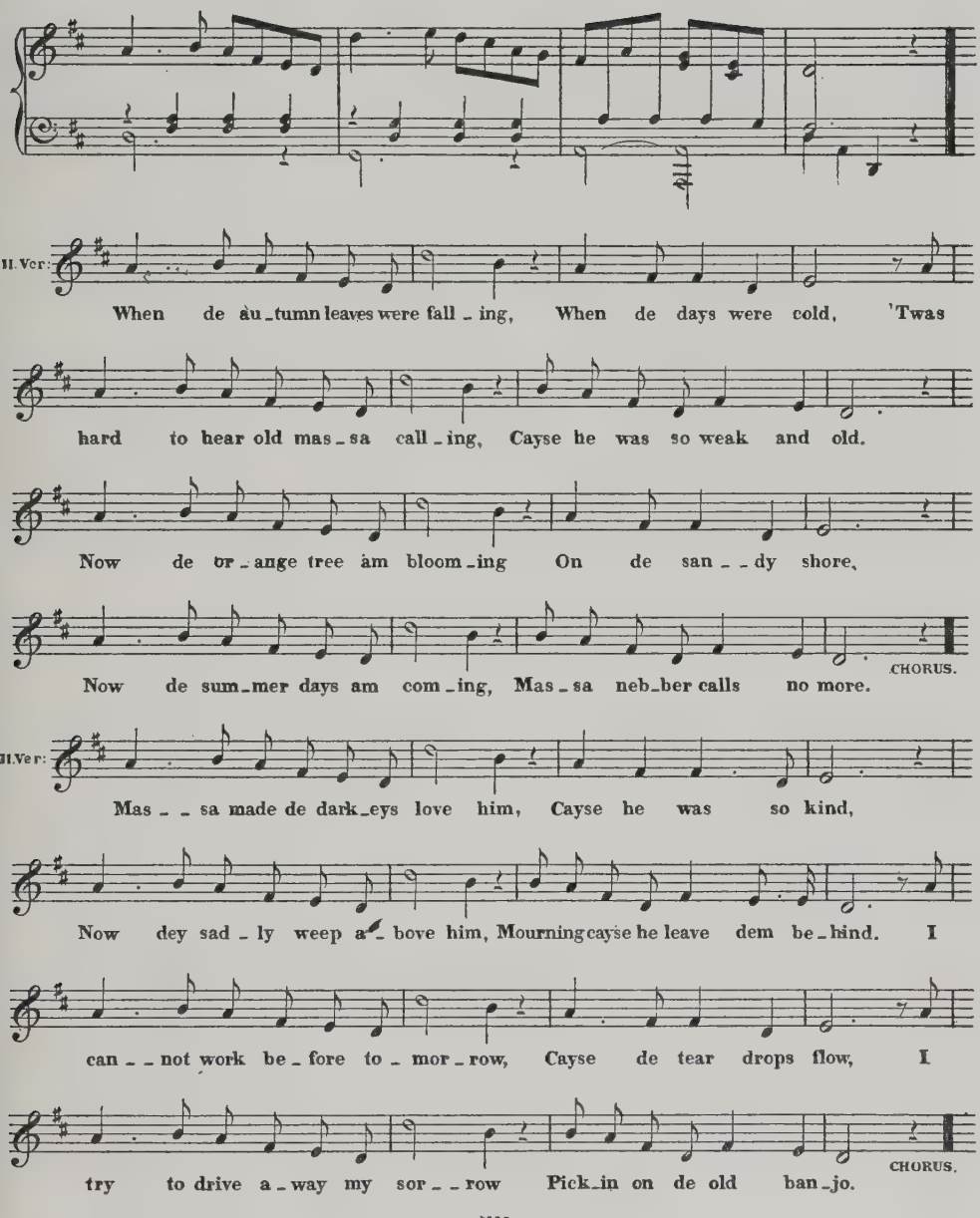
II.VERSE. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain
III.VERSE. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The
Why do I sigh that my friends come not a - gain,
chil - - dren so dear that I held up - on my knee,
Griev - ing for forms Now de - par - ted long a go? I
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go. I
hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing "Old Black Joe."
hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing - "Old Black Joe."
5011

MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Poco Lento.
Round de meadows am a ring_ing De dark_eys' mourn__ful song,
While de mocking-bird am sing__ing, Hap_py as de day am long.
1620

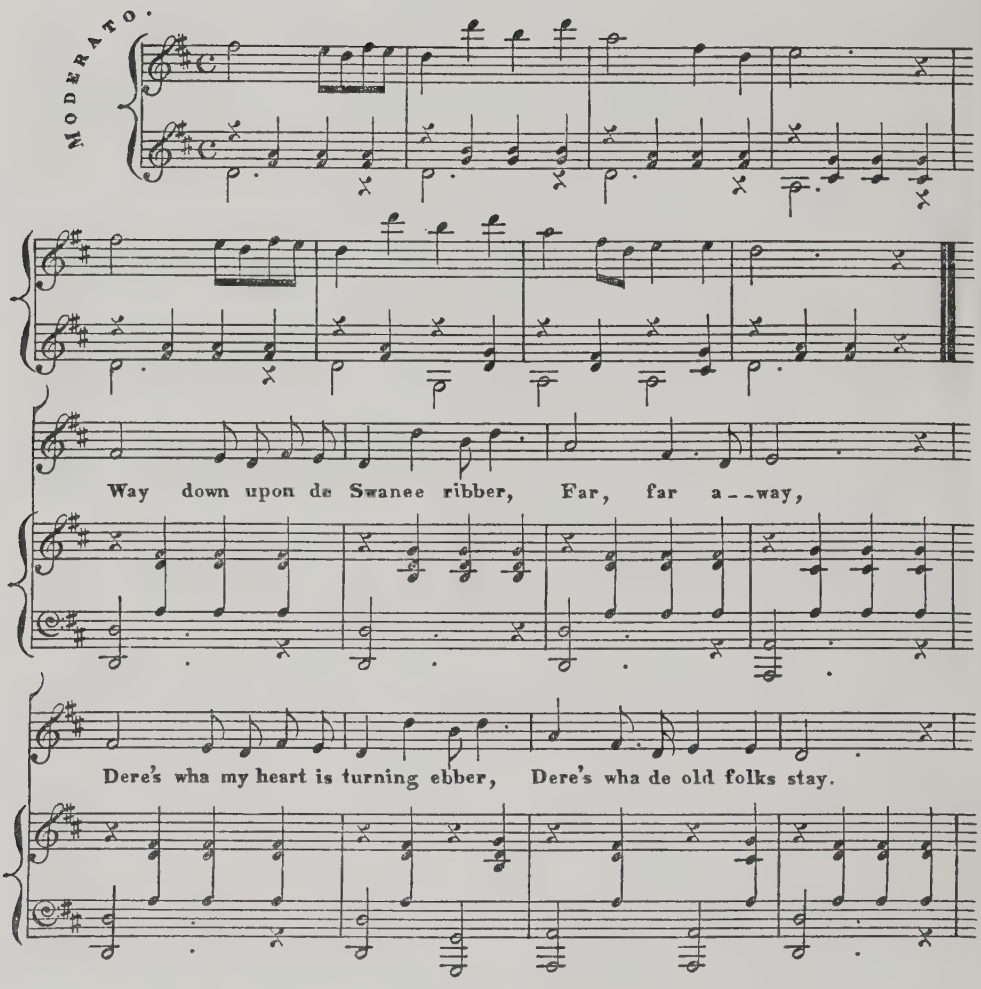
Where de i_ _vy am a creep_ing O'er de gras_sy mound,
Dare old mas_sa am a sleep_ing, Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.
CHORUS.
1st Voice.
Down in de corn - field Hear dat mourn_ful sound:
2d Voice.
All de dark_eys am a weep_ing_ Mas_sa's in de cold, cold ground.
Repeat Chos


II. Ver:
When de au_tumn leaves were fall_ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas
hard to hear old mas_sa call_ing, Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now de or_ange tree am bloom_ing On de san_dy shore,
Now de sum_mer days am com_ing, Mas_sa neb_ber calls no more.
CHORUS.
III. Ver:
Mas_sa made de dark_eys love him, Cayse he was so kind,
Now dey sad_ly weep a_bove him, Mourning cayse he leave dem be_hind. I
can_not work be_fore to_mor_row, Cayse de tear drops flow, I
try to drive a_way my sor_row Pick_in on de old ban_jo.
CHORUS.

1620

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Words and Music by E. P. CHRISTY.



1332

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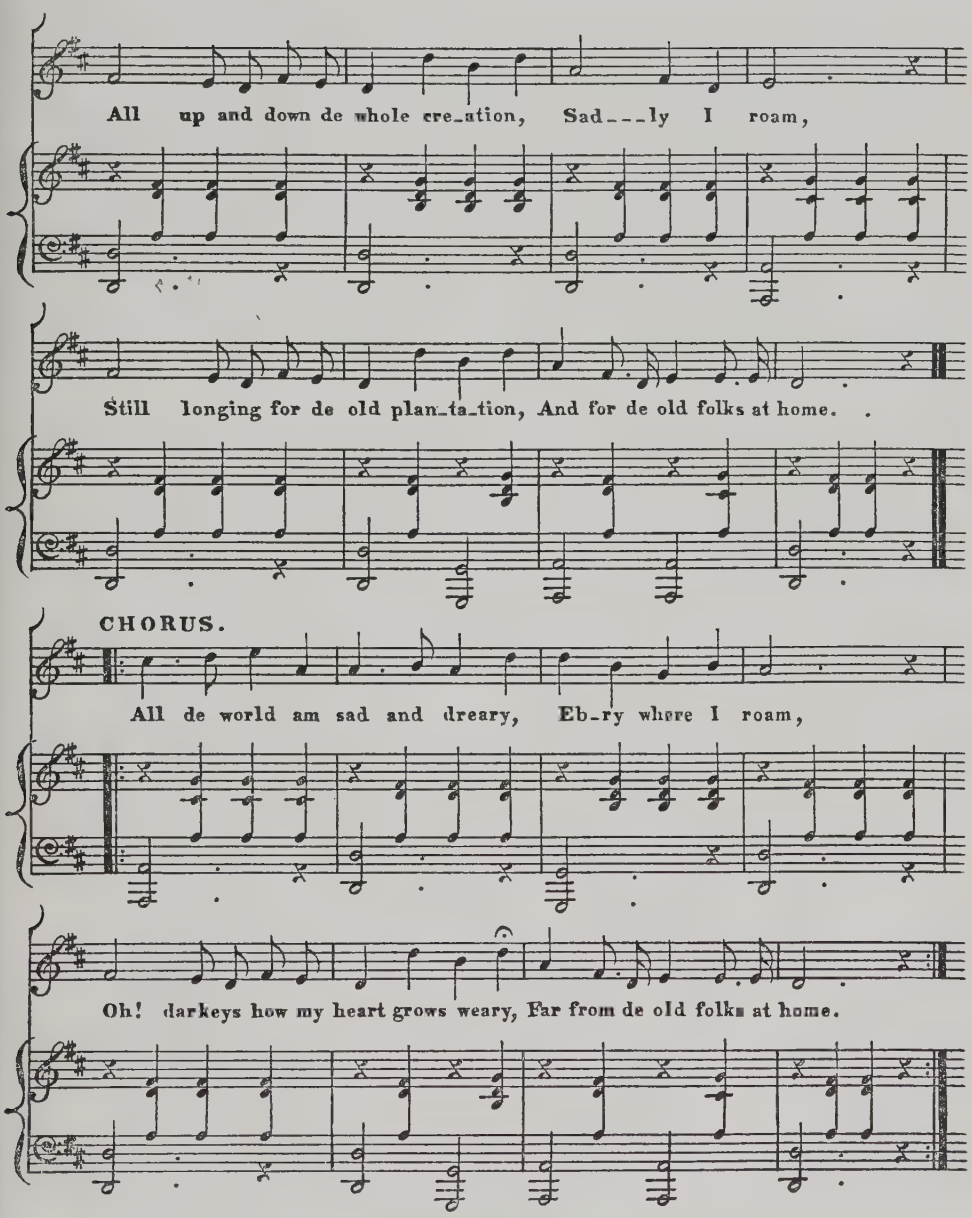
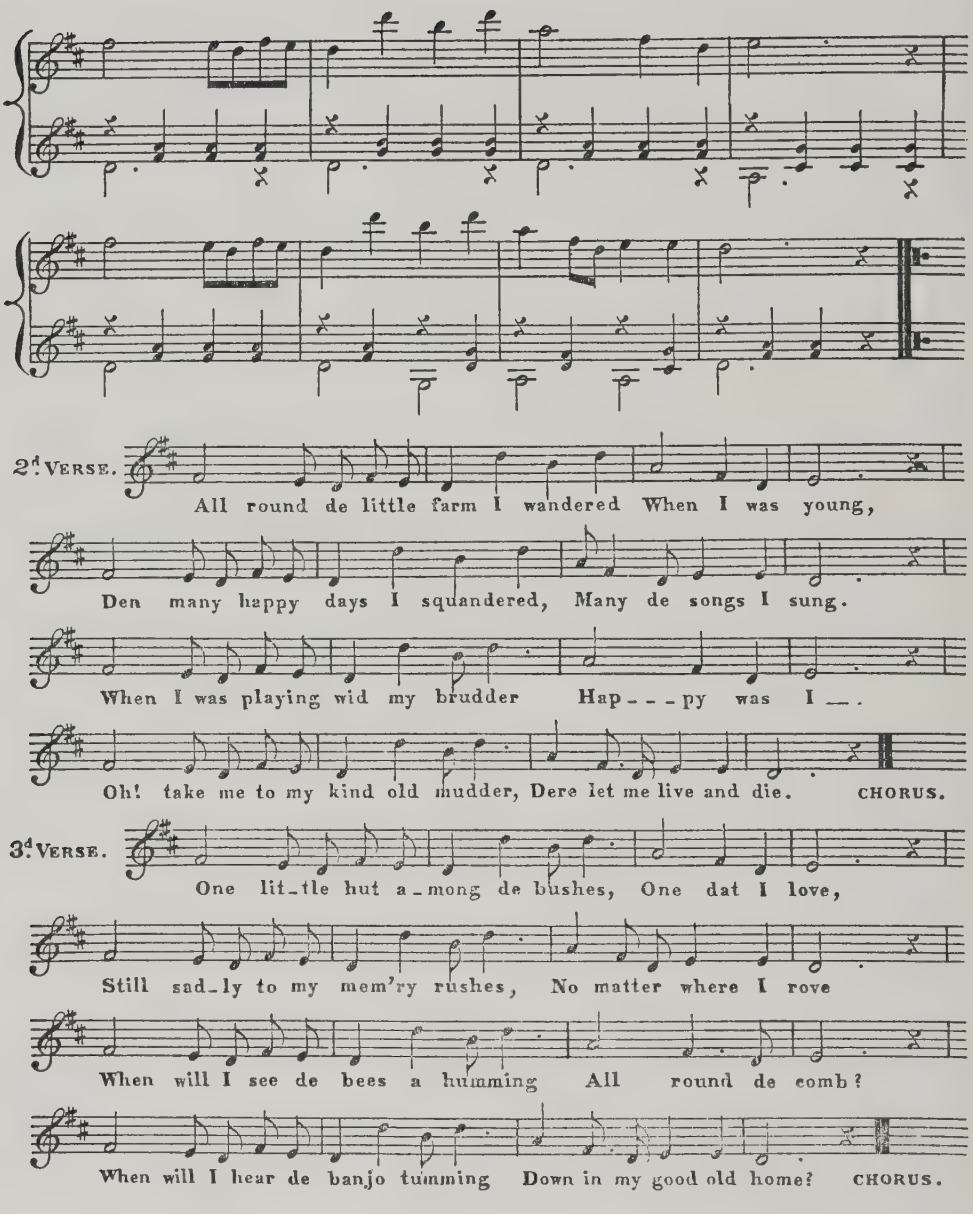

All up and down de whole cre_ation, Sad___ly I roam,
Still longing for de old plan_ta_tion, And for de old folks at home.
CHORUS.
All de world am sad and dreary, Eb_ry where I roam,
Oh! darkeys how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.

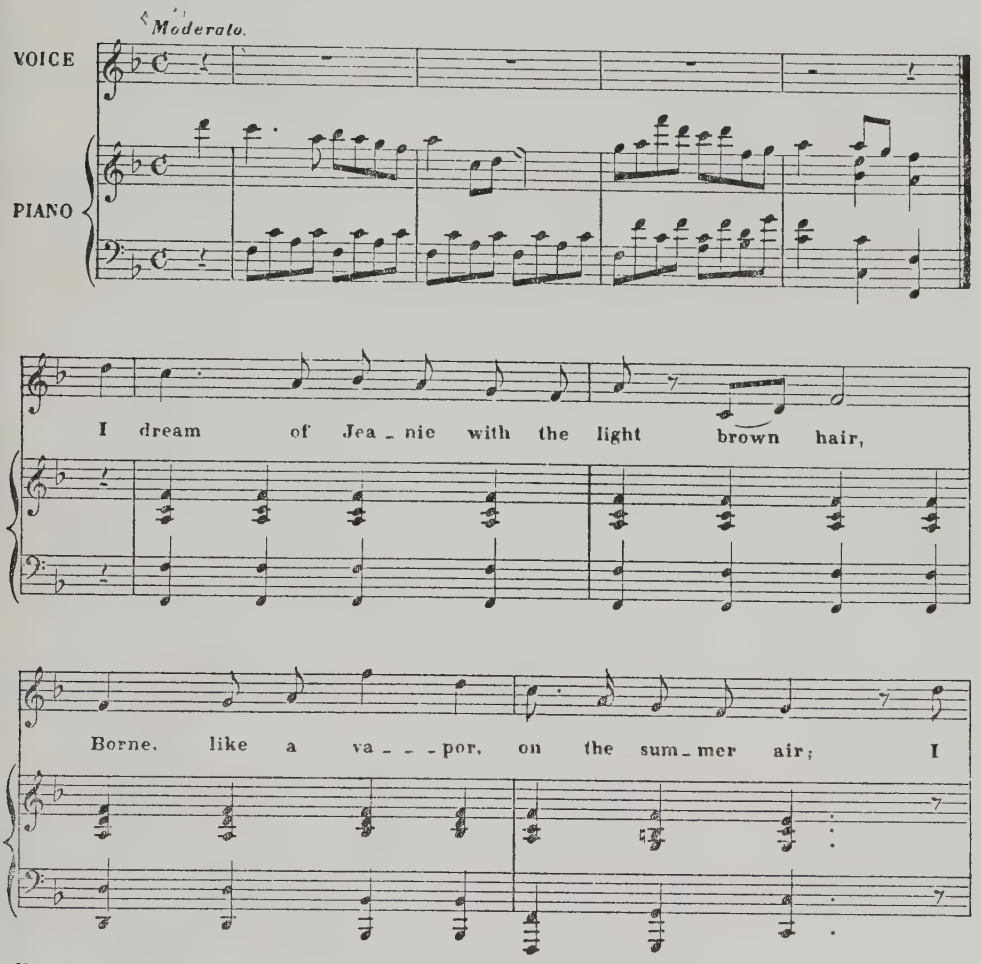
1332


2d. Verse.
All round de little farm I wandered When I was young,
Den many happy days I squandered, Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder Hap - - - py was I — .
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder, Dere let me live and die. CHORUS.
3d. Verse.
One lit-tle hut a-mong de bushes, One dat I love,
Still sad-ly to my mem'ry rushes, No matter where I rove
When will I see de bees a humming All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming Down in my good old home? CHORUS.

1332 Quidor Eng.vr.

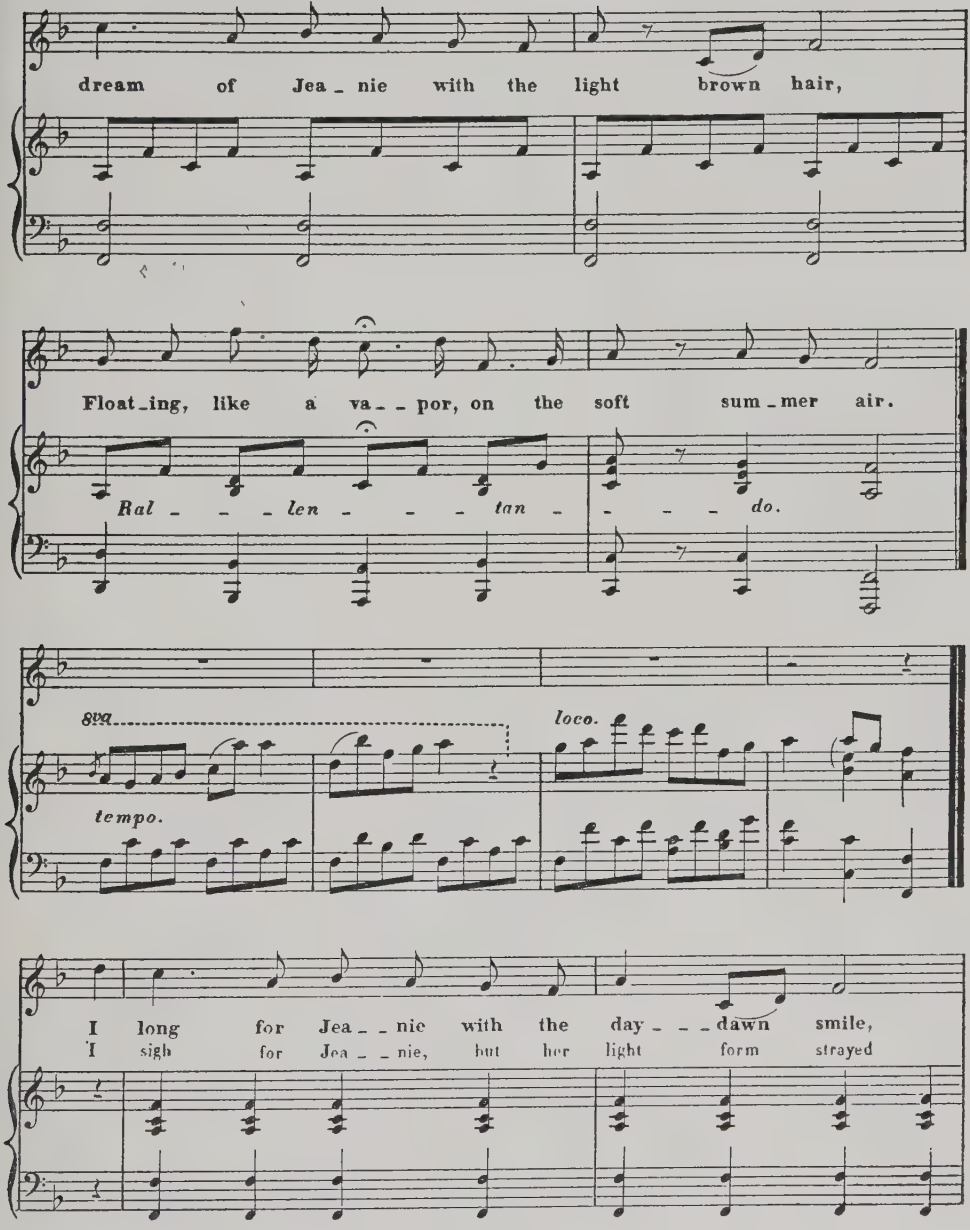
JEANIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR.

Poetry and Music _____ *by Stephen C. Foster.*



2796

4
see her trip_ _ping where the bright streams play,
Hap_ py as the dai_ _ _ _ sies that dance on her way.
Ma_ _ny were the wild notes her mer_ _ry voice would pour,
p
ad lib:
Ma_ _ny were the blithe birds that war_ _bled them o'er: Oh!..... I
2796


dream of Jea_nie with the light brown hair,
Float_ing, like a va__por, on the soft sum_mer air.
Ral___len___tan___do.
8va
loco.
tempo.
I long for Jea__nie with the day___dawn smile,
I sigh for Jea__nie, but her light form strayed

2796

6
Ra - - diant in glad - - ness, warm with win - ning guile; I
Far from the fond hearts round her na - - tive glade; Her
hear her mel - - o - - dies, like joys gone by,
smiles have van - - ished and her sweet songs flown,
Sigh - ing round my heart o'er the fond hopes that die: -
Flit - ting like the dreams that have cheered us and gone.
Sigh - ing like the night wind and sob - bing like the rain, -
Now the nod - - ding wild flowers may with - - er on the shore
p
2796

7
ad lib:
Wail - ing for the lost one that comes not a - gain: Oh!..... I
While her gen - - tle fin - - - gers will cull them no more: Oh!..... I
long for Jea - nie, and my heart bows low,
sigh for Jea - - nie with the light brown hair,
Ne - - ver more to find her where the bright wa - ters flow.
Float - ing, like a va - - por, on the soft sum - mer air.
Ral - - - len - - - tan - - do.
8va
loco
tempo.

3756

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